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# IN WHALING DAYS



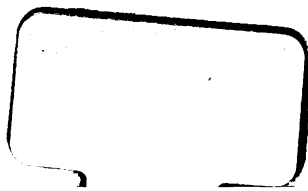
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## **IN WHALING DAYS**



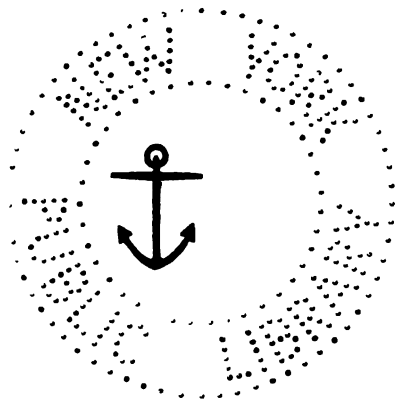


Howland Tripp  
9/17/25

# IN WHALING DAYS

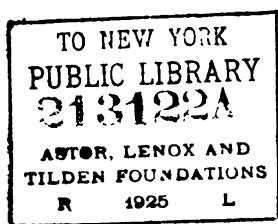
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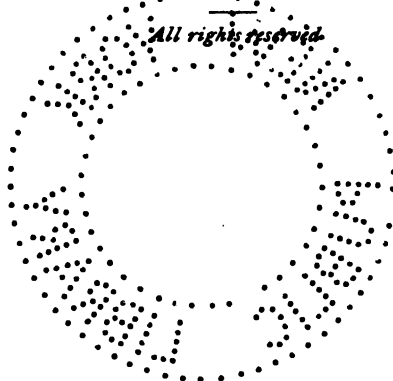
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# In Whaling Days

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**I**T seems fitting to introduce the posthumous pieces of Howland Tripp with a brief allusion to his literary labors and his arrested aspirations. He was born in New Bedford and educated in its schools; he was of Quaker extraction, and his people for two generations before him were engaged in the enterprise which made New Bedford historic. His own knowledge of that enterprise was gleaned not entirely from original but always from reliable sources. Books furnished information which was supplemented by conversations with those who remembered the vanished activities. Wanderings along the deserted wharves, where the hulks were rotting, and abundant visits to the old lofts, where material used in the prosecution of whaling was stored



## IN WHALING DAYS

and abandoned, deepened his admiration for those who had followed the sea, and awoke a longing to dedicate his pen to a memorial to their bravery and toil. This found fulfilment in the production of a story which embodied phases and incidents pertaining both to the commercial aspects of the enterprise and to its pursuit at sea. He concluded not to publish the tale, but it is believed that, if living, he would not withhold sanction from the publication of the following metrical preface, which we are pleased to denominate,

### THE OLD WHALER

“ Call, if you choose, the symbol of our glory,  
That floats imprisoned in the narrow slip,  
Unworthy of the patronage of story,  
A battered hulk, the semblance of a ship.

“ Yes, deem it folly, if I proffer praises  
Of this memorial of the wave and storm,  
While others lend the lauding of their phrases,  
To shallops faultless in design and form.

“ A wail, begotten of the constant swaying  
At the chafed mooring, seems to rise and swell,  
The sorrow born of memory betraying,  
Like plaint escaping from the captive's cell.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

- " But list! it softens to a low recital  
Of daring deeds that merit fame's decree,  
Of patient labor finding its requital  
In plenteous treasure gathered from the sea:
- " Of the quest ended, when the reunited  
Dwelt on the strange disclosures of the years;  
When those whose faith was once so nearly plighted  
Forgot estrangement and regrets in tears;
- " And of the problem's keenly watched solution,  
Bringing, mayhap, mischance's stinging pain,  
More often solace in the distribution  
Of proceeds pointing to abundant gain.
- " Oh, poet! partial to the intimation  
Of folly's trifle or of fancy's dream,  
In valiant striving seek your inspiration,  
In homely venture find a worthy theme!
- " Nights robbed of rest and days bereft of pleasure —  
These crowd the annals fated long to fail  
To win the mention of the minstrel's measure,  
So prose must tell the whaler's stirring tale."

The young author did not confine investigation and mental creation to themes redolent of the whaler. He gathered as well material relating to contemporaneous events; and the



## IN WHALING DAYS

brief stories which follow and which he would have published, if his life had been spared, are in large measure the enlargement of veritable occurrences.

## II

### A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

**I**T was the year 1837 and the warrant for the town meeting had been duly posted and copies of it were now in general circulation. Jonah Hittlemore had made a strenuous effort to prevail upon the selectmen to insert an article which he contended was expressive of a true democratic principle, but which, it was well known, was begotten of a personal grievance and was intended, if adopted, merely to redress a fancied wrong.

The article was in these words:

“To se if the Town will alow the dore of the town hal to be used fore postin al notises.”

The selectmen had been at first courteous and politic, endeavoring to dissuade Jonah from his foolish purpose and then, as they had become annoyed by his persistence, peremptorily declining to insert the objectionable proposition on the ground that it had the

## IN WHALING DAYS

sanction neither of law nor of common sense. Jonah went away determined to vindicate his rights by his own personal effort. There was something pathetic in his isolation and his friendlessness; it was true that he had always been shiftless and improvident; insult and aversion he had long regarded as his perpetual portion; but, as he was not conscious of his limitations, he assumed that the indifference and neglect which had caused him such poignant suffering were prompted by ill-will and malice. Eighteen months previously his wife had left him, and in dejection and despair he had posted on the door of the town hall a notice which had furnished the substance of the above obnoxious article. This notice read as follows: "All pursons is forbid to trust my wife as she has left my bed and bord — allso for sail one bul pup prise fore dolars."

This declaration had stirred the indignation of the authorities and the notice had been at once torn down, but it had also created merri-ment among the curious and the indolent, so much so that mischief-makers had seen an opportunity for wanton amusement; so by hint, suggestion and innuendo they had augmented

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

Jonah's conviction that he had been grossly insulted, and by the encouragement of flattery and pretended interest they had made him believe that he was a man of more than ordinary merit and fully capable of holding his own on the floor of the town-house either in aggression or defence. At the town meeting held in the previous year Jonah had created a disturbance by endeavoring to offer his proposition without authority therefor in any article of the warrant, only to be told that his contention was in violation of parliamentary procedure.

"If your request had been written into the warrant," the moderator had declared, "you would be entitled to a hearing, but as it is the chair cannot and will not recognize you; and unless you desist he will see that you are expelled from the hall."

"I'll have it in the warrant next year," Jonah had bellowed.

The poor fellow had taken his puzzling problem so seriously that he had tried with the help of meagre intelligence and a limited education to prepare himself for the battle that he was determined to initiate. Some one had told him that constitutional law is the foundation of all

## IN WHALING DAYS

government and hence the stepping-stone to achievement and progress, and this meddler had prepared for him a kind of argument which Jonah had rehearsed during the whole year in back shops and public places to the delight of the town loafers, always beginning with the statement, "There is three branches of gov'ment, the legis'tive, th' exec'tive and the judicial." He had come to regard himself as equipped for debate, and now in the year 1837 he was confronted by the hostility of the select-men, inspired, he had no doubt, by envy, malice and hatred.

The life of Jonah Hittlemore had hitherto been without event or incident worthy of chronicle or even indifferent notice. His extraction was clouded in mystery. A waif, reared in the alms-house, he had been forced into the world at an early age to earn his living, which had been sufficient for purposes of sustenance but without the benefactions of luxury. For many years previous to his difficulty with the authorities he had lived in a miserable shanty on the outskirts of the town, doing odd jobs as occasion presented and raising dogs, which were his only real possession.

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

One day recourse was had to the law to see if it were not possible to commit him to the very poor-house in which he had been reared, but the complainants had failed to show either intemperance or vagrancy, and so the effort had proved abortive.

At sunrise March 6, 1837, the town meeting convened. The town house was a large, square, wooden structure, forbidding without and within, built, as the old New England churches were built, as if the only purpose were the cultivation of cheerlessness of design and aspect. It was sufficiently capacious, however, to house the voters of a town which within a few years was to petition the General Court for incorporation as a city. At one end was a huge fireplace, in which crackled and roared a mammoth wood-fire. At the other end was a rude platform, on which rested a table, covered with books, a desk and a couple of chairs; and the floor was crowded with settees, which were now amply filled by the citizens of the whaling town.

The town clerk attended to the preliminary formalities with the ponderous air which had always characterized that official since his induction into office many years before; and

## IN WHALING DAYS

there was no diminution of stately bearing and importance when, in a few minutes, he directed his fellow citizens to proceed to the election of a moderator. The vote having been taken, in a loud deliberate tone, he announced the election of Ebenezer Everate; and that gentleman, who rejoiced in the distinction of running lines, performing the duties of justice of the peace, writing a little insurance and drawing legal papers in a way which frequently got people into trouble, mounted the platform and advanced to the desk with an exhibition of that peculiar dignity which so often accompanies shallowness.

“Fellow Citizens,” he declared, having committed to memory his brief speech in anticipation of election, “I express with a grateful heart my appreciation of the signal honor which you have conferred by selecting me to preside over your weighty deliberations. The New England town meeting is the direct inheritor of the grand democratic principles whose nascent exhibition dates back to a remote period in European history. Its successful evolution is due to the sturdy acumen of the New England intellect, fortified by the enlightened activity of the New England character.”

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

The would-be Demosthenes paused, and the silence which followed was broken by the voice of a boy, which piped through the hall:

"Say, mister, ain't you foolin'?"

The lad was hurriedly ejected amid roars of laughter, and the moderator continued:

"Fellow Citizens, you hold in your hands copies of the warrant and are doubtless familiar with its provisions. For me to read it seems a labor of supererogation. Any gentleman may name the number of the article he desires to have considered. The moderator awaits the pleasure of the meeting."

Immediately Jonah Hittlemore arose and called out "Mr. Mod'rator!"

"What article do you wish to have considered?"

"I don't want no article considered. There is three branches of gov'ment — the legis'tive, th' exec'tive —"

The moderator interrupted. "The chair cannot entertain extraneous propositions. A matter to be considered must appear in the warrant."

"I couldn't get it in the warrant last year," shouted Jonah, "and then they ruled me out



## IN WHALING DAYS

because it wasn't in the warrant; and this year they wouldn't put it in at all. I say I've a right to the use of the town hall door for my business notices just as much as you ignorantramuses here has a right to this hall for the town business."

Ignorantramus was a favorite word with Jonah when he sought to express aversion and contempt.

"Silence!" exclaimed the moderator.

"He ain't a voter," shouted some one in the rear of the room.

"I be too," declared Jonah.

"He ain't got no property," repeated the same voice.

"I have too," yelled Jonah; "I've got more dogs than any man in town."

"Sit down!" exclaimed the moderator.

"I won't do it," was the reply.

Jonah continued to stand, his face wearing a tense expression and his attitude bespeaking wrath and defiance. And now there was great confusion caused by babbling and muttering blended with laughter and the scuffling of feet,—all of which the moderator failed to restrain, as he was busily engaged with the town clerk in

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

looking up the law applicable to this unseemly invasion of authority.

Presently the moderator exclaimed: "Order! Order!"

Those who had risen resumed their seats. Jonah remained standing. He was a picture for an artist, for after all there was something attractive in homely lineaments and ragged garments, and, indeed, in the very friendlessness of his situation. Dense as he was, he began to suspect that those who had encouraged him were mischief-makers and that he could not rely on a helpful following. Never before had he known such a feeling of loneliness, misery and despair, and never before had he known such a determination to struggle for fancied right and privilege.

"There can be no doubt" declared the moderator, "that the law is intended as an ægis, not as a sword; but there are times and occasions when those who would subvert government —"

"There is three branches of gov'ment," broke in Jonah.

"Silence!" yelled the moderator.

"As the chair was saying before being in-

## IN WHALING DAYS

terraptured by this lawless intruder, an attempt at the subversion of government merits the reprobation of all patriotic devotees of law and order."

Then turning to the unfortunate disturber he declared: "Jonah Hittlemore, listen to the law."

"You ain't polite," screeched Jonah. "Why don't you talk to me as you do to others? I ain't Jonah Hittlemore; I'm *Mr.* Jonah Hittlemore."

"Good," some one shouted.

The moderator rapped to order and then continued: "Listen to the law! I hold in my hand the Revised Statutes of 1836. Let me read from Chapter 15, sections 29 and 30. 'No person shall speak in the meeting, before leave first obtained of the moderator, nor while any other person is speaking by his permission; and all persons shall be silent at the request of the moderator. If any person shall conduct himself in a disorderly manner, and, after notice from the moderator, shall persist therein, the moderator may order him to withdraw from the meeting; and, on his refusal, may order the constables, or any other persons, to take him

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

from the meeting and confine him in some convenient place, until the meeting shall be adjourned; and the person, so refusing to withdraw, shall, for such offence, further forfeit a sum not exceeding twenty dollars, to the use of the town.' "

" All his dogs put together ain't worth twenty dollars," some one shouted from the rear of the hall.

" They be too," returned Jonah. " And, besides, I know who said that. 'Twas a man who wears fine clothes and don't pay his bills. He owes me four dollars for a pup be bought two years ago, and I can't get a cent out of him."

This breezy retort was not without the essence of truth; it elicited hearty applause — that gratuitous encouragement which implies neither obligation nor responsibility. It shook, however, the poise of the moderator and inspired him to utter a few sonorous sentences on the duties of citizenship.

" The moderator is shocked to witness this deliberate attack upon parliamentary decorum and this deplorable attempt at the subversion of constituted authority. Abettors of mischief must be corrected; if they persist in malice and

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wrong-doing, they must be suppressed. The chair considers himself invested under the law with a prerogative which he proposes to exercise. I say, 'Jonah Hittlemore, leave the hall!'"

There was no change in Jonah's picturesque position, and the general expectation was an outburst of inelegant and abusive language. Every face bore signs of profound interest, and heads were bent forward during the deathlike suspense as if there were fear that a tragedy was about to be enacted.

In a tone in which tenderness seemed blended with grief, and without a threat of action or gesture, Jonah said quietly:

"Mr. Mod'rator, I'll leave the hall if you'll only treat me right. I never had much schoolin', and I never earned much money, although I've kept out of the poorhouse, even if they did try to get me into it. I felt as bad when my wife left me as a rich man feels when his wife leaves him. I hadn't no money to post my wife in the newspaper, so I posted her on the town hall door, and I thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone and give notice of a pup for sale at the same time. I've seen woss notices than that put up on the town hall door and they

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

hain't been pulled down, neither. Now people makes fun of me and calls me all kinds of names — Old Jonah and Old Jone and Old Hittlemore — and I have to grin and bear it, but I want to be treated just the same as other folks is treated. I has feelins. Now, Mr. Mod'rator, if that man who wears fine clothes and don't pay his bills — I mean the man who says my dogs ain't worth twenty dollars and who owes me four dollars for a pup — should get up here you would call him Mister, but you call me Jonah Hittlemore without any Mister. Now, Mr. Mod'rator, I says agin that I has feelins; and if you will say to me, *Mr.* Jonah Hittlemore, leave the room! why out of the door I goes without makin' no trouble for nobody."

Sometimes pent-up appreciation of meritorious performance, whether that performance be by action or language, seeks vent only in moderate acknowledgment, just as if the auditors and witnesses feel that boisterous plaudits are not needed and indeed may affect the agreeable impression. This exhibition of unpolished eloquence touched the hearts of the considerate and thoughtful; and, while there was no acclaim, there was a murmur prompted by surprise and

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approval. To others, including the moderator, Jonah's suggested compromise was only the subterfuge of a cowardly suppliant, and they longed to see him expelled from the hall, even violently if need be.

"My friend," said a pleasant voice (The speaker was addressing the moderator), "this exceptional incident awakens a deep interest in the minds of those who favor the maintenance of order and the promotion of individual rights."

The speaker paused. He was a Quaker, clad in stainless drab, and one whose life had been of such blamelessness that even those who complained that the Quakers were too prone to homilies, often listened to his counsel, however disinclined to follow it.

The man of peace continued:

"I have attended meetings in this town hall for nearly half a century, and I must say that never before have I witnessed an occurrence like that which has just engaged our attention. True to the teaching of my sect I neither defend nor approve the position taken by this man, who fancies that he has a right at this time and in this place to redress his grievances; but let us consider his character and standing. I have

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

known Jonah Hittlemore for many years and I know well, as he himself has declared, that he has never been treated in the community with kindness and respect. A poor man, who leads a sad, cheerless life, who earns money enough only to provide a scant livelihood but who has never been a charge upon the town, has never before been a violator of law and who is as honest in his little life as the leading man in town is in his greater one, merits, I think, considerate treatment. Jonah has asked that his dismissal depend upon a very simple request. Now we Friends do not believe in polite prefixes, but the world's people do. That they are entitled to their opinion just as much as we are to ours I do not deny. Only a slight recognition is required to mollify Jonah. Why not, then, address him as *Mr.* Jonah Hittlemore, and I am sure that his voluntary withdrawal will end this painful episode."

A murmur more audible than the first ensued, and Jonah, considerably elated, cried out: "Much obliged, sir."

"Silence!" yelled the moderator.

Mr. Everate's eye flashed defiance; the right hand hidden by his coat was pressed against



## IN WHALING DAYS

his bosom, and the left was lifted in the air after the manner of fervent orators. He thundered:

“The majesty of the law has been invaded, and the chair deems the occasion one not for extenuation and sympathy but for the enforcement of the statute providing for the ejection of wranglers and malefactors. Is Constable Hammerbell in the hall?”

“Shame! Shame!” cried a few voices, while others declared, “Put Jonah out! Put him out!”

“Is Constable Hammerbell in the hall?” repeated the moderator.

That worthy, who was standing in the rear, was reluctant to stir, and regretted very much that he was visible. Concealment was impossible, as he was over six feet in height, was extremely rotund, and tipped the scales at three hundred pounds. Constable Hammerbell was one of the most noted men in town. His face was extremely ugly and was illuminated by an expression which some one said looked as if he were constantly biting tenpenny nails. Though he was the terror of urchins and not averse to arresting offenders who were passive and harmless, his appearance belied him, for he was at heart as timid as a gazelle, and, when a dis-

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

turbance was so serious that an actual combat seemed imminent, he was wont to appear as officer in chief with a goodly number of assistants, refraining himself from physical interference, but directing his subordinates with all the dignity of executive authority. The uncharitable but not unthinking had long been of opinion that Hammerbell was a coward.

"Constable Hammerbell, come forward!" shouted the moderator.

The ponderous representative of the law walked down the aisle in the direction of Jonah as if intent on summary action. He halted, however, at a respectful distance and gazed wistfully at his probable antagonist. The irresolution of the one, now manifested by an attitude betokening fear, and the determination of the other, whose demeanor showed that he was about to assume the offensive, so impressed the spectators that they were indifferent to thoughts of either sanction or disapproval; and a profound silence ensued. It was broken by Jonah, who darted forward and made a vigorous lunge at Hammerbell, which that doughty individual avoided by a graceless backward movement.

## IN WHALING DAYS

"Why don't you arrest him?" yelled the moderator.

"I don't dare to," was the reply.

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid he'll hit me."

And now it looked as if order were imperiled and the meeting would really break up, because of the uproar caused by jeers and laughter, and the disquietude of many who were rising from their seats.

The moderator called out strenuously: "Fellow Citizens! Remember that the New England town meeting is the treasure-house of established prerogative, and the medium of the expression of the popular will and thus the mouthpiece of constitutional authority. The chair begs you to remain composed and to be seated."

In the lull, which was like the calm directly after a gust of wind, the Quaker sought once more to espouse the offender's cause. But the moderator shouted,

"Let the assistant constables come forward and fortify their superior."

A shrill voice rang out: "They skun out o' the door, all of 'em, when the trouble begun."

"Are we recreants?" cried the moderator.

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

"Is this shameful repudiation of the obligations of office to receive the indorsement of New Bedford freemen? No, gentlemen, never! I call for a — I call for a — I mean one of those gatherings of citizens in the hour of danger. I mean a —"

A noted town character, who had a fund of unassimilated information, said: "Mr. Moderator, I guess you mean a possible commentator."

"The chair does not understand the significance of that suggestion."

"Mr. Moderator, you mean a *posse commitatus*," declared a young law student.

"That's it," replied the moderator. "I call for a *posse commitatus*."

There the two men stood — the constable in a perilous isolation and the forlorn offender glaring at him with the obvious intention of making another thrust. And now an agile young fellow approached Jonah from behind and jumped for him just as Jonah jumped for the constable. The three men fell together and, others now participating in the struggle, Jonah was separated from the officer and ignominiously dragged from the hall.

## IN WHALING DAYS

Jonah made such a desperate resistance that much force was required to eject him; even then there was an excess of violence, for those clothed with authority have neither the time nor the disposition in the excitement of a brawl to estimate the exact amount of strength demanded for the suppression of offenders. His clothes, badly worn before the encounter, were now torn in several places; there was blood on one hand and on his face a spot which had the appearance of a contusion. His plight was pitiable as he lay on the ground in front of the town hall, panting like one of his own hounds after a prolonged chase.

Among those who had left the building to witness the issue of the engagement was the Quaker, who, standing by the prostrate man, observed:

“I suppose, my friends, that it is not your purpose to proceed further in this matter. I presume that you only desire to be satisfied that Jonah will not return to the meeting. I give you my word that he will not. I will be responsible for him.”

“Come! get up, Jonah!” he continued, taking him by the hand and helping him to rise.

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

"Now, thee come with me."

The Quaker took Jonah to his own house, and, having ascertained that the bruise was insignificant, undertook to mollify him by proffering sympathy and consolation, and then, in that tactful way so characteristic of the sect, proceeded to administer counsel duly seasoned with admonition.

"I trust, Jonah, that thee will profit by thy experience, and never disturb the town meeting again."

The present of a suit of old clothes quickened Jonah's appreciation. As he was about to depart, he said tenderly: "You Quakers is different from other folks. They gives advice but never does nothin'. You Quakers shows your interest by kind acts."

In the afternoon Jonah sought the companionship of his fellows to learn the outcome of the elections to office which had taken place after his ejection from the hall. The intelligence that a new board of constables had been elected was sufficient compensation for his discomfiture and defeat.

At the period of our narrative New Bedford in material prosperity and in the character of

## IN WHALING DAYS

its people had few equals among the settlements of New England. Its reputation as a maritime emporium was so exceptional that the citizens were justly proud of the achievements of mariner and merchant and looked, perhaps, with some contempt, upon places less fortunately situated for the operations of commerce.

The resort, therefore, to wrangling and fist-cuffs in town meeting caused the Quaker merchants great indignation and disquietude; and all citizens, irrespective of religious belief, felt that the distinction the town had so long enjoyed had suffered. It was the consensus of opinion that Jonah must be dissuaded from attending town meetings in the future; so several prominent citizens assumed the responsibility of warning him against a repetition of his offences.

"There won't be no town meetin' next year; and as for me, I'll never set foot inside the town hall agin," was his reply.

So frequently did Jonah declare that there would be a suspension of government in 1838, that his prediction came to be a kind of byword. As the day set for the meeting in March of that year approached and the warrant was receiving the scrutiny of the people, Jonah appeared

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

indifferent to the interest taken by the village statesmen in public affairs.

"What are you going to do town meeting day?" some one inquired.

"I'm goin' huntin'," replied Jonah.

The day named for the freemen to convene in 1838 was a Wednesday. Early in the morning of the preceding day Jonah rose and, taking his gun and a large coarse bag, started with a couple of hounds for the western side of the territory then comprised within the township of New Bedford. Covering a mile or more, he reached the southerly end of a strip of woodland, which was more than copse and less than forest. In spring and summer its symmetrical proportions were heightened by the beauty of the adjoining meadows; in autumn it was called the "scarlet pageant" because it presented a long reach of richly radiant leaves, while in winter it had less of the drear, dun aspect so frequently presented by wood and thicket, and served as shelter and protection to nature's homeless ones. Despite a maze of tangled underbrush the little denizens of the wood had trodden out paths here and there which they traversed with nimble feet when pursued by relentless



## IN WHALING DAYS

hounds; but the frightened creatures never thought of diverging from the fancied friendly covert, so they often pursued their way to their doom.

The dogs were so familiar with the locality and so accustomed to an habitual exercise that they needed neither guidance nor encouragement as they entered at the southerly end of the wooded strip. Jonah hurried along in the open with all the speed of which he was capable and, having covered a quarter of a mile or more, entered the thicket by a cart-path. He concealed himself behind a beech tree, and, having cocked his old fire-lock and filled the pan with powder, listened with glee to the baying of the dogs. In front was a ravine, at the farther end of which numerous paths converged; the old hunter knew well that the creature, whose approach he awaited, must surely meet his death on reaching this apparently sheltered gorge, provided the gun was equal to the expected service. The tumult increased; the pursuers were plainly pushing the pursued; suddenly a graceful little animal of tawny hue and large, bushy tail came on with elastic bound, only to afford Jonah the opportunity of demon-

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

strating the accuracy of his aim. Jonah picked up the quivering corpse and dropped it in the bag.

That night Jonah went early to rest and on the following morning rose an hour before sunrise. He seized the bag and in less than ten minutes reached a place near the outskirts of the town where were located half a dozen houses, between which and the town house was a large unenclosed field. The yards of these dwellings, in one of which lived Ebenezer Everate, abutted on this open tract. Every tenant was the possessor of dogs. Slowly, silently, deftly, Jonah placed the bag under the fence of the nearest yard and then dragged it to a spot not very far from the town house. This performance he repeated successively from the rear of the other yards until he had established assured trails to a common point. Thence he dragged the bag to the town house, making the circuit twice, lingering particularly on the steps and finally throwing the bag and contents through a broken window of the cellar.

Fortunately for the success of the project the sun rose in obscurity. It was not entirely light as Jonah stole up to the yard at the end

## IN WHALING DAYS

of which he had initiated the first trail. Climbing over the fence, he approached the dogs with a soft persuasive tone, and, meeting with no outcry and with only a few smothered growls, he let them loose and then entered on a similar mission in the neighboring enclosures. Once or twice the animals barked, but he luckily escaped detection. Returning home, he seized his gun, and, calling his own dogs, set out for the woods.

All day long knots of people were seen in the populous parts of the town, the gestures of spokesmen and the attention of auditors bearing witness to the popular interest in an all-absorbing topic.

In the late afternoon Jonah, weary of the chase, sought again the fellowship of his kind. Just as he approached one of these gatherings some one was saying:

“Wa'al, don't you think Jonah done it? He said there wouldn't be no town meetin' this year.”

“No! No!” replied a burly, pompous fellow who had been doing most of the talking. “Boys done it. Jonah's dogs was off with him huntin'. Other folks' dogs was loosed. Boys done it.

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

It was a sly trick, though." And he burst into a boisterous laugh. "Hello! here's Jonah," he continued.

A certain comeliness imparted to that individual by the raiment given him by the Quaker was offset by an expression of despondency more intense than any his countenance had hitherto worn, and there was something in the slow shambling gait with which he approached the company indicative of keen appreciation of the disfavor and contempt in which he was held.

"What do you think of it, Jonah?" several inquired.

"Think o' what?"

"The town meetin'!"

"I don't know nothin' about it. I wa'n't there."

"There wa'n't no town meetin'."

"You don't tell me so."

The expression of surprise comported well with that betokening innocence and ignorance. The cunning culprit appeared woefully helpless, as he stood in an awkward posture expectant of enlightenment. The big burly fellow interposed with officious readiness.

## IN WHALING DAYS

“ You ought to have been there, Jonah. No such time was ever seen before in town meetin’. I was one of the fust in the hall and things was smellin’ up then pretty strong and there were a lot of wry faces, I tell you. The town clerk called to order and the votin’ went on, and pretty soon it was announced that Everate was elected mod’rator agin; and just then there was a howlin’ of dogs. Nearer and nearer it come and pretty soon there was such a bellowin’ that you couldn’t hear yourself think. The dogs kept runnin’ round the buildin’, yellin’ and yellin’ like mad, and some of them tried to come in the door but folks kicked ’em out; and the mod’rator tried to make one of his high-toned speeches on gov’mment, but people couldn’t hear him. Somebody called out in a tremendous voice ‘ The dogs is talkin’ for you; ’ and the mod’rator yelled out ‘ Order! Order!’ Some people was mad and some laughed; and pretty soon the mod’rator screeched ‘ There is power vested in me by law to suspend this meetin’ for five minutes in order to do up the dogs.’ The people rushed for the door and just then the dogs had all bunched up together. There was Everate’s dogs with the rest, and as he run

## A TOWN MEETING EPISODE

hollerin' and shaking his fists at 'em and they begun to run, a frightened critter turned and run right between Everate's legs, and he sot down on him just as if he was a ridin' a hoss. And some one yells, ' Mr. Mod'rator, you're on hind side to; ' and another fellow calls out, ' How do you know which way he's goin' ? ' And then Everate falls off, and the dogs git out o' the way and stand off kind of respectful like, and Everate, who was as red as a beet, says, ' Fellow citizens, let us return to the discharge of our constitutional duties.' So back we goes into the town hall and, as Everate puts on his dignity agin and tries to go on with the business, the dogs comes back, runnin' round the buildin' and yellin' and bellowin' woss than before. Then one of the Quakers says that it's no use to go on with the meetin' and he moves to adjourn until to-morrow morn at sunrise and the motion is carried; and, as we all pours out o' the hall, there stands a fellow, who has just come up from the cellar with a bag, out of which he takes a little dead fox."

Jonah listened to the recital in manifest apathy, and then his face shone with a kind of pensive expression.

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“What do you think of it?” was the inquiry.

Jonah extended the right hand, the index finger protruding, and declared in a serious tone:

“People remembers that I said there wouldn’t be no town meetin’ this year; and I was right.”

The speaker then proceeded in accents more low and mellow, and marked by that gentle emphasis which bespeaks confidence in one’s opinion:

“There is three branches of gov’mnt, — the legis’tive, th’ exec’tive and the judicial. But the greatest of ’em all is th’ exec’tive, because it ex’cutes.”

### III

#### A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

**D**ESPITE the domination of loom and spindle, a little of the old whaling life is still noticeable on the wharves and in the thoroughfares of New Bedford. It is, however, inconsiderable and, indeed, insignificant when one recalls the volume of business transacted over fifty years ago, and the then numerous evidences of prosperity and wealth. In commercial activity and enterprise one may compare the New Bedford of old to Venice at the zenith of her opulence and glory. Here the simile ends. In the old New Bedford there were no inspiring memories of material grandeur and warlike achievement, no memorials of accumulated wealth, such as imposing palaces and galleries, happy in the possession of the works of transcendent genius, no churches adorned with dome and spire and flinging out from tuneful bells a wealth of music, nothing



## IN WHALING DAYS

suggestive of dream and vision — but all real, real, real; youth urged to action looking only to productive returns; age retentive of the results of energy, enterprise, and thrift. The memorials of the New Bedford merchant were the vessels which so successfully battled with the elements because they were manned by those who were never dismayed by the terrors of the sea; his trophies, the well-filled casks which covered the wharves and adjoining territory.

The phases of a pursuit which gave such renown to this little seaport town were never more striking than in the autumn, when so many ships started away on their long and perilous missions. Incidents both sad and romantic attended the departure, and to agents and owners came alternate emotions of hope and despondency, of aspiration and apprehension. The evidences of completed and successful ventures were also never more impressive to the beholder and more satisfactory to the owner. This autumnal season was the homecoming. Every day witnessed the arrival of vessels from distant oceans bearing treasures which evoked comments peculiar to the locality

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

and the enterprise, — such as “What a fine cut!” “What a splendid voyage!” “She’s full of oil and bone,” “She was blubber-logged more than once during her absence.”

Comparisons were suggested and the names of the fortunate merchants were alluded to sometimes in tones which evinced admiration and astonishment, more often, perhaps, dislike, envy, and the conviction that luck rather than judgment and business ability deserved credit for the rich result.

In the old days the most familiar words to the ears of a New Bedfordite were “Ship Coming!” As a vessel was known by the agent’s colors, it was customary to convey to the captain’s wife intelligence of the ship’s approach in a way described by a local bard in the following lines:

### SHIP COMING!

A common sight — the upraised head  
And eye by hope’s incitement lighted,  
When welcome rumor rose and spread,  
“A ship is sighted!”

The agent hastened, glass in hand,  
To top of warehouse or of mansion —  
The nearest outlook — to command  
The bay’s expansion.

## IN WHALING DAYS

For at its station not alone  
The ensign of the nation floated;  
The agent's streamer widely known  
His ship denoted.

Of motley crowd that stood in view  
And eagerly the news awaited,  
Than frowzy barefoot youngsters, few  
Were more elated.

The name announced, like steeds released  
They started for their destination,  
And only at the portal ceased  
Their emulation.

"Thy husband's ship is in the bay,"  
To captain's wife declared the winner;  
"And, if the breezes hold, he may  
Be here to dinner."

The goodwife, either thrilled with joy,  
No wile or subterfuge invented,  
And gladly to the little boy  
A dime presented;

Or else declared with rigid pose,  
Regardless how the child would mind it,  
"My husband knows his home and knows  
Enough to find it."

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

Oh, Friends, in purchases and sales  
For care and keenness, who could doubt you ?  
And yet in frugal things what tales  
They tell about you!

Many years ago, in the month of October, when the incident occurred, which is about to be narrated, the voyage, soon to terminate, of the Hannah Ann, commanded by Captain Jubbard and owned by Peter Wale, afforded a favorite and well-nigh universal topic of conversation. Peter was an exceptionally successful money getter, diligent, energetic, acute, far-seeing, and parsimonious. His commercial triumphs were not unmerited. The people, however, overlooked his sterling traits and ascribed success to favoring chance. In the street and on the wharf, at the table and fireside, in the mart and counting-room, "Wale's luck" was a frequent theme.

On the morning of the day alluded to, the diminutive, rickety old ferry-boat, known as the "Union," carried from New Bedford to the quaint and pleasant town of Fairhaven on the opposite shore its usual burden of two or three wagons and a score or more of passengers. Of the last named only one was more conspicu-

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ous than Adoniram Platt, whose destination was a village located at the threshold of Cape Cod. Adoniram rejoiced in a suit of faultless drab; the coat had the conventional shad-belly curve; the vest was so constructed as to leave a few inches of immaculate shirt-bosom; the dicky was as white as the purest marble; the stock, which encircled it, was of the old-fashioned kind, then prevalent but now rarely seen; and the hat had a ponderous crown and a generous brim. As Adoniram gazed listlessly into the water or paced the deck in dignified silence, he seemed the typical Quaker of the olden school, portrayed so beautifully by Whittier.

The more conspicuous individual had the bearing of the old-time Yankee adventurer. His head was covered by a shabby felt hat; he had a long, untrimmed beard, whose successful cultivation served an economical purpose; for, when he swung it to one side as he turned his head, the absence of shirt-bosom and of cravat was painfully apparent. His uncleanly, thread-bare clothes spoke quite as much of neglect as of poverty. Indeed the two men and their garments were strikingly antipodal; and juxtaposition was only needed to accentuate the contrast.

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

Adoniram was the last to leave the boat at Fairhaven and enter the train. There was no seat wholly unoccupied, and a commendable modesty and perhaps the teaching and example of his sect restrained him from sitting by a woman, when it was possible to share a seat with a man. He availed himself of the first opportunity for that companionship by seating himself beside the nondescript.

As the train drew out of the station, Adoniram's neighbor became restless, first looking out of the window and then turning his face toward Adoniram. The attempt at familiarity was displeasing to the Quaker, as it brought the uncleanly beard in proximity to his face; but Adoniram appeared indifferent, for he had little desire either for acquaintance or conversation. Presently, just as he opened his mouth with the suggestion of a yawn, the beard came round with a whisk resembling that of a horse's tail.

"Friend," said Adoniram, with a slight exhibition of feeling, although he strenuously endeavored to restrain his impatience, "will thee please keep thy haystack out of my mouth?"

"You don't like it?"

"No, I don't. And let me say that, if thee

## IN WHALING DAYS

proposes to turn thy face in this direction, I shall have to ask thee to tuck that beard in thy vest."

The stranger evidently intended to continue to turn his face toward Adoniram, for he instantly complied with the request, thus giving his countenance the likeness of a scraggy old goat.

The neck now seemed more available for its pivotal propensities; so round the head came in neighborly nearness to the countenance of Adoniram, and a voice, which carried a suggestion of command, inquired: "Live in Bedford?"

"I live in *New* Bedford."

"Well, you knew what I meant."

"I infer that thee meant *New* Bedford. I am accustomed, however, to exactness of thought and expression."

"Lived there long?"

"All my life."

"Like it?"

"Yes."

"Engaged in business?"

"Yes, and it is my own business and the business of nobody else."

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

“ Whaling ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Build it up yourself ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Make money ? ”

“ Enough to live on.”

“ Any more ? ”

Adoniram was plainly annoyed. After a brief silence he responded: “ If thee wants to ask me any more questions, I am going to ask thee to eliminate personal considerations.”

The language was beyond the questioner's comprehension. He continued: “ Are you a Quaker ? ”

“ I am a member of the Society of Friends.”

“ Same thing, ain't it ? ”

“ It may be, from thy standpoint.”

“ Married ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Got any children ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Boys and girls ? ”

“ Nothing else.”

“ Like 'em ? ”

“ I am fonder of them than I am of other people's children.”



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Undaunted, the curious interlocutor continued :

“ My wife, when she doesn't want me round the house, says that I talk too much. What do you think ? ”

“ Perhaps, if I were thy wife, I shouldn't want thee round the house.”

“ Oh! I don't mean that; I mean the talking.”

“ Well, my friend, permit me to say that in my judgment thee seems to aspire to maintaining the highest standard of volubility.”

“ I guess I don't understand that; I ain't got much larnin. What do you mean ? ”

“ To make it simple, then, it is the custom of our people, the Friends, to observe, when one is foolishly and tiresomely talkative, ‘ Thee has too much unprofitable conversation.’ ”

“ Then Quakers don't talk much.”

“ I have conversed more since occupying this seat with thee than during any similar period in the last twenty years.”

“ My wife is a great studier,” continued the babbler, “ and she says that I remind her of a man named Jingle in a book they call the Pickwick Papers. Did you ever read it ? ”

“ I suppose thee refers to a book written by

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

a man named Dickens. Friends rarely read works of fiction. I have never read the work thee mentions."

Adoniram was now hopeful of what the Quakers call "a little peace and quiet;" but there was no abatement of the tireless inquisition. The only relief came when the train arrived at Tremont, where passengers changed cars for either Boston or the Cape. Adoniram slipped from his seat and stepped to the platform with unusual haste for one of his sect. As he entered the passenger car attached to the south-bound train, he passed to the farther end and sat down close to the window, in the belief that he was free from offensive companionship. In a few moments some one sat down beside him; he turned and beheld the possessor of the beard, which was now released from confinement, and seemed ready again to engage in its circumvolutions.

Adoniram saw the hairy attachment coming, and, raising his hand to protect his countenance, declared with great warmth for a Quaker:

"Thee keep thy beard at home. Tuck it in, if thee proposes to sit with me."

The order was heeded, and the creature began:

## IN WHALING DAYS

"I never yet saw a Quaker with a beard. Why do Quakers shave?"

"Because they want to."

"Your answer is not satisfactory."

"What is the matter with thee?" inquired Adoniram. "I fear that thee is mentally embarrassed."

"I don't know what that means."

"It means 'out of thy head.'"

"No, I'm not out of my head. To show I'm all right, I can prove that the Quakers do not practise what they preach."

"Prove it then!" exclaimed Adoniram, ever ready to vindicate the principles of his sect.

"Wa'al, I will. Do Quakers believe in economy?"

"Ever and always."

"And they are opposed to vanity?"

"Yes."

"Then they should allow their beards to grow. Think of the money they expend on shaving soap and razors and, worse than all, think of the valuable time they waste in scraping their faces, and think of their vanity in standing up before the glass and looking at themselves while they do it."

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

Call the Quaker, if you will, not merely imperturbable and secretive, but quick to discourage comment designed to uphold his principles and practices to raillery or scorn. There are occasions when allusions to his diligence and thrift so keenly exemplify the sometimes droll persistence which contributes to the promotion of his prosperity that even he will share — at first, perhaps reluctantly, but soon unreservedly — in the merriment of his worldly companions. For a moment, Adoniram's countenance failed to betray the weakness of the volition which was holding his gravity in check, then the countenance relaxed and the kindly smile was heightened by a burst of laughter. Aversion and reserve were routed, and the Quaker remarked: "My friend, thee is a very peculiar man."

"I don't think so," said the stranger in a now pleasant tone. "But by the way, as you're engaged in whaling, you must know most of the merchants over in Bedford — I mean *New Bedford*."

"Yes, I know all of them."

"Then you must be acquainted with Mr. Wale."

"Did thee say Whale?"

## IN WHALING DAYS

"No, Wale."

"Then thee must mean Peter Wale."

"Yes."

"I know him well."

"Very successful, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so. His voyages are among the best."

"I suppose you've heard of the Hannah Ann and her master, Captain Jubbard."

"Oh! certainly. The vessel belongs to Peter and she is expected home in a few days after a four years' voyage. Captain Jubbard is to be congratulated upon making one of the most profitable voyages in the history of whaling."

"There is a good deal of talk about 'Wale's luck' over in New Bedford, ain't there?"

"Yes, 'Wale's luck' is a hackneyed phrase and a meaningless one, too. There is no such thing as luck."

"Then how does Wale get his big voyages?"

"I will tell thee. He fits his vessels economically and he has a judgment — that marvellous possession — which serves as an unerring guide in his business transactions. This is not all. He is particularly fortunate in the se-

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

lection of captains, officers and seamen, and he ascribes his success in the selection to a rule from which he tells me that he never departs."

"What is that?" asked Adoniram's companion eagerly, almost imperatively.

"Why, Peter tells me that he never hires a man from captain to foremast hand unless he knows who his mother is. Peter says that a man takes his brains from his mother, and that the mental condition of the father he never considers. Peter goes so far as to say that he will hire a man for any position, if he has a smart mother, even though the father be a regular fool. It wasn't long ago that Peter said to me that his smartest captain had a remarkably able mother and a father — well, I don't like to repeat such language — who doesn't know enough to go in the house when it rains."

To Adoniram's comfort and delight the stranger abandoned conversation; his face assumed a serious expression; he closed his eyes, as is frequently the wont of those who harbor distressing thoughts or who engage in melancholy reflections; he could not have assumed an attitude or look better calculated to proclaim the weakness of his countenance.

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It was not long before the station known as Monument was reached. The former inquisitor jumped from the seat and sought the platform with alacrity. The puzzled Quaker followed with the unreadable air and the stately carriage of the members of his sect.

Standing by the platform was a stage-coach — not the historic English vehicle waiting to transport passengers through hamlet and by hedgerow, and affording its occupants ample facilities for either rest or converse, but an old-fashioned trap, whose top was covered with dust, whose interior provided for the accommodation of not more than half a dozen people, at whose rear was a shackly apparatus for the reception of baggage and to which in front were attached two spiritless horses.

In this vehicle Adoniram was to be conveyed to his destination. He was loath to enter until the hour of departure was announced; so, stirred by curiosity, a rare experience for a Quaker, he inquired of the driver, a wrinkled cadaverous old native, who was standing by the horses: "Will thee please tell me the name of that man over there, provided that thee is acquainted with him?"

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

Adoniram pointed to his former companion, who had turned his back and was apparently engaged in reverie.

"That man!" exclaimed the driver in a scornful tone; "that man over there, back to! I guess I know him and I guess everybody knows him round here. He's nearly seventy years old, and he never amounted to nothin'. He was born not far from here. He and I was boys together, and when he was young he tried doctorin'. Old Deacon Clang gave him his first job; it was doctorin' a hoss. He kept the poor critter along and it really seemed as if he was bound to kill him kind of piecemeal. Wa'al, after the hoss died, nobody wanted the doctor for his family, for they thought if he can't save a hoss, what in time is he a-goin' to do with human folks? Then he took to peddlin' and he kept it up for years and years. It was awful hard sleddin' — he was so lazy. He would get into a farm kitchen in cold weather and leave his hoss outside without a blanket; and then he would sit by the fire and talk and talk, and to tell you truly a buzz-saw couldn't shut him up. But there was something better than a buzz-saw. It was the good woman. She would



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go to the door and yell to her husband in the barn: 'Come quick, husband; the pedlar's here'; and then he would git."

The information received begot a proclivity to meditation and musing; so Adoniram strolled along listlessly but not intentionally towards the very spot where the ne'er-do-weel was standing; and that individual, having turned and beheld the Quaker coming, moved away with celerity. Adoniram kept repeating to himself "a buzz-saw couldn't shut him up," when a voice announced "Stage ready!" As the Quaker returned and was about to enter, he leaned forward to the driver and said: "Thy remarks about this peculiar and unfortunate man have excited my curiosity. Will thee please tell me how he is provided for?"

An expression of scorn and loathing sprang to the driver's countenance, which was accentuated by a response conveyed in a hard low tone.

"Provided for! Provided for! Did you ever know one of them lazy chaps who wasn't provided for? In the first place he has a very smart and hard working wife, and in the second place they have a very smart and successful son.

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Perhaps you've hearn tell on 'im. He's the master of a whaler that's expected home in a few days over in Bedford, having made a great voyage. The whaler's name's the Hannah Ann, and the master's name is Captain Jub-bard."



## IV

### PEANUT JIM

**I**T was the day but one before Thanksgiving. The fierce blast from the north, which at one moment lifted the dust in eddies and the next swept it into the faces of the pedestrians, sadly reminded them of the recent Indian Summer. Nature had been unusually lavish with her autumnal luxuries — balm in the air, beauty in golden woods and abundance in the harvest fields. But, as in the case of most pleasing bestowals, the participants were few; for those who are chained to humdrum pursuits enjoy beautiful externals only by rumor or recital. And now no one suffered more discomfort than Peanut Jim, who stood by his little stand bemoaning the dulness of trade, his resourceless treasury, and the dreary outlook — a discomfort bitterly intensified by the petulant wailing of the wind.

Peanut Jim was as well known in New Bedford

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as the most eminent citizen. Allusions to him were not always prompted by a kindly spirit, for it was common to measure the mental littleness of a man by suggesting a likeness to Peanut Jim; yet Peanut had no enemies and did have many friends, confined almost exclusively, however, to young men and boys. To their patronage he was indebted for his bread, and to their cheering words for what little diversion and comfort he had. The old men, who had known Peanut in boyhood and who had long ago sped by him on the road of life, affected not to know him now, and were indifferent to his welfare. This neglect was so galling that Peanut was wont to remark: "I'd like to get even with 'em."

Peanut was born in the adjoining town of Dartmouth. Left alone in the world just at majority, he invested the greater part of his scant inheritance in a horse, bridle and saddle. The last named was secured to the animal by a broad red girth, which Peanut thought very striking, and which others assailed as a sign of bad taste and of extravagance. Peanut felt that his mission was one of gallantry; so he rode round from farmhouse to farmhouse endeavoring to captivate young women with what

## PEANUT JIM

he fancied was an engaging address, only to be snubbed and laughed at. In a few months the folly was over, and Peanut passed from a gallant into a farm-hand. But he grew dissatisfied. "Most of all my old companions have gone to New Bedford, and are doing well, and I am going, too," he said. So he gathered his all in a rude bundle, and trudged into the then little town, animated by hopes of exceptional successes and indulging in visions of affluence and splendor, only to spend his life in tending a peanut stand.

The old man's needs had never been greater and his prospects never more discouraging than on this particular morning. It was now half-past eleven and he had taken about thirty cents. There was no assurance of improvement in business, and he was half inclined to close for the day. He was in that mood when the indulgence of memory produces bitter reflections and the thought of the future brings misery and despair.

"Good morning, Mr. Favor," said a cheery voice.

It was little Henry Bagley, a clerk in a mercantile house. Henry was one of the few who was wont to address Peanut courteously by his last

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name with the appropriate prefix; and he was one who was always welcome, because he had a kind word for everybody and brought cheer with him.

“ Good morning.”

“ It is a cold day, Mr. Favor, but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

“ Nevertheless,” replied Peanut, “ I preferred to put on an overcoat this morning.”

“ You are a wit, aren’t you, Mr. Favor ? ”

“ What’s a wit ? ” asked Peanut.

“ A wit is a man who, though crushed by circumstances and not knowing how or where to turn for a penny, keeps up a good heart, has cheering words for people and says bright, happy things.”

“ I’m awfully poor,” said Peanut despondently.

“ Then here’s a chance for a wit. Why don’t you shut up shop, and then go to the office of the old Mercantile Insurance Company, where the rich men gather just before twelve — many of the men were poor boys when you were a poor boy in Dartmouth years ago, and not one of them to-day is a bit better than you are.”

“ Yes, but I’m poor now; and they are rich.”

There was a painful pause.

## PEANUT JIM

"I'd like to get even with 'em," said Peanut dolefully. "But I don't dare approach 'em. They haven't spoken to me for over fifty years."

"I'll tell you what to do," remarked Henry. "The old fellows will soon be going home to dinner. If I were in your place I would go right up to the office, confront them, call up old associations, tell them of my poverty and ask them for assistance."

"I don't dare to; they'd turn me out."

"No, they wouldn't. They don't feel half so unkindly towards you as you think. They may be pretty close in money matters, but I'm sure they would loosen their purse-strings."

"They might loosen 'em, but I don't believe they'd take anything out."

This happy reply set Henry to laughing again, and stirred him to reiterate the declaration that Peanut was a wit; but the poor fellow was too dense to appreciate his own joke. Henry added: "There's no harm in trying."

"I'm afraid of 'em," said Peanut in a hoarse whisper.

Henry continued with kindly insistence and Peanut, stirred by the gnawings of want, at last signified his determination to go.



## IN WHALING DAYS

"Let me tell you not to mention my name," said Henry with a frightened look. "If they knew that I sent you, I would lose my place."

When New Bedford got to be an emporium the elderly non-Quaker merchants who had been successful in the whaling industry, and who were then enjoying what were regarded as princely possessions, sought in the late morning as a convenient loafing-place the outer office of the Mercantile Insurance Company. The room was a dreary looking rectangle; the floor was uneven and uncarpeted; the ceiling was noticeable only for its coating of grime, and cobwebs hung from all available places. On the left, some ten feet from the door, was a huge upright stove set in an immense box, which, filled with sand, was the recipient of incessant expectorations from the mouths of the retired magnates. On one wall of the long chamber hung an old map of Bristol County, each end of which was originally attached to a round stick by the agency of glue. The map was nearly severed from its upper attachment, and the lower portion of it was in proximity to the floor. On the other wall was an engraving, set in a once gilded frame, and depicting a battle of whalemens with a

## PEANUT JIM

cachelot. There were two boats, one of which touched the monster in a position of apparent safety while the other was nearly reduced to kindling-wood. The unfortunates who were emerging from the ruins were in various plights and postures, and were seemingly about to be devoured by the infuriated leviathan. This work of art was undoubtedly the product of the intellect of some unsophisticated landsman. The chairs occupied by these old merchants were indeed curiosities. They were built in defiance of the ravages of time. The sides and backs spread out at generous angles from the seat, and their capacity was so phenomenal that a wag had well observed that each of them was big enough to bring up a family in. The only objectionable feature of the general arrangement was the subjection of customers to the discomfort of entering the inner office only by passing through a kind of liquid gauntlet. It has been stated that the habitués of this resort were of the non-Quaker class. Occasionally a Friend would join the gathering, but, as banter and gossip went on, he would withdraw, for the followers of Fox were averse to levity and were studiously reticent and secretive.

## IN WHALING DAYS

On this particular morning who were the dignitaries gathered in this Mecca of commercial clubdom? There was Abiathar Painter, who was wont to declare that there was no aim so laudable as the accumulation of money, and that it was his ambition to die the wealthiest man in New Bedford. Abiathar was known as the "meanderer" — which appellation was suggested by the practice of going from office to office in the early morning to get the "news" as he called it, and then bringing up at the favorite loafing-place at eleven o'clock or a little later. The reception of intelligence was not his only purpose; he was fond of conveying information, generally in allusions to his own interests, and to the excellence of his credit when he felt inclined to raise funds for the promotion of his ventures. Abiathar was somewhat ruffled this morning, for he had just measured words with Adoniram Platt, our worthy Quaker; and Abiathar had been worsted. "Adoniram," he had declared, "I owe more money than you are worth." "Abiathar Painter," replied the Quaker, "I have property enough. I do not care to be worth more money than thee owes." Abiathar's belief in his own superiority was not

## PEANUT JIM

shared by the community. He had many acquaintances, but no friends outside of his family.

There was Caleb Weatherspook, who was opposed to his children receiving more than an elementary education, because he thought that the sooner they were pushed into the world, the sooner an interest account would run in their favor. He knew nothing of life outside the mere activities of money grubbing, and he petulantly deplored the expenditure of funds raised by taxation for anything but the barest public needs. As life advanced there was no improvement in his mental density. When in later years, during the Civil War, intelligence of the death of Nathaniel Hawthorne was received, Caleb was credited with the inquiry: "In what battle was he killed?" It was told of Caleb that, when his wife once asked him for money, he inquired, "Where is that ten cents I gave you week before last?"

There was Richard Malmeer, of whom it was reported that, when a sailor refused to ship in one of his vessels for a 1-160 lay or share, on the the ground that it was too small, he satisfied the applicant by offering him a 1-180 lay and

## IN WHALING DAYS

shipped him on the spot. This story having reached the ears of his aristocratic grandchildren many years afterwards, they bitterly resented the stigma, and soon after declared that an examination of his books was rewarded with the gratifying revelation that while the sailor was really shipped according to his own disadvantageous proposal, he was settled with at the end of a successful voyage conformably to their grandfather's original offer. Some people thought that the grandchildren were inaccurate; others that they were untruthful.

There was Captain Branch, honest, high spirited, sensitive and illiterate, who had not yet recovered from an affront resulting from a recent altercation with a well-known citizen. The Captain was fond of cultivating fruit, vegetables and flowers, and he spent much time in his little garden, in which he had erected a conservatory, which was largely composed of glass. When the irate disputant had declared with an aggravating grin, after the Captain had charged him with some discreditable action, "People in glass houses had better not throw stones," the old man with inflamed face and with an emphatic gesture had blurted out, "Do

## PEANUT JIM

you mean to insult me, sir? Do you mean to say that I haven't paid for that glass hothouse which I've just erected in my garden?"

There was Cornwall Rane, who in taking off his overcoat that very morning had elicited the merriment of his friends and generated his own wrath by pulling off the sleeves of his inside coat. These sleeves, in fact, had survived another garment, and had been attached by pins to the coat he wore as a matter of economy. "Laugh all you want to," the enraged economist had declared, "I'm not ashamed of honest frugality. Not one of you would have a cent, if he hadn't been just as saving and prudent as I am." And Cornwall was right. Here was a man who was generally regarded with disfavor in the community on account of his penuriousness and a certain gruffness of manner, but whose unheralded benefactions were wont to bring cheer and relief to many a destitute home.

There was Parker Treadwell, who was denounced as niggardly and exacting, and of whose domestic relations discreditable stories were told. People seemed to think that he had no right to the administration of the affairs of his own home and that he was a fit subject for cor-

## IN WHALING DAYS

rection, if not chastisement. Now Parker was much maligned; he was unfortunate in his fatherhood; to the gossip of two light-headed daughters were chargeable the stories as to marital infelicity and the oppression of his offspring. On the last Christmas Eve these girls had assailed him on the ground that they were denied those tokens of remembrance to which they were entitled as the daughters of a man of wealth and standing. "Now, there's Mollie Tonguetree," said Sallie; "her father always remembers her every Christmas with a handsome present and with fifty dollars besides." The only response from the old man was: "As for these Christmas gifts, I don't think much of 'em." "And there's Mary Mackmaid," observed Polly. "Last Christmas her father gave her a gold watch that cost a hundred dollars." "As for these Christmas gifts," said Parker, "I don't think much of 'em." The girls were renewing their jeremiads when the door-bell rang. Presently a servant entered with a package, and Parker, having extracted therefrom two gold watches, handed one to Sallie and the other to Polly, and then before the ingrates had a chance to embrace or kiss him slipped from the room,

## PEANUT JIM

exclaiming as he went: "As for these Christmas gifts I don't think much of 'em."

There was Joseph Jostleham, generally known as "Two Handkerchief Joe" — so called because, when he once met with a painful accident and his face was covered with blood, he announced to those who came to his assistance: "I carry two handkerchiefs — a soiled one for use and a clean one for ornament. Use the soiled one which you will find in my trousers' pocket, and do not resort to the clean one, which is in the pocket of my coat-tail, unless absolutely necessary." In later years this little incident was so harped upon when Joseph was a candidate for the mayoralty as to cause his defeat at the polls.

There was "Sidewalk Bill," whose real name was William Benderly. This gentleman's homestead adjoined that of Captain Branch, and this juxtaposition had been the cause of an estrangement and the means of bestowing upon William the inelegant nickname just mentioned. In those old times, the town authorities were very indifferent as to the improvement of public ways and keeping them in repair, and not infrequently abutters would improve and repair side-



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walks at their own expense. A few years before the period of this narrative Captain Branch had observed: "William, I would like to grade and otherwise improve my sidewalk, but don't want to do so unless you will also improve yours."

"Go ahead, Captain, and fix up your sidewalk to my line, and I'll go over it," William had replied.

So the honest old Captain, taking the words in a generous sense, had spent half a day in improving his walk and had then looked to his neighbor for the fulfilment of the promise. After the lapse of a month the Captain had asked: "Why don't you fix your sidewalk, William, as you agreed to do?"

"I never agreed to fix it."

"Yes you did. You said that if I would fix my walk to your line you would go over it."

"And so I have been over it. I've walked over it every day for the last month."

The intimacy of the two families had terminated with the misunderstanding of the liege lords, and at the gatherings in the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company the Captain and "Sidewalk Bill" always took care not to be seated in adjoining chairs.

## PEANUT JIM

There was Robert Eastgate, a bachelor, who had toiled hard all his life, who had made it a rule to say kind things of people and lend a hand here and there and who in his seventy-fifth year was enjoying a competence and grieving now and then because some of his associates looked upon him with disfavor. "Robert isn't worth over thirty thousand dollars," was the frequent observation; and so Robert in their judgment wasn't much of a fellow; but he kept doing and saying kind things, and, when put upon, he never said an unkind thing but once, as we shall see in the following story. Many years before, when he was at the marriageable period, he was usually referred to by his female admirers as "dear little Robert Eastgate."

There were others who need not be named — men who were too sensible to forget the hardships of their early years and too prone, perhaps, to harp on undertakings that had produced profits beyond their most sanguine expectations, yet good men, good citizens, good husbands and good fathers, happy and contented in their little living, and indifferent to the diversions and delights of men of taste and mental resource.

Peanut Jim, inspired by the interest of Henry

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Bagley, started off with considerable hope and courage, which rapidly diminished, however, as he approached his destination. He was conscious that his volition was abating, and he began to dread the ordeal of his own choosing, as the culprit dreads the tribunal he does not choose. He looked down the street to the cold blue water and thought how quickly the sea, which had bestowed on the friends of his youth their wealth, might give him rest. Much as he felt inclined to heed the monitions of cowardice, he seemed to be urged on by something inexplicable and indefinable, and presently he found himself before the door of the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company. Then he turned and retraced his steps and halting at a corner looked once more at the water which to his old friends symbolized fortune and wealth, to him treachery and death. He could not go baek; he must go to his garret home and die. There was no apparent relief from this torment. Suddenly volition abated and he found himself once more before the door of the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company. The remembrance of his entering was indistinct; the realization of the fact came with

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the grateful warmth of the room; even then his sight was blurred, and the figures of the men who had not spoken to him for over fifty years seemed like statues in some ancestral hall.

The silence was ponderous; lips that were voiceless refrained from producing even the sound which accompanies expectoration. Every eye was on the intruder, and none knew how he suffered from the oppressions of loneliness and indigence. Advancing towards the centre of the room to a spot near the stove, he stopped and awaited in agonizing suspense a proffer of recognition or a bidding to withdraw. There was one unoccupied chair, but he did not dare to appropriate it. He was a sorrowful spectacle with his threadbare garments and with his old hat pulled down on his narrow forehead, yet not so low as to shield the little gray eyes which peered timorously about.

“What’s that man doing in here?” called out Caleb Weatherspook. “This ain’t no place for beggars.”

The insult was just what was needed to arouse the little pride which had survived the buffetings of fifty years. Peanut was really about to resent the insinuation when the truth burst

## IN WHALING DAYS

upon him that he had come to assume the character of a beggar, and he was contemplating leaving the room, when Abiathar said:

"Why, I believe it's Peanut Jim."

"Yes, I'm Peanut Jim: but long ago, Abiathar Painter, when you and I were boys together in Dartmouth, you didn't call me Peanut but James or Jim."

This may not have been an auspicious introduction, but it aroused sympathy in the hearts of most of those present; for they entertained an abiding dislike of him who desired to die the richest man in New Bedford. Abiathar emitted a low response that resembled a growl.

It was time for somebody to say something; so Richard Malmeer volunteered,

"How's business, James?"

"Poor. I took thirty cents to-day. I don't see no bright prospects; times get harder and harder."

"But you do better some days?" inquired Captain Branch.

"Oh, yes," replied Peanut, glad that the Captain had given him the opportunity to expatiate upon the one successful undertaking of his life. "Last Fourth of July I sold nothing

## PEANUT JIM

but lemonade on the Common, and I done the best business I ever done. I bought plenty of lemons and nice brown sugar. Paid more 'n usual. The water didn't cost me nothin'. Had three clean buckets and made and sold all day. I spent one dollar and eleven cents and took in three dollars and forty-four cents, and a man told me that that was over two hundred per cent, and was better 'n whalin'."

All men are self-centred, and the pride in real or imaginary ability is as dominant in the dullard as in the scholar, in the punster as in the poet, in the mendicant as in the multi-millionaire.

Peanut continued: "Next Fourth of July I would like to have you gentlemen try some of my lemonade and —"

"Where do you live?" broke in "Two Handkerchief Joe."

"I've got a little garret room in a house clear up on Kempton Street."

"Who cooks your food?"

"I do — most of it."

"But you live pretty well, don't you?" asked Parker Treadwell.

"No! No! I live bad."

## IN WHALING DAYS

"But you have a good appetite?"

"I do when I have anything to eat."

The staid faces of his auditors relaxed.

"And you sleep well?"

"Oh, yes, I slept sixteen hours last night."

"How was that?"

"Why, I went to bed at eight o'clock in the evening and got up at eight in the morning; and eight and eight make sixteen."

There was a ripple of laughter and then silence again. Peanut felt that the time had come for him to indicate that a little money would afford relief from the pressure of needs. There is nothing sadder than the spectacle of a mendicant in the presence of a magnate, sensitive because memory humiliates him with the presentation of their equal start in life, and speechless, because a mental hindrance, begotten of diffidence and dread, and also of a realization of the difference in situation and circumstance, prevents utterance. The stillness seemed supernatural; it was evident that Peanut must make the advances. Presently there came the mournful sighing of the wind. Abiathar turned in his chair, and, looking out of the window, broke the silence by declaring

## PEANUT JIM

in a frigid tone: "If this weather keeps up, Thanksgiving won't be very cheerful."

The intruder was not so dull as to believe that his presence was unobjectionable. He felt that the observation was intended as a dismissal; he turned his back and shuffled towards the door. He was sure that these men, most of whom were the friends or acquaintances of youth, entertained nothing but contempt for him on account of his poverty and misfortunes, and he was determined to rid them of his presence as quickly as possible. Then, appalled by the thought of the life before him offering nothing of cheer or promise, he wheeled gracelessly and in a tone tremulous and so low as to be just audible said: "Gentlemen, I'm awfully poor."

This honest confession, uttered in a tone of despair, seemed to intensify the picture of poverty and misery. Robert Eastgate drew out his wallet and extracted therefrom a two-dollar bill. There were fifteen present including Peanut; twelve of the company besides Robert each added an equal amount to the contribution, for they felt that they must act up to the standard set by a man who wasn't worth over



## IN WHALING DAYS

thirty thousand dollars. Every eye was now on Abiathar, who reluctantly presented to the suppliant a one-dollar bill. It was in the days of State Banks, and the liberality of Abiathar was inwardly doubted by more than one present, as he had long had the reputation of quietly working off on the ignorant and unsuspecting bills issued by unstable institutions.

Peanut had rarely seen so much money at any one time in his life. He clutched the bills as if he were afraid that he was to be dispossessed of them; then he relaxed his grasp and endeavored to count them, but the effort was fruitless as his mathematical comprehension ended with the enumeration of twenty. Then he fingered them gently and tenderly, like a mother caressing a babe. Tears sprang to his eyes and his lips emitted a gleeful sound — a blended chuckle and laugh. He had not had a handkerchief for nearly fifty years, nor had he before during all that time betrayed emotion as he was doing now. He brushed the tears away, with the sleeve of his overcoat. Finally unbuttoning that garment with a deliberate effort, he gathered his treasure into a convenient roll and, as he had no purse, pushed it down to the bottom

## PEANUT JIM

of his trousers' pocket. With his possession thus made additionally secure came a thrilling transformation. Other sensibilities were awakened. Yes! yes! it was all true and real; the money was his and why should he not be elated? He now felt that he was "even with 'em," although the gratification of grudge or resentment was due to their benefactions. The dreary chamber enlarged into a spacious counting-room; stately ships slipped from their moorings and returned in the course of time with coveted treasure; the busy wharf was only another evidence of the magnitude of interests and of possessions. Peanut had no superior and but few equals; the world seemed his, and the worldlings owed submission.

This pleasing indulgence of fancy — what a fitting prelude to social relation and familiarity!

Peanut backed slowly to the door and, placing his hand behind him till it touched the latch, inquired with all the self-satisfaction and importance of a millionaire: "Any of you gentlemen goin' up my way?"

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## V

### A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

**T**HE old merchants, who had made Peanut Jim at his own request the recipient of their bounty, enlarged that day at their respective dinner-tables upon his wretched appearance, and upon the familiarity assumed by him just previous to his leaving the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company. The servants in the various houses took occasion in the evening to amplify in the neighboring kitchens the intelligence they had imperfectly gleaned; and several dressmakers, who were plying their calling in the magnates' families, did not, on reaching their homes, do anything to retard the diffusion of the tattle. The following morning was not far advanced before the whole town was aware of the incident, not as it really occurred but in a distorted form. It was reported that Peanut, desperate from hunger, had entered the office of the Mercantile

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Insurance Company and had implored the affluent drones in remembrance of early days to take pity on his miserable condition, that he had been even importunate in his demands for money, that he had been ordered to withdraw and on declining so to do had been ruthlessly ejected and thrown upon the sidewalk, that Abiathar Painter had stepped from the prostrate body to his carriage and that even "dear little Robert Eastgate" had approved of the violence employed and had expressed contempt for the unconscious mendicant.

Popular excitement was running high when the more thoughtful began to realize the improbability of the story, and its falsity was demonstrated when Peanut himself appeared on the street and proceeded to laud his benefactors. The feeling that he "was even with 'em" was supplanted by one of gratitude. He declared that he was in a position beyond the perils of want, and that it was his purpose to retire from the calling he had so long pursued; but his downfall was soon to follow this sudden bestowal of seeming wealth, and in less than a month he was placed in the almshouse.

As the members of the morning club strolled

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

along to their destination and entered one by one, there was that usual something in the air of most of them which denoted self-confidence and the belief (an erroneous one) of the possession of an elevation unattainable by ordinary mortals. Let us single out Parker Treadwell. He was clad in black and wore a shabby silk hat. His beardless face had a cynical expression, and there was a swing to his gait assumed for the purpose of calling attention to his fancied importance. He walked the entire length of the office with his hands behind him and his head lowered, as if he were engaged in reflecting upon matters of moment and involving large interests. Returning he sat down gracelessly in one of the great chairs and pushed his long legs out, as if he intended to offer them as an obstacle to the passage of the fellow club members.

We may also mention Caleb Weatherspook. His portly body was encased in raiment of a yellowish color and his huge felt hat, which was of the same hue and had seen many seasons, rejoiced in a band, which was marked here and there by streaks testifying to the indelible efficacy of perspiration. Between the garments

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named and the stock, which was black, there was a strong contrast, which was only noticed by strangers, as the town-folk had long been used to it. Caleb walked rapidly for one so corpulent, and with little swing, but the look of severity and the heavy tread bespoke a sentiment which might have been voiced in the phrases, "My money makes me better than you are. Get out of my way." The process of sitting down was slow and mechanical; he prepared himself as if for an ordeal, placing his hands on the arms of the chair. Then he let his ponderous person descend very gradually until it reached its goal. Whereupon he gave a satisfied grunt. What a spectacle! His legs were so short that his toes only just touched the floor, and for a change he occasionally drew his feet up and rested them on the round.

And now Robert Eastgate alone was needed to furnish the complement. The conversation related solely to the little drama which had been enacted in the office on the preceding morning.

"Peanut had no right here," declared Abiathar in a savage tone.

Few were sufficiently courageous to enter into a colloquy with the opulent bully; but Cap-

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

tain Branch, honest old soul, always the advocate of rectitude and honesty and the champion of the calumniated and the down-trodden, observed frankly:

"I don't see any reason why he hadn't a right to come in here, if he wanted to."

"The money won't do him no good," growled Abiathar.

"The giving of it has done none of us any harm, so far as I know," replied the Captain.

Abiathar continued with no abatement of ill-humor:

"If people would work for a living there wouldn't be no beggars. Laziness is the curse of the world. I had to shift for myself when I was fifteen years old, and, if I lost my money, I don't know where I could go for a cent."

"I'd let you have at least a dollar," said the Captain pleasantly.

Abiathar was looking out of the window. Had he seen the faces of his listeners brighten, his wrath would have been greatly augmented.

And now entered Robert Eastgate, pleasant, placid, modest and reserved. The chair next to the one in which Abiathar happened to be seated was unoccupied, and Robert took it.

## IN WHALING DAYS

"Robert," said Abiathar severely, "did you ask Peanut Jim to come in here yesterday?"

"Oh! no!"

"Who did then?"

"I don't know."

"What did you give him that two dollars for?"

"Because he was poor."

"You don't give every poor man two dollars, do you?"

"Certainly not."

Captain Branch whispered to his neighbor: "I'd like to have Abiathar ask me those questions."

Robert appeared like a culprit, and he was much relieved when allusion was made to the relative merits of the clergymen who were to preach the Thanksgiving sermons on the following day. Robert attended service in a little wooden meeting-house on a side street. Abiathar owned a prominent pew in a granite temple located in the centre of the town. Now Robert was beginning to think that he had really been guilty of some transgression and that he ought to do something to placate the offended magnate.

Familiarity on such occasions is generally a fatal recourse, but Robert's kindly nature

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

foresaw no impropriety in enlisting Abiathar's interest. Favorite ministers were extolled in a conversation in which nearly all participated, as they fancied that a breezy exchange of sentiments would prevent a recurrence of the disagreeable dialogue.

The talk was beginning to lag when Caleb Weatherspook said,

"I'd like to hear our minister preach as good a sermon this year as he preached last Thanksgiving day."

"What was it on?" asked Cornwall Rane.

"Pride."

"What was the text?"

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

"Well, if he preached from that text, he didn't preach from one in the Bible," observed Cornwall.

"Why not?"

"Because there ain't no such text in the Bible."

"I know better," shouted Caleb.

"Well, if you say that you know better; you name the book of the Bible and the number of chapter and verse."



## IN WHALING DAYS

"I don't know as I can, but my wife's sister knows all about the Bible and I'll have her look it up, when I go home."

Caleb was ever assertive and ever inclined to hedge when requested to proffer information to substantiate his assertions. He became silent and the other members of the club indulged in the customary smile.

Cornwall Rane, satisfied with his victory, now felt it incumbent upon himself to ventilate his own Biblical attainments. He remarked:

"We had a fine sermon in our church last Thanksgiving Day."

"What was the text?" asked Parker Treadwell.

"This is for your health."

"There ain't no such text in the Bible," asserted Caleb.

"Well, when you go home, you get your wife's sister to look at Acts, 27th chapter and 34th verse."

Cornwall's readiness astonished his hearers, for he had no reputation for scholarship.

Caleb, greatly annoyed, exclaimed:

"I don't see how any one can preach much of a sermon on a text like that."

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

"Why not?"

"It don't seem to have no application to anything."

"I rather think it does," affirmed Cornwall, with some spirit. "You've heard about the Pilgrims and you know how little they had to eat first along. Well, the minister drew a contrast between Thanksgiving day in the old days and now, and said that because there is plenty of food now, that's no reason why people should eat too much on Thanksgiving day or any other day."

Every face but Caleb's was lighted by the customary smile, for Caleb was famed for immoderate eating.

Robert Eastgate declared: "I have forgotten all about the sermon in our church last Thanksgiving day; but we now have as minister a young man who is just out of the Theological Seminary. He is fervent and able. Last Sunday he preached a very fine sermon from the text 'Let him that stole steal no more.'" Robert hesitated and then inquired: "Mr. Painter, wouldn't you like to attend service with me to-morrow? I think you would be pleased with our new minister."

## IN WHALING DAYS

There was a rattle of wheels in the street accompanied by all the bluster which usually attends the advent of a rich man's equipage. The carriage had come to take Abiathar to the midday meal. He rose with his customary deliberation and dignity, then turning gave Robert a scornful look as he replied: "Robert, I never take skim-milk when I can get cream."

Robert, forgetful of conventionalities and of the homage generally paid to Abiathar, exclaimed as the hot blood flushed his face:

"And I wouldn't either, if I had had all the skim-milk you have had in the course of your life."

During forty years of proud supremacy no one had ever dared address Abiathar in language charged with contumely and aversion. The outrage was the more unbearable because accompanied by a haughty air and a contemptuous tone, and such assumption was particularly unbecoming in a man whose endeavors in the world of commerce had been noticeable only for moderate successes and who was now worth only the paltry sum of thirty thousand dollars. Abiathar fairly hissed at his puny antagonist and then pounded his cane fiercely on the side-

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

walk as he strode towards his carriage. Horror and consternation prevailed in the assembly which was now dissolving. More than one turned on Robert a pitying glance; not so the doughty old Captain Branch.

“Well done! well done! Robert,” he exclaimed. “I never took a word of impudence from any one when I was master of a ship; and I honor the man on land who doesn’t take back talk from a fellow who thinks himself big because he happens to be worth a few hundred thousand dollars.”

Encouraged by this declaration the timorous shook hands with Robert and the little fellow went to his dinner with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction. He felt keenly the insult he had suffered, but he regretted the exhibition of temper on his own part and he foresaw with foreboding the probability of a repetition of the encounter. Yet withal there was a feeling of satisfaction in that he had dared confront a man from whom he had suffered indignity and whose pompous deportment and arrogant assertion had so long been the insignia of assumed authority.

When Abiathar Painter reached home he

## IN WHALING DAYS

betrayed his discomfiture by glare and growl. His helpmate Mehitable had corkscrew curls, which harmonized well with a very disagreeable voice. She had passed so many summers in demonstrating the value of marital companionship that now every thought, every word, every motion and every gesture seemed vocal with the words "I am trying to help Abiathar." This fidelity was for many years fortified by the overweening belief that Abiathar's fame as a man of fortune and influence was not confined to New Bedford, but she was at last rudely disillusioned during a short sojourn in Boston. They were going to the matinée, and in the foyer they became separated in the crush, Mehitable ahead and Abiathar behind with the tickets. On reaching the entrance her ticket was demanded and she exclaimed emphatically "Abiathar is just behind." A second and more imperative demand was made and the indignant declaration followed: "Let me in and right off, too; Abiathar is just behind." "We don't know Abiathar from Abijah. We want your ticket." The press was so resistless that she was forced through into the area, where she was detained until the arrival of her spouse,

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

on whom she opened her lamentations upon the ignorance and incivility of those she had just encountered.

The Painters rejoiced in a son, whose irregularities had been deemed sufficient to warrant banishment to a remote farm, and two daughters, who had reached the meridian of life without reaching matrimony. Mehitable was tall, angular and of severe countenance, and the daughters, who were proud and who were wont to put forth aristocratic pretensions, resembled the father in physical make-up and outline, possessing, however, more cultivation and refinement but less judgment and sense. When a family has or thinks that it has a creditable past, and begins to dwell upon it, its decadence is assured.

These daughters, who were twins, were the only individuals in the world of whom Abiathar was afraid; for had they not recently threatened him if he should ever allude again in company to the days when he and their mother were in straitened circumstances? Upon them had been bestowed the names of Winifred and Minnifred, the mother priding herself upon devising an appellation which embalmed the remem-

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brance of departed loved ones. Children called Minnie and Fred had died long before in infancy, and the placing of their names in conjunction had produced the novel and mellifluous Minnifred. These young ladies flourished at a time when rich women knew nothing of the modern luxuries of nervous prostration and trained nurses. And yet they had their diversions which were the mere expression of their predilections. Winifred was an artist and Minnifred a poetess. The production by the one of rather unsightly imitations of ocean scenes, and the grinding out by the other of indifferent verses were in the judgment of the father belittling pastimes, and, if he had dared, he would have made them devote their energies to profitable employment. Winifred had a studio in the south instead of the north part of the house, vindicating the selection on the ground that painting in sunlight supplied both sentiment and inspiration. Her masterpiece was a representation of a whaler putting out to sea. Not a feature was true to nautical requirements; and color, outline, and proportion seemed to bespeak the advent of a new school in the world of art. Minnifred's choicest effusion related

## A SKIM MILK INCIDENT

to Buzzard's Bay, the beautiful sheet of water to the south of New Bedford, which is hemmed in not only by an attractive mainland but by the historic islands which bear the name of England's virgin queen. Even then the high-toned and high-feeling deprecated the retention of a name of disagreeable sound and suggestion. So Minnifred launched out with these glowing lines:

On July nineteenth I was born,  
My mother says at early morn;  
And from the window far away  
There was a glimpse of Buzzard's Bay.  
There are no waters near or far  
That so superb and comely are.  
But oh! sincerely I proclaim  
That " Buzzard " is a vulgar name.  
A high-toned appellation would  
To my own mind be very good;  
And this fair name I long have planned —  
" The Bay of Naples, second hand. "

Abiathar's wife and daughters observed that he was affected. His indignation was augmented by a letter just received by his wife from the worthless son, in which the old story of necessity was profusely presented, and by the



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spectacle of a very meagre meal, consisting of warmed-over beefsteak and of other unsavory leavings of yesterday. The old gentleman was uneasy and petulant, so Mehitable sought the cause of disquietude.

"I've been insulted," he declared, as he sat down to the table.

"By whom?" shrieked the females.

"By Robert Eastgate; and he isn't worth over thirty thousand dollars."

The tendency of the daughters to criticise and censure gave way to filial loyalty; they demanded the colloquy or incident which had inspired the affront; and the mother seconded the request by a vigorous shaking of the head, which set the little curls in motion as if disturbed by a March gale.

Now Abiathar could have told the story just as it was, but he was human, so he told the story partly as it was and left out the other part — a method of narration, which savors of the truth, but which in reality is one of the worst forms of falsehood.

"Robert said that I had had skim-milk most of my life."

"What did you say?" asked Mehitable.

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

"I didn't say nothin'."

So oppressed were the daughters that they deemed it best to ignore the grammatical lapse.

"I never saw any skim-milk in this house," said one of the spinsters.

"Nor I," added the other.

"Well, we didn't have many luxuries when we were young," declared the mother, "but we had just as many as Robert Eastgate had."

She paused and then burst out bitterly: "Oh! how I wish Robert had a wife! How I would like to abuse her!"

"What are you going to do about it, pa?" asked one of the cherubs.

The resort to fisticuffs was, of course, not to be thought of, for age and respectability precluded this method of arbitrament. It is authentic that before the Washingtonian movement cases had been known in New Bedford where altercations had produced facial disfigurements, but in this more moderate epoch revenge was sweetest when gained by ridicule or raillery.

"I'll fix him," asserted Abiathar.

And now arrived the dearest and sweetest day to many a New Englander — Thanksgiving-

## IN WHALING DAYS

ing. At nearly every breakfast table Robert's hardihood and effrontery were the theme of conversation, for gossipers had spread the news into the remote corners of the town, and Robert was winning encomiums from a myriad of lips. But Robert was not happy and, when he attended service in the morning in the little wooden meeting-house, these words of the Governor's proclamation caused a deep sting: "And let this season of thanksgiving be signalized not only by grateful hearts but by kindly thoughts and gentle words." Had he not been too impetuous? Was it not his duty to make reparation? All day long he was troubled and nervous; and peace and contentment only came with the resolution to make amends for his intemperate outbreak.

On the morning after Thanksgiving day, which, by the way, was so warm and lovely that one might well believe that the Indian summer had returned, Abiathar started on his pilgrimage with that sourness of feeling which is produced by the consciousness that those whom one is to meet have been forewarned of one's discomfiture and its cause. Abiathar entered the office of Adoniram Platt with the wonted bluster

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

and then belched out an invective against the "insignificant puppy," as he was pleased to call Robert.

"Friends don't believe in caustic remarks," observed Adoniram, who had learned of the difference between the two men, "but Robert was a little tart, wasn't he?"

"Well, is that any of your business?"

"Now don't thee get snappy with me, Abiathar. Thee knows well that meagre meals were the portion of most of us when we were young; and there is no disgrace in it, either."

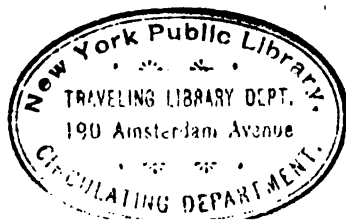
64355- "I don't know as there is; but what's the good of alluding to it?"

"That does no harm. I suppose thy wife and daughters wouldn't care to hear such things talked of, but thee and me — we don't care."

"What are you alluding to my wife and daughters for? Who told you about our talk at the dinner table the day before yesterday?"

The Quaker saw that he was unwittingly burrowing into family secrets. To allay and not to irritate seemed the advisable course.

"Tut! tut! Abiathar. Thee go up to the Insurance office and sit down and say nothing



## IN WHALING DAYS

until Robert comes in and then thee say ‘ How does thee do, Robert ? Has thee had any skim-milk since yesterday ? ’ ”

But this suggestion had no mollifying effect whatever. So furious was Abiathar that he seized his cane and stalked away with a wrathful countenance and a defiant air. He entered the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company — the first visitant — and seated himself in his customary place near the door. One by one, some with rapid stride and others scuffling along, the magnates entered. There was less animation than usual because a repetition of the unpleasantness was apprehended.

Robert came in unconcernedly, just as though he had not measured words with a man whose say-so was regarded as oracle; but underneath the crust there was a great disturbance; for he now more deeply than ever regretted the hasty, though perhaps merited, rebuke he had administered.

“ Good morning, Mr. Painter,” he said in a pleasant tone, yet not without apprehension.

The gentleman addressed looked out of the window and pressed his lips more tightly together. Consternation reigned among the elect.

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

Abiathar's enmity and contempt were now shown by the most positive snubbing. Did this mean the annihilation of Robert? Was he to be deprived of the priceless advantages of association with his fellows? Fear of Abiathar and sympathy with Robert were the dominant sentiments.

Robert sat down in a state of perturbation and gazed pensively at the floor. Most of his associates were inclined to save him from further humiliation; so they engaged in an animated conversation on the every-day topic of whaling, hoping that in this way the disagreeable incident might be soon forgotten. The price of oil and bone, the stock on hand and other phases of condition and outlook received attention, and, as was customary at these gatherings, the conversation prepared the way for allusions to individual successes; for while these gentlemen were wont to plead poverty at home when their wives made application and sometimes even demands for money, they were not adverse, when gathered in this favorite retreat, to dwell upon and even exaggerate the value and magnitude of their possessions.

"The Oleo's bound home soon," remarked

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Richard Malmee. "Even if she's got her last drop of oil, the voyage is big enough."

"You own in her, don't you?" asked Parker Treadwell.

"I believe I do own a part of her."

"Well, she won't make so much money as the Wavelet."

"Yes, she will, too."

"No, she won't. I own a quarter of the Wavelet, and she's been closely managed, and the Captain's drafts have been small. You may get a lot of oil and bone, but where's the profit if the expenses eat everything up?"

Richard asserted in a boisterous tone: "I mean to say —"

"I know as much about whaling," interrupted Captain Branch, "as any man in this room, because I know how to whale it at sea and how to run the business on land. I never owned in a whaler yet that didn't make money, and I said last night to my wife —"

"That you would like to divide your profits with her?" inquired "Two Handkerchief Joe."

The laugh which followed aroused the old man's wrath.

## A SKIM-MILK INCIDENT

"Don't insult me, sir," he shouted. "You never in your life owned in a whaler that made any money."

"I have, too," answered "Two Handkerchief." "My share in the Bounding Betsy netted me over fifty per cent on the investment."

"What did you do with the money?" asked Caleb Weatherspook.

"I didn't invest it in any vessel that you are the agent of," was the reply.

This was intended as a thrust, for Caleb's co-owners constantly complained of his laxity and neglect in rendering accounts. Caleb's eyes sparkled and snapped, but his lips were motionless.

And now jealousy so prevailed that these old men became veritable braggarts, each maintaining that the best voyage he had been interested in was the best voyage ever known in the history of whaling.

Only two refrained from participating in the discussion — Abiathar Painter and Robert Eastgate. The former was voiceless because he was concentrating all his energies for a verbal explosion and was merely waiting a convenient occasion; the latter was voiceless, partly because he



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was suffering from Abiathar's expressed disfavor, and partly because he was husbanding his resource and courage until the proper time for participation in the converse.

Robert had never owned in a whaler but once; it was a small schooner which had recently returned with a handsome profit on the investment. The vessel and outfits were of inconsiderable value and Robert's interest was only a sixteenth. Rarely had he dwelt on his own monetary achievements, as he was only worth thirty thousand dollars, and was not regarded as capable of indulging in estimates and comparisons with favored capitalists. Besides he was not prone to self-glorification and boasting; he was always at his best as a listener; and, if he engaged in conversation, he was accustomed to coincide rather than antagonize. He was conscious now of an unwonted impulse — whether it sprang from the desire to escape from his discomfiture or from fear of again incurring Abiathar's displeasure or from the purpose of asserting for once his independence, it is impossible to say.

"Gentlemen," declared Robert, "I share the pleasure of men who tell of the money they

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have made, and I have no doubt they are willing to share mine. Let me say that I own in a vessel which recently returned having made one hundred per cent on the investment."

A carriage drew up at the door. Abiathar, who had hitherto been the picture of indifference, reached for his cane and slowly lifted himself to his feet. Advancing to the area in front of Robert, he fixed on him a look of loathing and repugnance, and then shrieked: "What's a hundred per cent on fo'pence ha' penny!"



## VI

### THE FIRST TALE OF PHINEAS FOODLE

**I**N the forties of the last century Phineas Foodle, fifty-five years of age, was exceptionally prosperous, cruelly exacting, disgustingly pompous and foolishly ambitious of preferment and distinction. He sought affinity with the world; and that, too, with celerity and with trifling expense. Indeed he felt that his wealth ought to bring him in touch with men of prominence, and he did not doubt that he was as good as any of them. The only problem was the method of procedure. His rise from lowly origin to comparative opulence and commercial prestige was accomplished by patient and often painful plodding and by that reliance on forethought and caution which is so often the endowment of friendless and penniless lads. Phineas enjoyed the power which wealth bestowed in disregard of the feelings and rights of those who were compelled by circumstances

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or relation to recognize his authority and obey his mandate. He was too shallow and resourceless ever to enjoy the associations and fellowships which he coveted. He starved his sentiments; and the man who starves his sentiments starves his soul.

Phineas thought of politics, but the prospect of the expenditure of money and of temporary withdrawal from the activities of the wharf and the office was a sufficient deterrent. This was not all; he remembered with regret that not many years had elapsed since his ignominious defeat as a candidate for a local office. The imaginative and the æsthetic failed to appeal to him; he had no mental gifts; his only thoughts were of the useful and the practical, and the expression of those thoughts was marked by poverty of diction and by curious combinations of words and phrases. He consulted his daughters, who, as the family had no antecedents (a fact, however, they were unwilling to admit), suggested that a pedigree and a coat of arms be procured from the old country, one to hang on the parlor wall and the other to adorn the door of the carriage. They entertained the notion that this arrogant pretension

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might draw to their mansion people of position and attainments.

"Cost too much," said Phineas. "Ain't no good when you've got 'em."

Then the young ladies commended the cultivation of the society of men and women of taste and letters. This was more to gratify their own than their father's cravings; for they knew well that form and figure, picture and poem were to him meaningless productions, and were incapable of elevating either his thought or purpose. There was a wrangle. While the triumph of course was with the unlettered master, it should be stated that the silencing of the females was only accomplished by observations on his part that smacked more of command than of persuasion. Repenting in a few days of his severity, Phineas sought to appease his offspring by proposing to hang on the wall of the parlor a daub which purported to represent Niagara and the Rapids, and which he really believed was a truthful and meritorious representation of that watery marvel.

"Why, father," exclaimed the daughters, who were as deficient in tact as he was in taste, "you

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aren't going to hang that thing in the parlor, are you?"

"Why not?" he asked savagely.

"It isn't good for anything?"

"It is, too. I paid thirty dollars for it!"

"It is too large."

"I'll cut it in two."

To the disgust of the family the division was made and the two pictures were placed side by side on the parlor wall. This separation of the waterfall and the broad quivering current was so noised abroad that the name of Foodle soon conferred upon New Bedford a notoriety similar to that enjoyed by a sister seaport town after the fortunate transaction of one of its citizens in abandoned warming-pans. Months passed without any further disturbance of the tranquillity of the house of Foodle. One day there came to Phineas a new thought which developed into an absorbing resolution. A great man had come to town.

Upon the morrow at the ringing of the courthouse bell, a goodly number of people gathered at the door expectant of the coming of the man who was the most distinguished of his time for triumphs in the forum and in legislative halls.

## FIRST TALE OF PHINEAS FOODLE

The customary reception of this individual was a kind of reverential silence, for his alleged supernal endowments were regarded as meriting a more serious recognition than hand clapping and acclamations. As he approached with all the insignia of greatness — the full dark face particularly noticeable for the ponderous brow and the finely formed person clad in proverbial garb, the striking feature of which was the blue frock coat with brass buttons, the voice of a little child piped out, "Why, papa, he's only a man." The eminent visitor smiled, and the crowd, released from the thralldom imposed by his presence, broke out into rapturous plaudits.

At the adjournment of the court at midday the gathering of the curious and the admiring had gained generous accessions. As the great jurist and statesman emerged he was accosted by a man with a pinched face, who wore ill-fitting clothes and a silk hat of an antique pattern, with the inquiry:

"Be you Dan'l Webster?"

Black Dan appeared annoyed — indeed affronted — for his countenance assumed a sombre expression and his dark eyes fixed on the interrogator a piercing gaze.



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"Yes, I am."

"Wa'al, I'm Phineas Foodle."

Phineas supposed that the reception of this information would be indicated by some sign of approval or even of genuine pleasure. Black Dan had never heard of Phineas Foodle, though the last-named had long believed that his own reputation for business sagacity and achievement had penetrated Boston and other centres of commercial activity. His pride had now received a shock, but his temerity was undaunted.

"Thought I'd like to have you round to dinner to-night. We generally have dinner in the middle of the day while you city folks have it at night; but my wife and daughters are going to fix up a good bite this evening just as a change on your account."

A frigid declination was on the visitor's lips when the local lawyer, with whom he was associated in the case just suspended, whispered:

"Mr. Foodle is one of the richest and best known merchants in the town. He is illiterate and conceited, and, though generally parsimonious, spends a large sum of money yearly

## FIRST TALE OF PHINEAS FOODLE

in the purchase of the choicest brandy. This, I am sure, he will serve in a liberal fashion."

Daniel Webster, eminent advocate and expounder of the Constitution, fairly beamed on Phineas Foodle and, taking his hand, declared:

"My dear Mr. Foodle, I have spent many years in the study of the English tongue, yet I confess that my knowledge of words is inadequate to the expression of the sentiments inspired by your considerate invitation. I assure you of the profound pleasure conferred by the proffer of your hospitality and of the corresponding sense of gratitude which prompts my acceptance of it."

Phineas felt somewhat as he had years before when for the first time he took his children to the circus. As the band struck up and the crowd jostled him, his countenance assumed an expression of mingled pain and perplexity, and his helplessness found vent in the exclamation, "I'm bothered!"

"Mr. Webster," whispered the associate counsel, "Mr. Foodle's vocabulary is limited. He doesn't understand. Please make your acceptance a little simpler."

"What is the hour, Mr. Foodle?"

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“ Six o'clock.”

“ I am pleased to say that you may expect me at that time.”

Mrs. Phineas Foodle had been for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Phineas Foodle's mentor and spur. The daughters did not like to have their mother relate the hardships with which she and her husband had contended and the privations which they had undergone during their matrimonial novitiate; so they forced her into submission. When company was entertained she studiously refrained from displaying her ignorance of English speech and idiom, and hence was tolerated by her daughters, although she was not exactly *persona grata*. On this particular occasion the solicitude of the young ladies pertained to their father; for they feared that the brandy might prompt utterances emphasizing a disregard of grammatical construction and thus betray an uncultivated intellect. The young ladies were named Hannah and Hepsibah. To their father they administered a filial warning as to the propriety and even necessity of studied silence and decorum during the sojourn of the guest; and to that father's credit be it said that while he manifested

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his displeasure by uttering some inelegant words and by making what may be called a few facial gestures, he promised not to bring disgrace upon the house of Foodle.

For once the godlike Daniel was punctual, and he was never more companionable and interesting. The women were at first doubtful and timorous, but as he inquired about their tastes and pursuits and interests, the mother made responses as nearly categorical as possible and the daughters endeavored to display their appreciation by the use of words and phrases of exceptional elegance.

Daniel Webster handed Mrs. Foodle to the dining-room with dignity and grace. The master of ceremonies — Ephraim Prodder — assisted in the preliminaries with seriousness and with a deference approaching servility, and then acquitted himself in matters of attention and service with old-fashioned punctiliousness. Ephraim had been transported to New Bedford years before by the underground railroad or in other words by the Quakers, and had brought with him a valuable possession — the knowledge of the culinary art acquired by instruction and training in an old Southern mansion. Ephraim

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was wont to serve in various capacities, such as caterer, cook and butler, and, as the desire of the town-folk for display and social amenities became more importunate with the increase of wealth, he was constantly engaged in profitable employment. He was of venerable aspect, and was always at his best in the dining-room, where he combined a knowledge of appointment and function with the accessories of dignity and courtliness.

There was sherry on the table, which Ephraim served in moderate portions to the ladies. Either a certain story as to the frailties of the guest had preceded him or Ephraim was endowed with exceptional insight, for he handed Mr. Webster and Mr. Foodle each a large tumbler filled with brandy.

Daniel Webster's intentions were good; he felt that it was incumbent upon him to entertain the ladies. Phineas Foodle's intentions were good; he felt that it was his duty to let Mr. Webster do the talking. Pleasant words fell from the statesman's lips, and womanhood was extolled with an exuberance of rhetorical phrase uttered in a ponderous tone peculiar to men of dignity and learning a half century ago or more.

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The approval of the mother was signified by smiles; of the daughters by occasional interpolations noticeable for attempts to imitate the happy figures and liquid language of the guest. At last, as the dinner was nearing its end, Mr. Webster showed evidence of fatigue, and Phineas, forgetful of his promise, assumed the role of inquisitor and entertainer.

"Did you have much trouble when you was young, in gettin' into politics, Mr. Webster?"

"I was solicited to run for Congress."

"I never was solicited for nothin'."

There followed a cackle which sent the color to the cheeks of the young ladies.

"I was a poor boy," declared Phineas.

"So was I," said Mr. Webster with some feeling.

"My father," continued Phineas, "was a poor farmer over here in Dartmouth, and he used to send me into the city occasionally with hay. When I was about seventeen, just before I come to this town, he sent me over with a load —"

The sentence was lost in a guffaw.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the spouse.

"Well, this place wasn't very big then, and

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everybody in it and all round here knew everybody else, and just as I got to the corner of Purchase and Union Streets the jug fell off the load and broke in two when it struck the street."

There was a renewal of the merriment. It was some time before Phineas could regain composure.

"Well, I got started here in New Bedford and made money; so about ten years ago I thought I'd like to be selectman and I had 'em put up my name. The day before 'lection my enemies stuck up placards saying 'For selectman, Phineas Foodle' and just underneath they had a picter of a broken jug. They 'lected another man."

Before Phineas could prolong the offence, the ladies, quite overcome, rose, while Hannah with tears in her voice declared: "Mr. Webster, I assure you that this is an unusual incident, and the more unfortunate and embarrassing because of its occurrence in the presence of a guest."

"'Tain't unusual, neither; plenty people run for office all the time," muttered Phineas.

"Pray compose yourself, Miss Foodle," said the great man, who was determined to

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both pacify the ladies and shield the host. "I appreciate Mr. Foodle's feeling and can readily overlook his hilarity. The tricks of the politician are a constant menace to the integrity of government, and cause a deep sting to the feelings of men of honor and self-respect. Indulge my immodesty when I say that no one has suffered more than I have from the wanton railings and the atrocious malignings of political enemies."

Whatever the motive — to descend to the level of Phineas Foodle or to raise Phineas to his own — Mr. Webster adorned an occasion that had already threatened so much of sorrow and shame. The banquet was over. The great statesman felt the obligation of what is generally regarded as a perfunctory duty; but which by his manly bearing and by the relaxation of a generally sober countenance was made a kind of exceptional civility. It was, however, misunderstood. As he opened the door, the daughters looked surprised and the mother annoyed. They were not familiar with the etiquette of the dining-room. Mr. Webster bowed deferentially; still the ladies did not stir. Phineas took no part in the little drama. The



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elbow of his left arm was on the table and his head rested heavily on the hand.

"Ladies," observed Mr. Webster, "permit me to bow you from the room."

The puzzled expression on the countenances of the daughters indicated not merely ignorance but a suspicion that the ceremony was some conventional observance upon which enlightenment was desirable; but the mother's discomfiture was only augmented. Indeed she remarked on the following day that this was the first time in her life in which she had ever been ordered from her own dining-room.

Mr. Webster returned to his chair and gazed at Ephraim with an expressive look. The old servant took from the antique sideboard several long nines and laid them on the table; but they did not appeal to the guest, who showed his contempt by taking from his pocket a solitary cigar of material and workmanship amply in keeping with the choice brandy of Phineas Foodle. The postprandial converse on the part of Phineas was accentuated by broken sentences and by frequent hiccoughs. To Mr. Webster occasional rests were exceedingly grateful. However, that gentleman soon deemed it his duty

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to terminate the exercises, and so with expressions of gratitude for the hospitality he had enjoyed, then with persuasive urging that even savored of a peremptory leave-taking, he succeeded in conducting Phineas into the presence of the ladies.

Daniel Webster took the hand of Mrs. Phineas Foodle with an air that would have done honor to a courtier about to pay homage to his queen.

"My dear Mrs. Foodle, I express my profound regret that the hour of departure has arrived. The felicity conferred by your acquaintance has been greatly increased by congenial companionship and by your studied interest and attention."

Turning to the young ladies he continued: "My dear Miss Foodle and my dear Miss Hepsibah, your parents may well be proud of daughters who so beautifully illustrate in speech and action the noblest type of New England womanhood."

Taking Mr. Foodle by the hand he added: "I renew my grateful acknowledgments."

And Daniel Webster departed. The silence was broken by Phineas, who muttered: "I

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notice he didn't invite us to visit him, either in Boston or Washington."

There was some speculation among the Foodle women as to Daniel Webster's attitude towards the family. Would he ever come again? Was it not probable that the unseemly incident for which Phineas was responsible had produced so unpleasant an impression upon the great statesman that the mere thought of the Foodles would ever excite repugnance and disgust? The women were ignorant of the inner life of Daniel Webster, for they gauged him by the uncertain standard of fame; they knew nothing of frequent diversions and excesses among his friends in Boston, Washington and New York that for folly greatly surpassed the vapid outbreak of their father at the dinner table.

Yes, Daniel Webster came again. He was so unobtrusively considerate and courteous, so quick in the anticipation of wish and purpose, so ready with the little attentions that are so pleasing to women, so bright and happy and witty, that the ladies repudiated remembrance and became his ardent devotees. To find the man of greatness and genius at the best you must meet him in the hour when he has turned away

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from duty and calling and given himself up to pastime and pleasure.

Phineas Foodle took Daniel Webster from office to office introducing him as a particular friend, and so prolonged the pilgrimage that the great man protested on the ground that mind and body were suffering from fatigue. Mr. Webster was glad when the day was over and he was comfortably seated at the dinner table, enjoying an entertainment which, like its predecessor, was an innovation so far as the Foodles were concerned. Speech and deportment were particularly decorous, and the ladies were delighted to see how these two men of diverse predilections seemed to be united by a kind of congenial link. Admonished by the recollection of the previous lapse, Phineas was a model of decorum, and he even assumed some dignity of bearing. Mr. Webster alluded to the bliss afforded by release from the pressure of responsibilities, and inquired if there were not near New Bedford some retreat with a diversity of meadow, wood and water, and so calculated to afford opportunity for rest and recuperation.

“Oh! papa,” exclaimed Hepsibah, “why

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not take a day off and drive Mr. Webster through the Lakes ? ”

“ The Lakes ? ” was the inquiry. “ I wonder if you mean the chain of lakes in the vicinity of Middleboro.”

“ Yes, Mr. Webster.”

“ More than once have I visited the old church at the Green in Middleboro, which I regard in design, proportion and finish as the finest type of the old Pilgrim Church in New England. I have never visited the adjacent lakes, but I have heard much of their beauty and historic interest. The name of John Sassamon, whose death stirred the uprising known as King Philip’s War, is ineffaceably associated with Lake Assawampsett.”

Phineas was loath to abandon his business even for a day, but the honor of entertaining so distinguished a man and the consequent probabilities of favor and family advantage determined acquiescence in his daughter’s proposal.

On the morrow the carriage was ready at an early hour and therein was deposited by Hepsibah a basket containing bountiful fare, including two bottles of fine old brandy. The drive of sixteen miles was through an uninteresting

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country; hence conversation afforded the only means of diversion. The juxtaposition of a brilliant statesman and an illiterate merchant may have seemed incongruous, but Mr. Webster's facile speech and Mr. Foodle's willing receptivity afforded the one an opportunity of cementing an artificial fellowship and begot in the other a conviction of personal importance. Mr. Webster was a verbal artist, and, when Aponoquett or Long Pond was reached, he felt sure that attention and flattery were producing the result he desired. The road did not skirt the lake but passed sufficiently near it to afford occasional glimpses of its sparkling surface.

"I feel, Mr. Foodle, that I am approaching a paradise."

"I guess you are, Mr. Webster."

It was not long before Phineas drew up at Sampson's Tavern. This hostelry, established in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was for several generations the favorite resting-place for travellers in Southern Massachusetts. Large, graceful elms towered above the long building, before which, located a short distance from the road, the stages were wont to appear and depart amid the activities peculiar to such

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places. The view of Lake Assawampsett, which was close at hand, afforded Mr. Webster relief. The trees which lined the shore bent their branches gracefully to the water's edge and thus formed a continuous fringe, save at a spot nearly four miles away, where rose a long ridge of sand affording a commanding outlook known then as now as the "great white bank." However, he did not demur when he was solicited to abandon the prospect and enter the house for the purpose of obtaining a little refreshment. On his return he suffered some discomfiture from the officious attentions of the guests, and was particularly annoyed by an urchin who remarked: "Why, he's as big as the town constable."

Release from his admirers so restored the great man's serenity, that when the easterly side of the lake was reached, the view of alternate bits of wood and water, rendered the more engaging by intervening meadows, appealed to his finest feelings and stirred his happiest mood. A mile brought them to a convenient resting-place, and, having secured and provided for the horse and having taken their luncheon with them, they advanced to the summit of an

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elevation which afforded a prospect of inexpressible beauty. Before and below lay the lake known as Big Quittacus. Mr. Webster was unprepared for the revelation; as motionless as a statue he took in the scene in wordless wonder. The pen seems inadequate to the portrayal of the expanding marvel. The placid water ended at an indented shore noticeable for prominences and recesses. The former were wooded. This alternation of nook and projection heightened the beauty of the picture. It was autumn, and the forest's scarlet robes were mirrored in the lake.

"This," mused Mr. Webster, "is the opulence of nature."

"What's that?" asked Phineas, who was engaged in arranging the lunch.

"I was alluding to this matchless view."

"I don't see nothin' in it. I'm hungry."

Phineas had doubts as to the sanity of his companion, and that gentleman entertained for Phineas a feeling of profound contempt. The bountiful repast awoke in Phineas the remembrance of the toilful days and the meagre meals of his early years. Mark that no feelings of gratitude were inspired; the contrast was the



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absorbing sentiment; and had Mr. Webster been one of Phineas' daughters, Phineas would have indulged in a philippic against the extravagance of the day, concluding with the trite observation: "We didn't have none of these things when I was young."

Rumination was forgotten in the gratification of the palate. Cold chicken, delicate sandwiches, brown bread and similar edibles disappeared in the company of copious drafts of brandy. Relaxation afforded the statesman the opportunity he wanted of ingratiating himself with his companion in the hope of eventually succeeding in his cherished purpose. A renewal of his appreciation of the brilliant spectacle not eliciting a response, he began to emphasize with studied warmth the diverse advantages that come from the differences in the bestowal of gifts. To the merchant he accorded the supreme encomium, adapting his speech to his companion's capability of assimilation. Credit for the development of the country and the expansion of the resources that underlie and promote advancement and prosperity was given to the man whose education is not of books but of the world, whose perceptions are quickened

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not by the riches afforded by nature or by intellectual creations but by needs and demands begotten of privation and penury.

“Men like these,” declared Mr. Webster, “are the makers of nations and of history.”

Phineas now appeared to be in excellent humor due partly to the exhilaration caused by the beverage of which he had partaken and partly to his companion's words of studied flattery. That the drive home was without incident made it none the less pleasurable, for the conversation took a personal tone. While Phineas emphasized appreciation of Mr. Webster's ability and achievements, that gentleman again poured into the ear of Phineas words laudatory of the frugal living and the persistent endeavor which promote commercial successes and thus assure the accumulation of wealth. That night the great statesman was inimitable in deportment and diction; the ladies retired with augmented admiration of his genius and social qualities; and the two men then chatted with abandonment of reserve and with an apparent singleness of purpose and interest. Just as the suggestion was made that it was time for repose, Mr. Webster leaned forward and said

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something to Phineas which caused that gentleman's countenance to assume a frown. The inference was that the communication was a request for pecuniary assistance, for Mr. Webster had long had the reputation of making exorbitant and often successful demands upon his friends. Heads approached and then withdrew, hands were employed in emphatic gestures; the dialogue went on with apparent fervor, especially on the part of the would-be borrower, and for a while there was grave doubt whether solicitation and promise would prove victorious. Gradually, however, the features of the wily merchant relaxed until there spread over them a smile exceptionally bland. Mr. Webster's persuasion, fortified by assertion and promise, had won. Phineas stepped to his desk and, having written a few words on a piece of paper, handed it to the statesman with the remark: "I know you'll keep your promise because you say you will."

When Mr. Webster returned to Boston in the morning, he carried with him a check for four thousand dollars payable to his own order and signed by Phineas Foodle.

The visit of Daniel Webster was thought by

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the community to be responsible for the assumption and arrogance so noticeable in the speech and deportment of the Foodle women. But Phineas gave no sign of either pride or elation; indeed he seemed at times abstracted and even morose. He sent Mr. Webster a pressing invitation (written by Hannah) to tarry again for a few days at the Foodle mansion. While the declination was courteous, it was lacking in expressions of grateful remembrance and contained no intimation of any interest in the welfare of the Foodles or of any desire to renew acquaintance and friendly relations with them. The second letter, which was written by Phineas himself, contained an urgent request for the payment of a loan of four thousand dollars. The reply was a dignified declaration to the effect that it was not convenient to respond. At about this period the younger clerks announced to their parents that the conduct of Phineas in the office was absolutely unbearable.

Phineas made a special journey to Boston with the intention of getting his money, or at least some of it on account. Mr. Webster was enjoying a brief respite from Congressional obligations and was at the same time attending

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to the solicitations and importunities of his clients, and likewise suffering from the demands of his numerous creditors. Mr. Webster's office was in one of those old-fashioned three-story buildings, a few of which still remain in the business portion of the city. In the outer room a goodly number of people was seated, and Phineas noted that, while their postures were strikingly dissimilar, the countenances of a majority of them wore expressions indicative of anxiety and displeasure.

"Is the Honorable Daniel Webster in?" shouted Phineas.

"He is, but he is engaged," answered a clerk.

"Well, I want to see him and I can't wait. He owes me a lot of money."

The man approached Phineas and said in a low tone: "Don't talk so loud."

"I mean business," declared Phineas. "I want to see him."

The scrivener disappeared and, returning in a few moments, whispered to Phineas: "Mr. Webster is engaged and will not be at liberty for a long time."

"I'll come back in the afternoon."

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After eating his lunch on the Common, Phineas returned in the afternoon and again made an importunate request for an interview. He was informed that Mr. Webster had gone for the day. At first inclined to vent his views in emphatic language, on second thought Mr. Foodle concluded to bridle his lips. He made his way to the street, vowing vengeance and devising some means of enforcing his claim. He returned home in a crusty mood which was reflected in discourteous treatment of his wife and daughters. For several days thereafter the clerks in his counting-room were conscious of the fact that there was no cessation of insult and oppression.

On his way back to Congress Mr. Webster made the customary sojourn of twenty-four hours in New York and the proprietor of the Astor House made the customary announcement by flying the flag from that hostelry. The gathering at the board in the evening was composed of men of wealth and prominence, who regarded Mr. Webster as an idol and who still entertained the belief that he was to gain the great political prize he had so long coveted. Their allegiance and homage were without

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stint, for Mr. Webster had never overstepped the bounds of decorum by soliciting them to relieve his pecuniary necessities. His creditors were largely of his own domicile. Some flashes of wit, a few happy retorts and an abundance of profound observations were followed by a dissertation upon the recognition and the discharge of obligation as the proof of a mind fully equipped with the essentials of manhood. It was the general opinion that Mr. Webster was worthy of the chair which, it was thought, he was so soon to occupy.

A few weeks after the great man's return to Washington a committee of the United States Senate was about to go into executive session. All had gathered save Mr. Webster, when a curious-looking individual, whose dilapidated neckwear and coarse garments contrasted strongly with the prim, old-fashioned attire of the members of the committee, entered and slipped gracelessly into the chair reserved for the absent statesman. A picture like that presented by these votaries of statecraft is impossible in the modern days of more comely clothing and more natural postures. The outer garments of these distinguished gentlemen were

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of either bottle-green or blue, and were likewise as ponderous as overcoats; their dickies and cravats were noticeable for display rather than for comfort; the ruffles of the shirt-bosoms bulged out in bulky proportions, and the only head which was not bald was surmounted by an arrangement of hair resembling a bird's nest. The official in attendance was about to eject the usurper when Mr. Webster appeared, and fixing on him a keen, flashing eye, observed: "I had not expected to see you, Mr. Foodle."

"Wa'al, I expected to see *you*. I want my money."

The great man felt affronted, and was there not, in his opinion, justification for it? Had he not served his country for a long period with signal ability and with great self-sacrifice? Was a mere merchant, whose business interests had been promoted and whose resources had been augmented by the inadequately rewarded public services of another, whereby also the destiny of the country had been shaped, to demand the payment of a loan, when he ought to appreciate the honor of parting with his funds and at the same time the delicate obligation implied?



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Phineas rose from the chair and with a bitter look confronted the debtor; and now the official, who was of large proportions, adopted a novel means of ejecting the visitor. Phineas was conscious that it was difficult to resist the pressure of the stomachic rotundity of the man of gilded buttons. He made an effort to dodge round the official's person, but a hand with a grip like a vise prevented this effort at hide and seek. The door was in close proximity.

"Say, Daniel," declared Phineas, resorting in despair to familiarity, "I'm afraid I'll never get my money — so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take it out in legal advice."

"Very good, Mr. Foodle. I will give you some now, and you may give me credit for two thousand dollars on account."

Phineas was in the hall and the door was closing between them. "What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Have just as little as possible to do with lawyers," was the laconic reply.

## VII

### THE SECOND TALE OF PHINEAS FOODLE

**T**HERE is a tradition that Daniel Webster, aided by his friends, reimbursed the offended creditor. The Foodles repudiated the great man, as he had at first repudiated his pecuniary obligation. The young women, however, were still ambitious of a larger life; they wondered how they could compass it; they devised all kinds of means and methods, but their opportunities for expansion were meagre and the atmosphere of the home was not encouraging, for their father declared that he "didn't want no more distinguished men in his house."

New Bedford was then known as the wealthiest town of its size in the country and adventurers were beginning to cross its borders in the hope of enrichment by marital alliances with wealthy families. The appearance of these worthless gallants was well calculated to repel

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both magnate and matron. However, more than one unsophisticated maiden failed to comprehend the fact that fortune seeking inspired the proffers of thoughtful attention, the manifestation of interest in commonplaces and whimsical yearnings, the expression of insipid sentiments in studied phrases, and the arrogant claims to social position and superior descent.

Alexander Beet was one of the successful impostors. In some way he learned of Hepsibah's beauty and prospects, and, gaining access to the Foodle mansion, addressed her with fervid persistency and won her by the employment of the method recited, and not by mental endowment and manly trait.

Phineas stormed; Hepsibah loathed her food. Phineas relented; Hepsibah's appetite improved.

The acquiescence of the father in the distasteful purpose of the daughter was of a qualified nature. Dissatisfaction continued to manifest itself, not only in scowl and glare, but in hint and innuendo. To see the young people engage in those familiarities which are the natural concomitants of plighted troth, to hear words of endearment and promise uttered in

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mellow tones, to gaze at the garments of a prospective son-in-law so strikingly in contrast with the coarse garb which he himself could only afford in his cheerless youth, to contemplate the probable misery and suffering which would follow the union, to think of the exorbitant demands that might soon be made upon his own resources — these reflections and provisions served as tireless proddings, produced restlessness augmented by bitterness, and even hampered the exercise of his daily vocations.

Alexander carried a cane, wore gloves, and sported a silk handkerchief which was of the magnitude of one of those old-fashioned bandannas upon which were stamped the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. The most prized garment was the coat. It was of the then fashionable shape and of elegant finish — indeed the amplitude of fold and tuck and the use of more cloth than was necessary for the mere protection of the body stirred Phineas to a tirade against waste and extravagance. Alexander was not devoid of perceptive faculties and was supplied with some measure of tact and prudence. In New Bedford he re-

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frained from expressing his real views upon the delicate situation; to his cronies in Boston he declared that Phineas was only comparable to an active kangaroo. Phineas had no compunctions about voicing his apprehensions and discontent to his acquaintances. He likened Alexander to a donkey.

While Phineas was eminently secular, he paid some deference to religion by attending service in the Congregational Church. Episcopalians were then neither numerous nor popular, for surplice and rite intensified the prejudice which had come down from the founders of the colony. Alexander pressed upon Hepsibah the propriety of celebrating the nuptials by a service felicitous in phraseology and imposing in performance; and Hepsibah signified acquiescence, despite the frantic protests of her father. Phineas affirmed that he would never give his daughter away, and he declined to take part in the first rehearsal, which he denounced as an exhibition of folly and as the forerunner of that display which would necessitate the expenditure of money; but he yielded to persuasion, and at the final preliminary led his daughter to the imaginary altar without gracefulness of gait

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or ease of manner, but with commendable alacrity, although with a troubled countenance.

The Foodle women, however, were not absolutely certain that there would be no interruption of the ceremony, and Hannah was so disturbed that she confided her solicitude to her intimates, and they in turn intrusted the secret to the community. The belief was general that at the most interesting period of the service Phineas would declare that there was an impediment to the marriage.

"Just in front of the mantel," observed Hepsibah to Hannah, "is the proper place for the ceremony to be performed, but, oh! think of the exposure of Niagara and the Rapids!"

Now the young ladies were aware that nearly every one in New Bedford knew of the twin paintings, and that they were regarded as mementoes of their father's ignorance and of the family disgrace. The wedding was to take place in June, when flowers were cheap, and a happy thought came to Hannah.

"Why not put a great wall of flowers in front of the daubs, and have the marriage take place there?"

"A good idea," said Hepsibah, "but it

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would never do to suggest it to father; he would oppose it at once. Leave it to me, and I'll get round him."

So one evening after he had imbibed his usual potion, the little diplomatist linked her arm in his and inquired: "Now, papa, where shall the wedding take place — in front of the mantel?"

"No! I don't want it there," was the savage reply.

"Well, where then? On the other side of the room?"

"Of course."

So the young ladies placed in front of the paintings two upright poles on rests and stretched across the intervening space of about ten feet a kind of network of cord. A wealth of buds and blooms was then attached to the texture, and there was suspended above, by means of two pieces of rattan, an object composed of flowers and intended to resemble a bell, but which, according to several discourteous and ungrateful guests, was more in the similitude of an inverted bath-tub.

The remark was made in the preceding sketch that Phineas starved his sentiments.

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The rule is demonstrated by an exception, beautiful and tender, as well as highly creditable to his heart. In his hard and eventless boyhood the little happiness he had known was bestowed by occasional association with a neighbor's daughter, and in later life as he moved along in a sordid sphere he showed that he was not entirely subject to the thralldom of gold by recalling the encouragement and help he had derived from her sunny presence and cheering words. He was a dull boy and she had assisted him during the two years of companionship in the district school, though, strange to say, the sentiment had never ripened into love. It was an ennobling friendship, and when, after Phineas had started on the road to success and affluence in New Bedford, she was married to a young officer of a whaler which was soon to sail on the long voyage, Phineas shared in her joy and gave the lie to the popular belief that his money was only of value when applied to material uses. The vessel never returned and the young widow, burdened with a baby, essayed the gaining of their livelihood with her needle. There is nothing sadder than a woman's desperate independence. Phineas came to her



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relief, however, with the offer of unsolicited bounty, and, after repeated protestation and refusal, she reluctantly accepted it. He did not advertise his philanthropy, but the community came to know of it, and its exercise seemed so contrary to his motives and methods that it provoked remarks and insinuations that were pitilessly severe. The young woman was loath to be wholly dependent; she diligently pursued her grinding occupation, training her daughter in the ways that would ultimately make her helpful and self-supporting, and at last dying with the assurance that her instruction had not been in vain. This daughter began to earn her living at a period when the opportunities afforded women for activity and expansion were meagre, and hence when sustenance was only obtained by strenuous exertion. She cherished for Phineas a sentiment of gratitude, bequeathed by her mother, and she determined so to live and to labor as never to be dependent upon his charity. She was so plain and unattractive that for many years no one cared to marry her, and then came a suitor who was as plain and unattractive as she herself and who was likewise comparable to her in sturdy merit

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and in nobility of character. Death soon closed his life, and at the time of our narrative the forlorn woman's only possession was a posthumous son nearly a year old. Phineas again proffered assistance, which was at first refused and then accepted, as in reality there was nothing to do but accept it. Phineas informed Martha, for that was her name, that she must come to the wedding and bring the baby with her, and the woman, reluctant to obey, pleaded the insufficiency of attire and the impropriety of disturbing a fashionable gathering with the peevish complaints of an infant. A suitable garment was provided and the promise to be present was exacted. The Foodle women looked with disfavor upon the prospect of Martha's presence, but they dared not offer objection or complaint.

The Beet-Foodle wedding was a great event. Even the people who reviled the Foodles were anxious for invitations, and those who were neglected only multiplied traduction and denunciation. Invitations, however, were issued liberally. The guests, who had never been in the Foodle mansion, were eager to behold the companion pictures, and, as their search was

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futile, a whispered rumor was circulated that the curiosities had been removed. All the guests shared in the apprehension that, with the announcement of the clergyman that impediments to the marriage were in order, Phineas would be in evidence with an emphatic protest.

The reception of his guests by Phineas was marked by an exuberance of interest and attention which appeared like affectation because so foreign to his nature and proclivities. Martha, timid and shrinking and yet not unattractive as she appeared with her infant in arms, was the observed of all the company; and yet the other guests looked askance at her, as if she were the emissary of defilement; but Phineas, true to his one gentle sentiment, made her the special object of his favor.

For a decade thereafter an incident which occurred at the gathering furnished the denizens of New Bedford with a constant source of amusement. Ice-cream was then an exceptional luxury, and the few acquainted with its seductions had never seen it served in ambitious forms. Ephraim Prodder strove to excel. He had obtained from Boston a new mould, which represented a soldierly individual seated on a

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steed; and at the hour named he stood in contemplation of the prettiest picture he had ever created — a table testifying in its wealth of burden to his proficiency and taste, and rendered picturesque by the centre-piece of frozen figures.

Ephraim alone was true to appointment; the wedding was late. It was a warm day, and he began to watch with dismay the perilous position of the artificial cavalier. The object seemed to be endowed with life, for it bent forward, thus assuming a graceless attitude; then the outlines became less marked; and lastly came the evidences of impending collapse. Ephraim was frantic; he forgot the training of his youth and the etiquette of the occasion. Rushing to the parlor door he summoned his employer by violent gestures and then in a loud tone delivered his apprehension.

“Better hurry up wid de weddin’, Massa Phineas, dat man’s surely gwine to tumble off de hoss.”

Phineas ordered the musicians to play and then departed for his daughter, but to the general amusement the tardiness of the bride necessitated a repetition of the recital. As she appeared at last leaning on her father’s arm

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she seemed to the thoughtful and apprehensive, in the gracefulness of her carriage and in the loveliness of her aspect, heightened by her attire, to be moving to a sacrifice rather than to an exercise which was to be followed by domestic bliss. The service proceeded felicitously until the clergyman announced in an impressive tone:

“Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.”

For a moment it was supernaturally still. Every eye was fixed on Phineas. The suspense was rudely dissipated by the boisterous prattle of Martha's baby. Though the occasion was not opportune for merriment, the guests could not resist the inclination to laughter, and even the countenance of Phineas expanded with a grin.

The bride went away with her pseudo-husband and in less than two years returned to her father's roof with a baby and a broken heart. There was no sympathy from those who had attended the pageant; but there was much

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sympathy from people who had never crossed the threshold of the Foodle mansion. They wondered why a contemptible adventurer had been permitted to take the pretty little woman away with him and ruin her life. Knowledge of this interest would have been a great comfort to Hepsibah, but lucklessly she thought that everybody laughed at and despised her; even the love of the baby failed to fortify her frail tenure — so she died.

Now the baby, who was a girl, was the image of her worthless father; but the grandmother and Hannah said that she was the picture of her dead mother, and Phineas believed them. They were very anxious to have him believe them, for they loved the little creature and knew that a suggestion of likeness to her father would stir the enmity and rage of the lord of Foodledom. Hepsibah, the second, tugged away at her grandpapa's heart-strings with persistent glee, and this awoke within him a responsive feeling and evoked from the Foodle women expressions of approval. It was evident that the Foodle name would become extinct, but there was the assurance that the Foodle possessions would follow the blood.

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Hepsibah, the second, grew to be beautiful and winsome. In the world of women she had neither tact nor diplomacy, for she felt sure of her mandate and she did not fear either opposition or rivalry. At home she gained the mastery of her grandfather by politic persuasion, by studied interest, and by trivial ministrations. Selfishness was her persistent passion.

Hepsibah had a contemporary named Marmaduke Betlock, the son of a stevedore. The fact that he was born in humble life was sufficient assurance that he would never move in Hepsibah's exalted sphere, and he never did; but he made for himself an exceptional record, and at last abandoned a cherished aspiration and yielded to the fatal visitation with a resignation sweet and pathetic, but, of course, unnoted and unsung. At birth Marmaduke was so small that they placed him in a sugar bowl without discomfort to himself and without injury to the bowl. His physical development was discouragingly tardy and his mental growth correspondingly rapid. At the beginning of his third year the parents, Luke and Lydia, were puzzled by his abstracted air and incomprehensible utterances; so they called in the neighbors

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and the neighbors declared that the child was acquiring wisdom from mysterious powers conveyed undoubtedly by voices in the air. In his fourth year he learned to read and write. At five he inquired of his father if mind is not capable of extraordinary achievement, when only moderately enforced by matter. And at six he brought to the school teacher's cheek a crimson glow by declaring, when she spoke of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by lava: "Oh teacher! teacher! Herculaneum was destroyed by mud and lava, but Pompeii by ashes."

Everybody said that Marmaduke would never amount to anything — he was too small and feeble; yet at an early age he declared "I am going to college." It was the custom of Luke to take his frail offspring on his knee and tell him all that the father knew about the whaling business; about what was done on the wharf in preparing a vessel for sea; about what was done by the vessel at sea; about the excitement and interest aroused by and the preparations made on the announcement of the vessel's return and about the activity of wharf and office during the discharge of cargoes and the settlement of



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voyages. Marmaduke was prompted to read all the literature available on whaling, and by the time he was twelve years old he became an authority on all matters pertaining to the subject. A happy thought came to him; he determined to establish a museum.

Marmaduke renovated an old shed on his father's meagre premises, and thither brought apparati and articles then thought to be hardly worth preserving — old harpoons, buckets, tubs, ropes and lines, bits of oakum, pieces of whale-bone, teeth of the sperm whale and the various implements used by caulkers, carpenters, riggers, block-makers and coopers. His father obtained for him an abandoned whale-boat, and the little fellow fitted it up so perfectly with all the appliances that an old sailor, who was called in to see it, remarked that the sight of it fired him with a desire to go back to the sea. But the real value of the collection consisted of treasures brought from foreign shores — a canoe of curious workmanship, with paddles testifying in design and construction to a remarkable conception of the laws of propulsion; javelins and spears gracefully fashioned and embellished with quaint carvings; beads, hooks, and rings;

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crude cooking utensils; shells, whose symmetry was heightened by rich and delicate tints, and numerous implements of wood and stone.

The little fellow's taste was evinced by an exquisite arrangement of these then ignored relics, and was rewarded only by a few, including his school-teacher, who came and saw and then went away, wondering why such a lad could not receive encouragement and pecuniary assistance.

When Marmaduke was fourteen he and the teacher were mentally on a level. The prodigy was now extremely hopeful of some benefaction which would enable him to prepare himself for college. If he could find employment sufficiently remunerative to provide at least a partial livelihood, he could board at home, and in his spare moments busy himself with his books, with the prospect of not distant matriculation. So he went to counting-room after counting-room, asking for employment and receiving the stereotyped answer that his small stature and apparent physical weakness were a bar. At last, weary and disconsolate, he concluded to abandon the project; so he strolled towards home feeling that life had no balm or

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sweetness for him, and that he would never gain prizes, to say nothing of earning his bread.

Elnathan Grange stood at the door of his shop, gazing at the passers-by. There was at this moment a cessation of patronage and the countenance of the kindly old man attracted the solicitor of employment and inspired the belief that there was some word of cheer to repay him for the surly rebuffs he had received. Elnathan sold nuts, raisins and candy — a handful for a cent. His customers were chiefly children. As his own hands were large and sprawly, he was wont to employ boys of small palms and digits; and now he was looking for some one to fill the place of the lad who had recently left his service.

“What’s the matter, sonny?” he inquired of Marmaduke; for the expression of the little fellow’s countenance betrayed the weight of sorrow and worryment.

“I want employment.”

“Let me see your hand.”

“Whew!” he continued, prolonging the utterance into a shrill monotone. “Come right in, sonny, come right in.”

In this limited emporium Marmaduke found

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little hardship or discomfort in the performance of a single function; he was treated by his employer with considerate kindness and was permitted to devote abundant bits of leisure to study and investigation. At the end of two years his longing was characterized by an ardor, so impetuous and persistent that traces of it were to be seen in look and deportment; zeal was lapsing into anxiety and solicitude. He wanted a little money with which to make an effort for an education, and he was at a loss how to proceed until some one suggested an application to Phineas Foodle for the purchase of the museum. Even then a minority of New Bedfordites were advocating the preservation of things identical with those which Marmaduke had collected, on the ground that they would be of great value and interest on the decline and, perhaps, abandonment of whaling; while the majority denounced the proposition with scorn, and asserted that the industry would ever continue — a contention which reached the limits of absurdity a few years thereafter by the adoption of a city seal with the pompous inscription “I diffuse light.” Marmaduke screwed up his courage and one evening went

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up to the Foodle mansion and asked for the old gentleman; he was shown into the parlor in which Daniel Webster was once entertained. Timorous though he was, Marmaduke was greatly amused by the associated paintings of Niagara and the Rapids, and he likewise wondered why it was that the furnishings of the apartment showed so little nicety of taste and discernment. How strange that the son of a poor stevedore should, by reading and intuition, know more about symmetry, proportion and arrangement than a great merchant who had ships on every sea and abundant possessions on land!

Phineas entered and approached the diminutive visitor as if he wanted to say "What right has an insignificant personage like you to sit down in my parlor?"

The little fellow rose and said: "You don't know me, Mr. Foodle, I'm Marmaduke Betlock."

Marmaduke presented himself to Phineas with more consideration than Phineas had exhibited when he introduced himself to Daniel Webster.

"Who's your father?"

"Luke Betlock, the stevedore."

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"What do you want?"

"I want to go to college. I want an education."

"Wa'al, you don't suppose I'm goin' to pay for it—do you? And it's pretty sure your father ain't got the money to pay for it."

"I am not here on a mission of charity," said Marmaduke, with dignity.

"Wa'al; what are you here for?"

"I have come to see if you will purchase some property of mine, or make a loan on it. My motive is not entirely a selfish one."

Phineas grinned and then cackled as he was wont to do after liberal draughts of his favorite beverage.

Daunted, but assuming an air of composure and gravity, Marmaduke proceeded as follows:

"Mr. Foodle, New Bedford is a remarkable place. The establishment of its great enterprise and the prosecution of it have given the town a name throughout the world different from that enjoyed by any other community."

"Sho!" exclaimed Phineas, "You don't mean it."

"The carrying on of whaling is not without sentimental aspects and suggestions," continued Marmaduke. "It is one of the few

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enterprises requiring skill and bravery; and the long absence from home in distant quarters affords a rare opportunity of gathering relics, curios, implements and trinkets. Nor are the appliances, without which the capture of the leviathans is impossible, to be ignored. I have made what I believe to be the only collection in existence of all these things. My efforts have required patience and persistence, and for a small consideration I will give my treasures to form the nucleus of a museum — the thing which in my judgment New Bedford greatly needs.”

“How much do you think the collection’s worth — two dollars?” asked Phineas.

“Yes, twice two hundred dollars,” replied Marmaduke boldly.

“Look here, young man, the time ain’t come for no museum in New Bedford. We don’t want to spend money on foolishness.”

“Do you think it desirable, Mr. Foodle, for our descendants to charge us with folly?”

“I don’t think nothin’ about it, but this I do think, — that you ain’t goin’ to get no money out of me for your edication. An edication don’t amount to nothin’.”

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"Pardon me, Mr. Foodle, if I call your attention to the fact that the greatest character of the century is an educated man."

"Who's that?"

"Daniel Webster."

Marmaduke fancied that a countenance more like that of a monster than of a human being confronted him. The eyes appeared like brilliant globules and then expanded into balls of fire; the mouth emitted a sound like a fierce hiss; the breath, odorous with brandy, assailed the poor boy's face with tropical heat, and it seemed to him as if he were really to be drawn into a maw. As his eyes closed and his head began to swim, a voice seemed to encourage him in a soothing tone.

"Don't be frightened, my little friend. I didn't mean nothin'. You kind of stirred me up by speakin' of that man Webster. I had some business with him once, and he wasn't very decent. Now go right on as if nothin' had happened. What more have you got to say?"

"I haven't much more to say," answered Marmaduke drearily. "I only thought that a museum filled with things which testify to the enterprise of our merchants and the intrepidity



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of our mariners would not be amiss now, and would certainly be valued and cherished by those who will come after us. I thought that if I could only sell my collection I would devote the proceeds to my own improvement; but I don't know now as I care about an education half so much as I do about the town. I will gladly give the things I have gathered, if you and other merchants will provide a little building for their housing."

The disinterestedness and magnanimity of the one, who only knew the incitement of laudable purpose and lofty aim, were lost on the other, whose proclivities, quickened by long training, sought only the bestowals of greed and gain.

"We don't want no such thing round here," said Phineas. "Such things create a lazy class and there is lazy people enough now in New Bedford. Taxes is goin' up, prices is goin' up, and all the folks that works for me I have to watch. Besides, this country round here has got mighty little of interest about it. Nobody would ever care to come here."

"Pardon me, Mr. Foodle, if I dissent. I think that this country has much of interest to strangers.

## SECOND TALE OF PHINEAS FOODLE

It is a part of the old Pilgrim district. Plymouth itself is only thirty miles away. Within twenty miles to the south, on the island of Cuttyhunk, the first settlement upon these shores was made, and within twenty miles to the north began the historic war of King Philip. Let me remark that many years ago on the spot in this town now known as Hazard's wharf was built and from it was launched the Dartmouth, one of the vessels which brought to Boston just before the Revolutionary War the tea which was thrown overboard."

"You don't tell me they threw tea overboard — do you?"

"Why, yes; it is a historic fact."

"Wa'al, that's queer. What was the matter with the old stuff? Wasn't it good?"

The shock of a few minutes before caused by an apprehension of intended onslaught was tame in comparison with the mental nausea now inspired. Marmaduke was in fault in that he did not overlook the ridiculous inquiry, for there was much that was meritorious in the early struggles of Phineas; and the prosecution of his business had been rewarded by results highly advantageous to the people and the

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town as well as to himself. Illiteracy is no disgrace; but Marmaduke's reception had been so discourteous and the opposition to his project so pronounced that he was not in the mood to tolerate this exhibition of ignorance. Fired by a longing to escape he staggered to his feet, and, looking Phineas squarely in the face, declared in a tone not without sharpness and in words not without irony:

"You are right, Mr. Foodle. The time has not come to establish a museum in New Bedford."

As Marmaduke stepped into the hall, he passed a creature whose radiant loveliness seemed to beget the conviction that everything that a man may aspire to was by him unattainable. This intensified his bitterness. The young girl was indeed a pleasing picture. The countenance was of remarkable sweetness — every lineament was noticeable for the perfection of beauty; the graceful pose seemed a kind of assurance of graceful deportment; the wealth of hair was tastefully confined and the attire was very becoming; to Marmaduke's fancy there floated to him that odorous balm which a boy associates with a lovely woman. As he passed out, he unwittingly closed the door with a slam,

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which evoked uncomplimentary remarks from the proprietor of the mansion.

Marmaduke went back to a life of hopelessness and gloom. In less than a week he called his mother to his bedside and clasping her in his arms, whispered: "My tongue is parched and my brain is burning up; my eyes are sightless from their aching, but I know you in the ministrations of your love, and my only regret is a disregard of so many of the obligations of sonship. When I am dead, please give away to those who have known and loved me the things which make up the museum; and now I am going to sleep." It was not long before the old shed was divested of treasures which it is probable the present Dartmouth Historical Society will never be able to duplicate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wealth continued to pour into the coffers of Phineas Foodle but happiness began to abandon the home. The death of the wife and the maiden daughter made Hepsibah the mistress of the house; but this accession to authority was unfortunate in the fact of the removal of womanly counsel and restraint. The little tyrant was so

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sure of her dominion that she began to think more of her grandfather's purse-strings than of his heart-strings. She was incited by ambition to resort to display in order to excite the envy of women and to secure the attention of men. There was a startling increase in expenditure evidenced by bills, which Phineas paid only after expostulation and with warnings against the incurring of further obligations. The pretty creature fondled the old man in the hope of quieting his solicitude and thus maintaining her supremacy; and she succeeded in part, until there came a stranger who had pleasing manners, a soft voice and a shallow intellect. Phineas affirmed that the unfortunate experience with the former adventurer was sufficient, and that he would never accord acceptance of another worthless wooer. Hepsibah's appetite was not at all affected as her mother's had been. She felt sure that she was to be the inheritor of all the Foodle wealth; and she was so selfish that the obligation of blood pressed not at all upon her. One evening Phineas came home to learn that the little bird had just been married and had gone away with her spouse.

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The old man's condition was now pitiable. He took into his confidence men whom he had once distrusted and with whom he had frequently quarrelled in the transaction of affairs. Guided by the promptings of selfishness and vanity, he dwelt on his misery and wrongs as if he were the only person in the world entitled to a hearing. In a few his bewailing begot ridicule; in the many, to their credit, commiseration. He declared that his grandchild should have no part of his possessions but that he should leave them to Martha; so he sought advice of several acquaintances as to the making of a testament. But the very thought of parting with these possessions was so harrowing and repugnant that he rejected peremptorily every suggestion. He was loath also to put out a penny for the services of a lawyer. He soon reached the period when a shattered memory and a decadent comprehension begin to indicate the exile of the faculties. One morning they found him seated before his desk, the head bent forward and the right hand grasping a pencil with which apparently just before death he had written on part of an old envelope the words: "i giv my estait —"

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Hepsibah was not present at the funeral, but she took the entire property with equanimity. In a few years every dollar of it had disappeared; and there is not to-day a living descendant of Phineas Foodle nor is there in New Bedford a reminder of him save a neglected grave.

Thus endeth the second tale of the folly of Foodledom.

## VIII

### THE LONGTRADES AND BLINDSTAYS

**A**N improvement in circumstances, or if you please, the accumulation of wealth, was generally signalized in New Bedford by a change of residence. To move up on "the hill" from the lower portion of the town was to abandon quiet and simple living and much of frugal method and practice and to assume responsibilities radically different from those which accompanied humble marital beginnings. Quakers, as well as worldlings, were not exempt from the temptation to enter upon a larger sphere, especially when prodded by ambitious children; and the result was the erection of houses of stately appearance (though not always models of architectural finish) on lots of such generous proportions as to admit of lawns and garden-plots. That increased expenditure resulted from these domiciliary migrations goes without saying, but improved social advantages



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and opportunities for greater personal enjoyment were regarded by many as a sufficient equivalent. Despite the mutations which in the last thirty years have visited the other quarters of the city, the residential district remains in a delightful isolation — pile and garden, broad highway and the giant elm-trees awakening remembrances of the vanished enterprise and of the characters who promoted and maintained it.

Moses and Rebecca Longtrade, members of what the Quakers were wont to call a "worldly church," moved up on "the hill" almost simultaneously with Eli and Miriam Blindstay, members of the Society of Friends. Ever since their induction into commercial circles there had been frequent disagreements between Moses and Eli, generally resulting in the triumph of the Quaker, due, of course, to his forecasting at the inception of undertakings, their consequence or result and to that imperturbability which has ever distinguished the followers of Fox. Between the women there had existed only a casual acquaintance, which, on account of the disinclination of the Quakeress to seek friends and companions among the people of the world, would never have ripened into a more

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intimate relation, had it not been for the propinquity caused by a change of residence. The conjunction, however, of Quakers and the world's folk in a social way was never productive of lasting intimacy, because of the pronounced difference in domestic methods, in the subjects of conversation and, most vital matter of all, in pleasures and diversions.

Now Moses disliked the Quakers and Eli particularly, and was wont to accentuate his feeling when any one inquired "Do you know the Quakers?" by answering: "Oh! yes, I've had business dealings with them." Rebecca shared all her husband's prejudices, not because she was guided by any personal feeling, but because she attributed to Moses infallibility of judgment; for was he not a consistent professor of the faith, a devoted husband, an indulgent father, and a sincere friend? It was impossible to measure Rebecca by any exalted mental standard; indeed she only approached mediocrity. To all her acquaintances the homage she paid Moses, so beautifully evidenced by constantly reflecting his impressions and opinions in sentences beginning with "Moses says," was a source of merriment. In the judg-

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ment of the community, the most fruitful expression of her simplicity was exhibited in early years upon her examination for admission into the church. The doubt of the committee as to the security of her spiritual anchorage was strengthened when, in answer to the question "The society of what people do you prefer?" she answered "The society of literary people;" but, by skilful coaching, declarations and answers were elicited sufficient to demonstrate the soundness of her faith and thus to justify her admission to companionship with the elect.

A miniature has preserved the lineaments and vesture of this contented spouse. The hair, puffed out at the sides, is drawn over the ears, thus making more noticeable a weak though not displeasing countenance. The ends of a broad, lace collar meeting at the throat are concealed by one of those old-fashioned brooches inseparable from the attire of a woman of wealth and station a half century or more ago. The waist is of faultless black silk. One fancies that the creator of this image was instructed to put into air and attitude something suggestive of the right to make claim to ancestral honor or achievement.

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Neither brush nor pencil has preserved for us the countenance and habit of the Quaker matron; for in the olden time the Quaker law forbade the reproduction of human form and face by human agency. Yet it is no onerous task to portray the then living presence; she was the exemplar of her sect, and still among a few in their now golden days there dwells the remembrance of a drab silk dress, the waist broken at the bosom by a bit of lace, of a cap bound closely to the head with the exception of the graceful crown, and of a face of surpassing sweetness and serenity, rarely if ever clouded by a frown, yet betokening in cast and line not merely a serene mental force but what the worldly folk called subtlety, the Quakers, the faculty of discrimination.

The quivers of the Longtrades and Blindstays were not arrowless. The former's last token of connubial felicity was a lad of some eight summers named Tobias; while the Blindstays' youngest charge was of the same sex and age and rejoiced in the name of Gabriel, which signifies "man of God." The families had been in their new abodes for over a month and still there was no effort on either side to strengthen

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acquaintance or promote sociability. Just now it happened that the two merchants were in accord and there was nothing to justify apprehension of any disagreement; so one afternoon Miriam felt that it would be a kindly act as well as a token of esteem to send over to the Longtrades the remnant of a delicious pudding which had graced the dinner table of the Blindstays. Gabriel was commissioned as gift-bearer. The maid who answered the call was confronted by a little fellow dressed in faultless drab, his face wearing a timid expression and his hands bearing a substantial burden, and was puzzled by the inquiry "Is Rebecca at home?"

The domestic was not versed in the Quaker law of repudiation of polite prefixes; so she sought the counsel of her mistress, who, on reaching the door, was saluted in the following laconic language:

"Rebecca Longtrade, I desire to say to thee that I am the bearer of some pudding from my mother, Miriam Blindstay."

It required urging to get the little fellow to enter, for, while he had received no injunction to return home after the fulfilment of his mission, inheritance and association had implanted

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a certain diffidence in dealing with folk of the world, which was intensified by the conviction that Quaker precept and practice were generally treated with ridicule. He consented to remain a few minutes and play with Tobias, who was kneeling on the sitting-room floor in the midst of playthings more elegant than any Gabriel had ever seen. There were toys that he had never seen before — a drum, a diminutive cannon, two or three mimic swords and numerous tin soldiers. These awoke alarm, for shape or form suggestive of war and battle-fields found no place in the Quaker home. Rebecca smiled as she noted the contrast between the little fellows and inwardly extolled with a mother's partiality the superiority of the son of the house of Longtrade. The disinterested would have given the award of excellence to him whose eyes shone with that tender light, which speaks of a mother's watchful training, whose modest manner was the mark of innocence and artlessness and whose garb was all the more becoming because of its plainness and simplicity. The introduction of the lads was followed by the bold advances of the one and the shrinking of the other; and some persuasion on the part of

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the mother was required to induce the Quaker boy to engage in the pastime. Decorous and gentle, he endeavored to reflect his careful training, but he suffered keenly when, during the absence of the mother from the room, Tobias indulged in sneer and taunt. On the mother's return Gabriel indicated his intention of returning home in a tone that gave no sign of displeasure or suffering, and really left with the woman the impression that his brief sojourn had been one of enjoyment and profit; but Rebecca would have changed her mind had she seen Gabriel shortly thereafter deliver her grateful acknowledgments in a tremulous tone, and then with a piercing sob lay his head in his mother's lap.

The way was now open for more cordial relations; formal calls were exchanged, and soon thereafter there was presented the afternoon picture of the two women seated in the sitting-room of the Blindstay mansion — one busy at delicate work, the figures and colors of which she developed with fingers as deft and diligent as an active shuttle, and the other slowly and patiently engaged in hemming a handkerchief whose drabness and simplicity

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exemplified obedience to discipline and law. The mistress of the Longtrade mansion threw so much energy into the prosecution of her task that frequent respites were necessary to relieve her weary digits as well as to facilitate the exercise of a voluble tongue. The Quakeress plied her calling with delightful equanimity, drawing, indeed, so little upon her mental resource, that conversation and labor seemed to harmonize with her gentle demeanor. The design of Rebecca seemed to be to impress upon her companion a superiority of religious belief and of social situation, and she resorted at times to hypotheses and even to innuendo in a way that suggested deficiency in breeding and education. Miriam was polite, patient and calm, answering observation and question with concise phrases, free from bitterness and sting and uttered in a tone so sweet as to cause the wonder that the Quakers were ever averse to music and song. Rebecca returned home with an indefinable feeling of baffled purpose, indeed thwarted triumph; in the evening she consulted Moses as to the unsatisfactory result of her social mission and was warned to beware of Quaker craftiness and wile. In the meantime,



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Miriam confided to Eli her distrust of Rebecca, and was admonished: "Miriam Blindstay, thee look out for that woman."

The children now reflected the very views of their parents. Association was promoted by situation, and a great degree of intimacy resulted. Tobias was like his mother, pronounced and aggressive, but unlike her in that youth was disregardful of the restraints of prudence and discretion. He did not fail to voice his sentiments in disagreeable language, and occasionally to enforce them by physical means. The fact that Gabriel shrank from encounter only fired the pugnacious playmate to continued impudence and imposition; but the little Quaker had been taught to be docile and non-resistant. One Seventh day (Saturday) afternoon, Tobias came home in a pitiable condition; the upper lid of his right eye was discolored and drooping, there was blood on his face and his clothes showed plainly that he had been in contact with the ground. There was consternation in the Longtrade mansion; a physician was hastily summoned and the discomfited Tobias was put to bed. The mother's moanings and loquacious declarations of love and appre-

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hension only incited the lad to prolong his complaints; and the physician's solicitude, artfully blended with stereotyped expressions of sympathy, pointed in her judgment to the probability of a shattered life. When Moses arrived the woman was hysterical, but instantly revived when he suggested an early conference with the Blindstays.

"Let's go over there now," she declared.

"I think you had better not desert your son at this critical moment. Perhaps we will go over in the evening."

At half-past seven Tobias was asleep, dreaming perhaps of the late chastisement as a deserved rebuke and a needed discipline. His parents approached the Blindstay residence with a determination to exact satisfaction and obtain assurance that, if the children were henceforth to play together, provided Tobias recovered, the deportment of Gabriel must be consistent with Christian rule and practice.

The interview did not open auspiciously, for Rebecca started with the assumption that Gabriel was the aggressor; and was she not justified, considering her implicit confidence

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in the supposed upright walk and conversation of her beloved offspring?

After the exchange of greetings and a sitting in the parlor, brief, and suggestive of a Quaker meeting, Rebecca began: "Well, I guess you know what's happened."

Now it seems that Gabriel had notified his mother of the unfortunate unpleasantness and had asserted that the punishment he had inflicted upon his playmate was unavoidable; and it also seems, as will appear, that Eli was cognizant of all the circumstances, which had been furnished him by unbiased spectators.

"What has happened?" asked Miriam.

"My little Tobias is, I fear, injured for life."

The opportunity was a fitting one for a dramatic demonstration, and Rebecca availed herself of it. She groaned and sobbed and was only restored to equanimity by the entreaty followed by the command of her husband to be considerate and calm. The Quakers were deferential but silent; their faces were serene but expressionless. One opines that there was an abundance of interior activity; but principle and policy forbade its betrayal.

The Longtrades were at a disadvantage

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because they depended on assertion, and Moses felt this disadvantage because the Blindstays furnished him no occasion for the opening of his verbal batteries. Rebecca gazed appealingly at Moses, and Moses, now greatly disturbed, affected the vindication of his wife, and essayed a portrayal of the injuries inflicted upon his son.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blindstay," he declared, "my wife's solicitude and distress are not unwarranted, for our son's condition is critical."

The Quakers were not responsive.

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Moses.

"I think thy question suggests an obligation. I do not understand thy attitude," said Eli, in that inimitable tone which the Quakers were so fond of affecting.

"Don't you know, Mr. Blindstay, that my boy has severely suffered at the hands of your own son?"

"Thy question, Moses, is leading, and a mere affirmative answer would do our little Gabriel injustice."

"Then you admit and justify the offence?"

"Moses Longtrade, thee may try to assume the role of a lawyer, but I don't propose to be

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a witness. Now thee make thy charges without asking me any more questions, and then I may make a statement."

"Mr. Blindstay, I am credibly informed that your son struck my son in the eye and caused his cheek to bleed."

"I am so informed also, Moses."

"Then you admit that your son is a culprit?"

"No."

"But people of your faith do not believe in assaults, nor do they believe in resistance."

"Moses Longtrade, the Society of Friends feels no obligation to call on thee for the upholding of its standards."

Moses, much annoyed, now resorted to averments which Eli knew were not susceptible of proof, and the last-named gentleman, fully fortified with accurate information, proceeded, with a nonchalant air and in a tone which was aggravatingly pleasant and natural, to demolish these assertions. The vindication of Gabriel was a superb piece of exposition and logical statement; and the tone with which Eli finished was no louder than when he began.

At this moment Rebecca collapsed. While Miriam was responding with a woman's tender

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ministrations, Eli departed for a restorative and soon returned with a bottle, a portion of the contents of which proved both efficacious and acceptable. Moses gazed so wistfully at the flask that Eli felt that it behooved him to whisper: "It is brandy, Moses, and is intended not as a beverage but for use only in cases of emergency. There is a medicine chest in this house, but no wine cellar."

When Rebecca regained consciousness her wonted smile seemed somewhat attenuated, and her regret was augmented by the kindly solicitude and attention of the Quakers. The incident which was responsible for the interview was well-nigh forgotten; and the late belligerent visitors retired with expressions of gratitude, but not without a feeling of humiliation.

And did the acquaintance end? Oh, no! It seemed to be cemented by the disagreements. In less than a month Miriam, in answer to a pressing invitation, presented herself at the Longtrade mansion and passed the afternoon with its mistress as if nothing untoward and unpleasant had ever entered their lives. The conversation moved along like the current of a placid stream, Rebecca directing it and Miriam

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acquiescing with charming readiness and with a Quakerly sweetness of manner. Now we regret to narrate that Rebecca had not fully recovered from the discomfiture occasioned by the encounter of the children, and longed for an opportunity to demonstrate in some way her superiority of breeding and position and at the same time to bring into ridicule the beliefs, methods and practices of Friends. She forced the conversation into channels new to Miriam, whose sententious observations were the only signs of comprehension or appreciation. Rebecca spoke of music, knowing well that her companion was as ignorant of melody as she was of the theatre; she spoke of her own church knowing well that Miriam had never crossed the threshold of any but a Quaker temple. The visitor proved a gracious listener; and this was what the hostess didn't want. She wanted Miriam to talk.

In some way great cities were at last alluded to by Rebecca as the abodes of wickedness and as often the means of entrapping the susceptible and the unwary.

"Did you ever go to New York, Mrs. Blindstay?"

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"No, never, Rebecca."

"Did your husband ever go there?"

"Only a few times."

"Is it a fact, Mrs. Blindstay, that the Quakers say that, when they are away from home, their plain garments often serve to prevent them from going into improper places?"

"I never yet heard any of our people say so."

Dolt as she was, Rebecca was aware of her slip and now, anxious to divert attention, she said in a nervous way, which betrayed her disquiet:

"My husband went to New York a few weeks ago, and soon after his return a great box containing woolen gloves was delivered here at the house. They are up in the garret now, and they are the meanest-looking gloves I ever saw. When I spoke to my husband about them, he got very angry and so I said nothing more; but I'm sure I don't know what he is going to do with them."

Miriam said very thoughtfully and slowly: "My Eli, when away from home, never relies on his plain garments to keep him out of bad places."



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And then the conversation changed, — Rebecca becoming ill at ease and less loquacious and Miriam reflecting in converse and in address those qualities which make the genuine Quakeress the sweetest, the loveliest and the most interesting of women. And this charm was all the more noticeable and impressive when Miriam rose to go, pressing the hand of her hostess, voicing a gratitude for attention and companionship which she really felt and declaring at the parting: “Rebecca Longtrade, I hope to see thee soon in my own home.”

In the evening Rebecca observed to her consort:

“I invited that Quaker woman over here this afternoon and she stayed until nearly tea-time. I must say she makes me feel uncomfortable. I was talking with her about New York and the gloves you bought there when — ”

Moses broke in excitedly: “Woman, are you trying to ruin me ? ”

He was seated in a straight-backed chair, but he immediately transferred his person to a rocker, and with a countenance whose dolefulness was maintained by a constant action of the features, by the issuance of groans and

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moans and by the head thrown back in rigid pose, he kept going forward and backward, while his wife beseeched him to enlighten her as to her unfortunate blunder.

At last he exclaimed: "Never again retail my private affairs to people and especially to Quakers."

"But I didn't know I was doing it," she said tearfully. "You are generally good at bargains, and I am sorry that I said anything about this poor trade you happened to make."

"That isn't it! That isn't it!" he cried impetuously.

"Well, what is it, then?"

"It's being taken in."

"Taken in how?"

"At a mock auction, woman."

"What is a mock auction, Moses?"

"You wouldn't be the wiser, if I told you."

She was too well acquainted with her husband's habits and idiosyncrasies to press the inquiry.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and exclaimed: "I have done no wrong. I behave myself when away from home."

"Of course you do, Moses. You don't need

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to put on Quaker clothes in order to keep out of bad places."

"What are you bringing those Quakers up again for? What do I want of Quaker garments? I never go into bad places."

The man's excited air and boisterous demonstration combined with the withholding of the desired information produced in the woman tension which resulted in hysteria. He was now subdued and penitent; and all his powers of persuasion and his faculty of soothing by the use of blandishments and words of encouragement were employed to allay her perturbation and restore tranquillity. Their slumber was disturbed that night by distressing dreams. She seemed to be constantly listening to the clamorous appeal of an auctioneer, while he was engaged in a business transaction with Eli Blindstay in which Eli was the victor. When he awoke the realization of an impending clash with the Quaker over the accuracy of an account came to him, and in a sullen mood he went to his office, where in the early morning the Quaker visited him for a conference. It seemed that Moses, as owner of a portion of a vessel of which Eli was agent, had rendered a

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bill for certain material furnished by him as part of the outfit of a voyage which had just begun. Whenever Moses entered the office of a brother merchant, he was wont to remove his hat with an extravagant gesture, to place it with studied precision upon the most available receptacle, and then seat himself with an air intended to convey the impression that he was ready for business. The practice of Eli was directly contrary, and on this particular morning there was no deflection from it. Eli's garb was never more immaculate, his manner never more bland, his countenance never more serene. He remained covered, addressed his antagonist in a kindly tone and took his seat with the apparent reluctance of a frightened schoolboy or a bashful maiden. The conversation opened with that indefiniteness of statement and allusion which is so often resorted to as a preparation for a disagreeable dialogue. The serene morning was commended, the condition of the market was discussed, and the general prospects of business were considered, and then, after a little hesitancy and the clearing of throats, the difference as to the accounting was taken up. Moses had expected Eli to question the accuracy

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of the items, and he was quite unprepared for the contention that the materials furnished were below the standard. The Quaker did not remove his hat and sat erect in his chair; his demeanor was without demonstration; in the expression of his countenance the serious was blended with the placid; the customary action of the eyelids and the movements of the lips alone indicated the possession of life and faculties. Moses became petulant, excited and aggressive — indeed to such a degree that the clerks were alarmed at his violence of action; and they likewise regretted that the office was too small to admit successfully of the unwonted gymnastics in which he was indulging. When his powers were at last spent and his vocabulary was exhausted, the Quaker observed in a moderate tone:

“Thee sees, Moses, that I purchased part of the outfits of thee because thee owns in the vessel.”

“Then you wouldn’t have purchased of me, if I hadn’t been a co-owner?”

“Certainly not, Moses. When I became managing owner of the vessel thee happened to own a part of her and this obligated me to

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make certain purchases of thee. I am a plain blunt man and must say that thy bill seems exorbitant and that thy manner of urging its alleged fairness rather too demonstrative. When entirely free from commercial entanglements, I always make it a practice to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest markets."

This candid declaration was followed by another passionate outbreak on the part of Moses, and it was several minutes before his ferocity began to abate.

The unruffled Quaker remarked as he rose from his chair: "I think, Moses, that we had better defer the adjustment of our difference until thee is in a proper frame of mind for the transaction of business."

Practically thwarted in debate, aware that his belligerent attitude had been productive of no beneficial result, beginning now with the cooling of his temper to regret that he had been so imprudent, still hostile to his Quaker opponent, yet apprehensive that knowledge of their contention might reach the counting room, the mart, and the street, Moses attempted conciliation by putting his hand on Eli's shoulder as he followed him to the door, and by making

## IN WHALING DAYS

remarks intended as partly explanatory of his own unseemly behavior.

“Clashes and contradictions are inevitable in the world of trade, Mr. Blindstay. A man may sometimes be emphatic in the expression of his views and still be amenable to reason. I certainly intend to be just and fair.”

No response. They were at the door.

Irritation was now entirely gone, and reflection was begetting such poignant dread of the probability of gossipers and mischief makers enlarging upon the incident and his sense of shame, too, was so keen, that Moses felt that he must make another attempt at reconciliation.

“Are your family well, Mr. Blindstay?”

“Very well, I thank thee.”

The Quaker was evidently about to depart. Moses must say something. He stammered: “I hope there is no feeling, Mr. Blindstay.”

“Not the least,” was the soft answer.

Moses added in an apologetic tone: “In all differences with my fellows, I endeavor to keep within the bounds of decorum. I *try* to be a gentleman.”

“*I am* a gentleman,” said the Quaker, as he left the office.

## IX

### JERRY

**T**HE occupancy of a pretentious residence after a long sojourn in a humble abode seems incongruous and sometimes droll without the adoption of appropriate externals. Two or three years after the Longtrades had become located on the hill, Rebecca voiced her craving for belongings and adjuncts which comported, in her judgment, with affluence and superior situation. She expressed her particular preference for horses and carriages. Moses raised the objection of extravagance; Rebecca urged the need of compliance with fitting demands. "A man," she said, "who lives in a palace would be foolish to walk and not to ride. If he hasn't money enough to provide himself with horses and vehicles, he ought to go back to the place he came from."

Moses hardly wanted to return to the simple quarters, which had witnessed the struggle for



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a competence and then for wealth. He was impressed by Rebecca's persuasive importunity, although seemingly hostile and impervious. He listened and argued and argued and listened; he intended to yield gradually; and at last the persistency of his spouse triumphed not in compliance with the demand for horses and carriages, but in a compromise on a horse and carriage.

The carriage was purchased in Boston, — a city whose very name was well calculated to invest the mere mention of the vehicle with suggestions of splendor and elegance. But with its appearance this anticipation was dissipated, for it was not the immediate product of the workshop or factory, as it had long been in service in the streets of New England's metropolis and was now only a second-hand hack. Changes and repairs were required; the pole was replaced by shafts for the accommodation of a single horse, the interior was thoroughly rehabilitated and even lambrequins were added; and the exterior was made to rejoice in a generous coat of varnish. Handiwork failed, however, completely to conceal and divert attention from the bulky proportions and the graceless outlines.

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The hoops which held the largest cask of oil upon the wharf were inferior in dimension to the protruding springs of this imported equipage.

The desiderata were a horse and coachman. A meagre pecuniary expenditure provided an animal, so small as to accentuate, when he was attached to the carriage, a ludicrous disparity. In the old whaling days the prime minister of the owner or agent was the ship-keeper, to whom was entrusted the direction of the outdoor business, and the husbandry of material resources pertaining to vessel and wharf. If interests were large, an excess of demands and duties required the aid of an understrapper or factotum, upon whom was conferred no authority to originate or direct, but whose sole function was to obey and execute the mandates of his superior. The underling who had long been a noticeable figure on the wharf of Moses Longtrade was named Enos — a little, active, querulous fellow — who, having become in some measure incapacitated for the performance of onerous labor, was transferred to the mansion on the hill to assume the diverse callings of indoor man and coachman. Rebecca looked forward to the first excursion with feelings of

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pride and with high hopes of a gratifying display. Arrayed in her best she had the front door opened for her by a maid and she then swept out with the haughty carriage of a woman of wealth and rank. She was conscious of exceptional happiness; but it was quickly dissipated as she beheld Enos seated on the box in motionless isolation and clad in a work-jacket and overalls.

"Descend, Enos!" she exclaimed.

He did not obey because he did not comprehend the word by which the command was conveyed.

"Get down, Enos."

The phraseology in which this injunction was couched came within the range of his comprehension, and he obeyed.

"I am surprised, Enos, that you should appear in such unsightly habiliments."

The troubled expression of his countenance served as an admonition. She added: "Enos, go and change your clothes!"

"Yes, mem; but who will look out for the horse?"

"He won't run away," came the voice of a boy, who was standing on the opposite side of the street.

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Enos soon reappeared more fittingly clad, and, having been instructed how to open the door and bow my lady into the carriage, performed the task with more zeal than grace, then mounted the box and drove away. There was no objective stopping-place. Enos was instructed to traverse the principal streets and then return to the Longtrade mansion. To Rebecca this trial trip was a consummation of which she had hardly dared dream in her childhood of privation and suffering. To luxuriate in a house of stately dimensions and imposing appearance conferred felicity sufficient to compensate for life's dreary beginnings, but to sit in one's own carriage and be driven by one's own coachman bestowed the aroma of refinement, and gave to existence a genuine fulness and finish. She seated herself on the right-hand side of the back seat, a position which made her person easily observable through the open window. The body of the vehicle was well balanced, and the teetering motion augmented her pleasurable sensations. She looked as if she would like to say "Just look at me." And there was one person above all the persons in the world whom she wanted to look at her.

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It was Miriam Blindstay. And lo! that very woman was now coming up the street in all the queenliness of Quaker grace and dignity. Rebecca leaned out of the window certain that this evidence of accession of superiority of place and standing would not escape notice; but the good Quakeress moved along with her wonted precision, looking neither to the right nor to the left. This was a severe disappointment to the occupant of the vehicle.

The descent to the business portion of New Bedford was attended with some discomfort to the animal; for the ponderous equipage pressed so hard upon him that, in his efforts at resistance necessitated by the coachman's tight grasp upon the reins, the shafts almost lifted his front feet from the earth. And when level ground was reached the poor creature continued for awhile to spread his feet, as if he apprehended a recurrence of the disagreeable experience. The itinerary embraced most of the streets which intersected the business portion of the town. The good woman was superlatively serene; and all went well until the return up the historic avenue known as Union Street—a name adopted at the time of the Revolutionary War to

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replace one which was odorous of the King. The ascent was achieved with difficulty, the little horse driving his hoofs into the ground with pertinacity and puffing as if his nostrils were safety valves. At a spot not far from the summit, which was at the point of intersection of Union and County Streets, he stopped, overcome by fatigue; and Enos, throwing the reins on the creature's back as if he were a truck horse and descending from the box, urged him by lash and word of command up the remainder of the hill. Just at this moment Rebecca was complacently enjoying the success of her nearly completed pilgrimage. Looking out of the window she witnessed the desperate expedient with chagrin and disgust, and on arriving at her abode delivered a lecture with an exuberance of instruction and command. Afterwards Enos was wont to favor the poor animal on returning from the lower portion of the town by seeking the Longtrade mansion in a zigzag direction.

Two incidents recounted in the preceding narrative occasioned Moses Longtrade exceptional humiliation; one was his wife's disclosure to Miriam Blindstay of his investment in gloves, and the other was the sharp and sententious

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observation of Eli Blindstay at the termination of their business interview. Moses intimated to Rebecca on the evening of that very day that his relations with the Quaker were no longer harmonious, refraining, however, from telling her how completely he had been routed; and he upbraided her again for acquainting the Quakeress with the fact that he was the victim of imposture in New York. Rebecca was quite overcome and, her handkerchief proving insufficient for the absorption of her tears, she retired to her chamber and soon returned with all the paraphernalia requisite for a good cry. If Rebecca was not exceptionally intellectual, she was furtively diplomatic. She did so want to know all about her husband's adventure in the great city; she resorted to ministrations calculated to mollify and please, and, as he became mellow and communicative, she drew out the details of the distressing experience. He told her just how it happened, — how, while he was walking along one of the streets, a man of gentlemanly aspect and engaging address invited him into his place of business; how he entered and listened to the flippancy of an auctioneer; how the bidding on a pair of gloves

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showed a misplaced estimate of their value; how he ventured to make an offer slightly above that of his predecessor in competition and how the offer was the final one; how he presented a pittance for the pair knocked down to him and was told that he had purchased by wholesale; how he had protested, only to be informed by the spectators that he was in error; how he had paid the money demanded and had had the goods shipped to New Bedford in the hope of partially retrieving his loss, and how they had proved to be so inferior in material and workmanship as to be practically worthless.

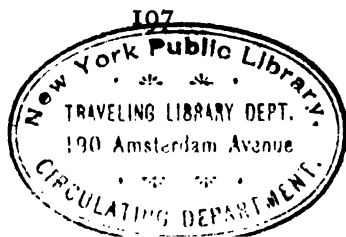
"At any rate," observed Moses, "I didn't get into the places that some of my New Bedford acquaintances have been enticed into in New York."

"Were any of these acquaintances Quakers?" inquired Rebecca.

"No."

"Moses," continued Rebecca, "suppose you had been a Quaker and had had on a broad-brimmed hat and a sled-runner coat, do you think that you would have got into that mock auction place?"

"Woman, that's about the same question





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as the one you asked me not long ago. I want no further mention of those people or mock auctions, either. Come, it is time to go to bed."

After breakfast on the following morning, Rebecca proceeded to scrutinize her handkerchiefs, as the demands of the previous evening had aroused solicitude as to the adequacy of the supply. The investigation suggested the necessity of a replenishing; so the carriage was summoned and Enos was instructed to convey my lady to an establishment kept by an individual familiarly known as "Jerry." Rebecca was not popular with tradesfolk, for she was wont to be petulant, exacting and assertive; and, indeed, no one suffered more from her reproaches and dictation than Jerry himself. But there were compensations other than pecuniary, for he often achieved a victory by his subtle methods and apparent submission and that, too, without the knowledge of the vanquished lady. On this particular morning she was not in an amiable mood, and, to use a word of local currency, she felt a *concern* to open on Jerry her verbal artillery.

Jerry and his wife, Betsey, lived and did business in a frame building only one story in height.

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The greater portion of the interior was devoted to the shop, at the rear of which was a diminutive apartment used as a kitchen, sitting-room and parlor. As they had no children, extensive quarters were not necessary and their sleeping-room was directly under the roof-tree. The building was so narrow that the shop admitted of only one counter, behind which Jerry was wont to officiate with fervid attentions and servile civility. He was of small stature, and he had become so habituated to opprobrious comments as to regard them as a necessary part of the business. Dry goods were advertised as the chief articles of commerce, but gewgaws and a variety of odds and ends were also dealt in. The lower shelves were stocked either with the more ponderous merchandise or with large empty boxes. The smaller and readily salable articles were on the upper shelves; for it was Jerry's conviction, frequently asserted in his conversations with Betsey, that the "reaching up" and taking goods from an elevation both concealed the paucity of the stock and invested the exercise with an air of mystery.

When Madame Longtrade's one-horse equipage drew up at the door Jerry was in a state of

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elation. His only customers that morning had been two young women, by whose doleful looks he had been deeply touched and of whom he had inquired when he had learned that they were not residents of the town: "Has there been a death in the family?" On the announcement of the passing of their mother, tears had moistened his eyes and his tremulous voice had declared, "I, too, have lost a mother," — a statement which savored of truth, as the good woman had joined the majority nearly a half century before. After the women departed with an abundance of crape and other mourning material and with considerably less money than they had had when they entered, Jerry had placed on the counter two rolls of inferior cloth identical in every particular, attaching to one a card on which were the words "six cents a yard" and to the other a card on which were the words "eight cents a yard."

And now entered the mistress of the Long-trade mansion. Edmund Burke has pictured the pleasing presence of the Dauphiness of France as she adorned an exalted sphere. It is a pity that he did not live to depict this local queen as she entered Jerry's traffic-seat, for

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she appeared in such an ostentatious way and with such a regal air that the common pen seems inadequate to the requirements of portrayal. Her face wore a complacent smile, and her dress rustled like leaves stirred by an October breeze.

"Good morning, Mrs. Longtrade."

"Good morning, Jerry. How's Betsey?"

"Betsey's attending to her domestic duties."

This statement was made in good faith, but the truth was that Betsey had finished washing the dishes and was now seated by the door, which was just ajar, ready for bits of conversation that might drift to her from her husband's emporium.

Madam Longtrade's attitude was that of conscious dictatorship, and the expression of her countenance indicated a determination to assert her authority. She haughtily surveyed the narrow enclosure until her eyes rested upon the rolls of cloth whose labels testified to Jerry's crafty discrimination. She scrutinized the roll of apparently inferior quality as if she intended purchasing, and then declared imperiously: "Jerry, put the other roll beside this one."

Then began the absorbing task of comparison. Fancied dissimilarities were detected, and

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an effort was made to arrive at Jerry's method of estimating values. Having finally solved the problem to her own satisfaction, she now felt it her duty to express her contempt for the judgment and sagacity of the diminutive shopkeeper. Pointing at the roll she had first examined, she demanded: "Do you call that worth six cents a yard?"

"Yes."

"Then the other must be worth ten cents a yard. There is all the difference in the world between these two rolls."

"I try to be fair with my customers," said Jerry. "Eight cents a yard is all that I feel I can ask for that cloth, but you may have the whole roll at wholesale, Mrs. Longtrade, for seven cents and a half."

"I don't want it for five cents a yard, Jerry. You needn't offer me your choice bargains. I only want to know how you conduct your business. It seems to me that if you don't show more wisdom, you'll lose your trade."

"But my business is increasing," remarked Jerry deferentially. "I am enlarging the scope of my operations. I am now even dealing in shoe-blackening."

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"What do you mean by that, Jerry," screamed the woman. "Do you mean to insult me?"

Jerry shrank as if in fear of physical violence. "I don't know what you mean," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that my husband was insulted last week in the office of the Mercantile Insurance Company? Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that while he was peacefully sitting there a bootblack came in and wanted to black his boots and that my husband declined; and 'Two Handkerchief Joe' told the lad to go ahead and that he would pay the bill; that the lad blacked one boot and 'Two Handkerchief Joe' paid him for it, and that then my husband had to pay to have the other boot blacked, and that all present except my husband laughed?"

"It's the first I ever heard of it," answered Jerry, still preserving an attitude betokening discomfort and solicitude.

The lady kept her right foot going as if attached to a treadmill; her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes glowed like burning coals. Jerry felt that the room was close, but in order to open the door it was necessary to pass by the

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infuriated creature, and he was afraid to venture. There was now silence but no pantomime. Jerry felt that his only safety was in the return of the woman's tranquillity. The fire soon faded from the eyes, the cheeks assumed their normal hue, and the foot ceased its activities.

"I am pleased to hear, Jerry, that your business is increasing."

Assured by her now placid demeanor and encouraged by her interest, Jerry observed:

"I have new lines of goods in several departments. I can sell you some nice gloves, Mrs. Longtrade."

The countenance reassumed its sinister aspect and the former demonstrations were renewed.

"Jerry," shrieked the woman, "do you mean again to make insulting allusions to my husband?"

"No! no! Mrs. Longtrade, I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you know about my husband's experience in the glove business in New York?"

"I don't, truly."

Turning to ascertain the cause of a slight noise at the rear of the room, the enraged woman

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caught a glimpse of Betsey's head thrust through the half-open door. It was, however, quickly withdrawn. The incident served as an admonition and the effect was magical.

"Jerry, I want to see some handkerchiefs."

The shopkeeper beamed.

"I have just what you want," he declared.

"Don't tell me what I want! What do you know, Jerry, about my tastes and desires? Show me your goods, but make no remarks."

The wily little fellow looked subdued and disconsolate as he stepped on a stool, and "reaching up" to the topmost shelf took down a box and silently disclosed its riches to the scrutiny of his querulous visitor.

"How much are these, Jerry?"

"Twenty cents each."

She took the handkerchiefs in her hands and sifted them through her fingers; then, examining them one by one, she said, softly and musingly:

"Such hemming never would stop the raveling of edges, and as for material they are positively the worst I ever saw. Show me something better."

In "reaching up" again, Jerry took pains to



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push the receptacle containing the discarded merchandise far back on the shelf, so as to be beyond the range of my lady's vision; and after fumbling about in uncertainty, which was feigned as the stock was meagre and he thought it policy to attend to his patron without precipitation or the display of anxiety, he took down a second case and, with measured action assumed for the purpose of making an impression, emptied the contents on the counter like a grocer spreading out vegetables.

"You don't seem to think much of your goods, do you, Jerry?"

"Because I handle them so carelessly?"

"Yes."

"I want you to have the opportunity of inspecting them thoroughly. My goods are all of superior quality. They speak for themselves. I have nothing to conceal."

"How much are these?"

"Twenty-five cents each."

"How much?"

"A quarter each."

"You didn't say that."

"I said twenty-five cents."

"What did you change for, Jerry?"

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"Excuse me, but I didn't change the price, Mrs. Longtrade. Twenty-five cents and a quarter are the same thing."

"Now, Jerry, don't you try to instruct me. Don't you know that I have some intelligence?"

Jerry was afraid to express his honest opinion.

"Twenty-five cents each," she said contemptuously. "They aren't worth it. Show me something better."

Jerry repeated the former exercise with identical deliberation. With the exhibition of the contents of the third box, his stock was exhausted; but there was nothing in deportment or in the expression of the face to betray his perplexity.

"How much are these, Jerry?"

"Thirty cents each."

"You go up in your prices, Jerry, like a flight of stairs step by step. These handkerchiefs seem very inferior in comparison to the others. Have you any more?"

Jerry stood with clenched hands resting on the counter and with downcast look. His head rose slowly until his eyes met those of the prospective purchaser. There was the suggestion of

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a smile around the lips, but they did not open for the emission of the voice.

"Why don't you speak, Jerry?"

"I don't dare to."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid you'll be offended."

"No, I won't. Speak."

"You told me, Mrs. Longtrade, not to tell you what you want; but, now that you give me liberty, let me tell you that I have just what you want."

The expression of his face indicated perturbation, for the woman was so fitful that he hardly felt sure of her avowed amnesty, and indeed would not have been surprised if she had indulged in another philippic. In truth, her eyes flashed and the color came to her face. Then a conception of the situation, which really did her credit, was evidenced by a smile, and with this he was reassured.

Jerry stepped on the stool and "reached up" and "reached back" for the box he had at first presented.

"There!" he declared as he laid it on the counter and removed the cover.

The woman, who was as guileless as she

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thought herself acute, let the handkerchiefs sift through her fingers, as she had formerly done, and observed:

“ These are the best hemmed I have seen and they are also of the best material. How much are they Jerry ? ”

“ They are of extra quality, Mrs. Longtrade, and come at a high figure. They are forty cents each.”

“ They are worth it, Jerry, and you are right; they are just what I want. I’ll take two. Why didn’t you show them to me in the first place ? ”



## X

### HOW JERRY WENT TO BOSTON

**J**ERRY'S desire to visit Boston was commensurate with his reluctance to undertake the journey. The railway leading from New Bedford was one of the first to be constructed in the country, so that a pilgrimage to the metropolis was rendered comparatively easy and not very expensive. The distance was only fifty-six miles, but the means of transportation presented so much of novelty and hence begot so much apprehension that Jerry constantly shrank from undertaking the initiative. He was likewise influenced by the failure of a prominent New Bedfordite to reach his objective goal on account of the impressions produced by the marvels and revelations unrolled during the early stages of the journey. When the train which bore this bewildered traveller drew up at the station in the little town of Taunton, distant only twenty miles from New Bedford, he stepped

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to the platform with the exclamation: "Good heavens! take me home; I've seen enough."

But Jerry was subject to pressure, not forceful and offensive, but gentle and kindly. When the railway was constructed in 1840 an individual named Henneg became a daily passenger between New Bedford and Boston. To him was intrusted the oversight of the then infantile express business and also trivial missions relative to the purchase of goods and the doing of errands. The sobriquet of General was conferred on account of the general nature of his services, but his dignity of manner and his deep deliberate utterance were calculated to impress strangers with the belief that the prefix was bestowed as the reward of military training and achievement. Association in boyhood had made the General and Jerry intimate, and diversity of callings and of domestic obligations had failed to interfere with the continuance of the fellowship. In the late afternoon after returning from Boston, it was the General's custom to drop in at Jerry's on the way home, not as a customer, for he never purchased anything, but to tell what little gossip he had gathered during the day and to urge Jerry to leave his

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business with Betsey and make a brief visit to New England's kingly city. On the completion of the railway two hours and a half were required to make the journey, but as the years went by the time was reduced; and every new record the General was sure to proclaim to Jerry and Betsey. Late one afternoon he entered in great excitement and exclaimed:

"You must go to Boston now, Jerry. You must go now. We made to-day the greatest time yet!"

So loud was the declaration that Betsey came running in, and, leaning on her husband, shared his interest and expectation.

"Friends," said the General, with an accession of seriousness and dignity, "we made the whole distance to-day from New Bedford to Boston in the incredible period of one hour and sixty-five minutes."

"How much is that?" asked Betsey in a doubtful tone.

"I suppose the General means two hours and five minutes," answered Jerry.

"That's it," said the General. "The two are the same thing, only one hour and sixty-five minutes is a higher toned expression."



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“ Yes, Jerry,” declared Betsey. “ You must go to Boston now and see everything, including Bunker Hill Monument. I can manage the store during your absence.”

Long had Betsey seconded the General’s entreaties, and now in the early evening it was decided that in the very near future Jerry was to leave the scene of his activities for an absence of two days and a night. On the appointed morning he took tender leave of Betsey, carrying with him her injunction to take in Bunker Hill Monument and a valise of undressed cowhide ornamented with numerous brass-headed tacks. On entering for the first time in his life the railway station, which was located in the outskirts of the town, Jerry was startled by what he regarded as stately outlines and proportions. The poor little fellow’s impressions were produced by a limited range of comparison, and this structure to him so imposing was made by others, especially visitors to New Bedford, the butt of ridicule and contempt. It was regarded as presenting a variety of resemblances — to an ancient storehouse, to an elongated shed, to a sombre penitentiary, and lastly to a barn. Although it was fifteen minutes before the time

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of departure Jerry was quite overcome by the bustle and confusion, and he felt incapable of entering the train without advice as to the method of so doing. Seated at last in the car with the valise by his side he began to think of the little shop and of Betsey; and the desire to slip out and go back to his customary vocation was only repressed by the fear of raillery and derision. And now let us draw an unpretentious picture of a railway train of nearly sixty years ago. The locomotive was a clumsy affair with a huge smoke-stack; the tender was filled with wood cut into small sticks for convenience in handling; there were two cars, one arranged both for the storage of baggage and for the accommodation of the devotees of the weed, and the other reserved for passenger service. The cars were connected by a crude method of coupling, and the space between the platforms was so wide as to make the effort of passage a perilous undertaking. The passenger car was so low that a man of small stature could easily touch the ceiling; the seats were as prodigious as they were uncomfortable; and the windows were diminutive and could be raised only with difficulty.

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Now Jerry was depending on the General for guidance and help, and, as the moments slipped by and he failed to appear, Jerry's countenance betrayed anxiety and apprehension. He was really contemplating the abandonment of the project when stentorian accents declared from without "All aboard!" and the train began to move; and Jerry began to feel sensations both novel and uncomfortable. At the front door appeared Conductor Colmar, who proceeded to collect fares, making change with a ludicrous exuberance of manner, and placing the bank bills between his fingers in order to have them available, and also to emphasize his own importance. Jerry noticed that a goodly number of pilgrims were not called upon for fare, and while he was wondering if the reason for this discrimination was the fact that they were men of affluence and position, there came a prolonged shriek from the locomotive; he was conscious of a grinding noise and an irregular motion, and he beheld through the window in the front of the car a coatless individual turning, with a great expenditure of force, the circular iron which communicated with the brakes. Jerry rose in perturbation, but was

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immediately reassured by a friendly voice, which declared: "There's nothing to be afraid of. They are only going to stop at the first station."

In the northern part of the territory comprised within the limits of New Bedford lies a village known for a century or more as Head of the River — a name fittingly bestowed because of its location at the source of the Acushnet River. The station, one mile distant, received on the construction of the railway the identical appellation; but in a few years it was deemed advisable to substitute the name of Acushnet; and Conductor Colmar was notified that he must make the new announcement on the arrival of trains. Word having reached the directors that he was ignoring their instruction, he was summoned to an audience and was informed that persistence in perversity would be followed by dismissal. From the inception of the enterprise Colmar had entertained the idea that he was the sole owner of the road, and it was a jocose saying that the directors' rebuke gave him the first intimation that the stockholders had any right to their own property. It was policy to obey, but Colmar was not to be conquered; so he continued to assert his obstinacy in a way

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both harmless and amusing. And now as the train drew up at the station Jerry heard the vociferous declaration "Acushnet! Acushnet!" followed by the unnecessary announcement in a low spiteful tone, "Head o' the River! Head o' the River!"

When on the resumption of his duties Colmar reached the place where Jerry was seated, he took Jerry's money with an extravagant gesture and then exclaimed:

"Hullo, Jerry! General Henneg wanted me to tell you that some of the folks at his house are under the weather, and that he doesn't expect to go to Boston for several days."

Jerry fancied that there was a band tightening round his heart and he knew as a fact that there was a sickening sensation in his stomach; his eyesight began to be impaired, and Betsey seemed dearer and sweeter to him than she had ever appeared in their many years of consortship. Now surely he must leave the train at Taunton and return to New Bedford, despite the unavoidable consequences — the ignominy and suffering and the loss of self-respect. Pretty soon he was accosted with the words:

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"I've finished taking the fares, Jerry, so I thought that I'd sit down beside you for a few minutes."

The condescension of Conductor Colmar had a marvellous effect in restoring Jerry's equanimity and he felt sure that the other passengers could not fail to notice this signal evidence of the great man's favor.

"Fine scenery, ain't it, Jerry?"

"Yes, it is."

Jerry's acquiescence was somewhat of a falsehood, as his disappointment had rendered him so dizzy that he could hardly observe objects through the window. Now the truth is that the country for a considerable distance was a succession of swamps and forests; and to-day there are few railroads in the country which pass through more forbidding places. The selection of the location was due to the fact that in deference to the wishes of those who dwelt in a fertile and beautiful district to the east, but who in those early days regarded railroads as an injury to property, the New Bedford and Taunton railroad for nearly the whole extent was constructed through a country alternating in marsh and wilderness.

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"Is this your first trip?" asked Colmar.

"No, sir. I've been in the stage twice to Fall River; and I went down once in a sailboat to Cuttyhunk."

"I mean the first trip to Boston."

"This is the first time that I have ever started for Boston; but I'm going to leave the train at Taunton. It won't be a full trip."

"But you paid clear through."

"So I did," ejaculated Jerry with a gasp. "But, of course, you'll pay back the fare from Taunton to Boston."

"I certainly shall not, Jerry. Suppose I should buy some goods in your store which were fully up to what you represented them to be and then I should ask you to take them back; would you do it?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "as neither you nor your family ever bought so much as a paper of pins in my store."

Colmar conquered the irritation produced by this affront, but he determined on immediate revenge. He inquired pleasantly: "Why are you going to leave the train at Taunton, Jerry?"

"Because I don't dare go to Boston without General Henneg."

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"Oh, pshaw! Jerry. All you want to know is the Common and a few streets, and you will find a policeman every few steps to tell you where to go and what to do."

In an engaging way and with an apparent though simulated interest, Colmar won the confidence of his little companion by describing the principal points in the city and by making suggestions as to methods of sight-seeing and as to the employment of time.

"By the way, Jerry, here we are at Taunton. Wouldn't you like to help a little during our brief stay, as passengers often do? We are a little short-handed, and I shall esteem it a favor, if you will help while we pass up wood in to the tender."

Of course Jerry was good-natured and obliging, and he was likewise susceptible to flattery. He went out on the platform, and, on Colmar's suggestion, mounted the tender and proceeded to pack the wood, which was passed up to him by the brakeman and fireman. Colmar and the engineer were interested spectators and were also helpful in occasional suggestions which savored, however, somewhat of command. On the termination of the disagreeable service,



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some frigid encomiums were proffered, and Jerry returned to the car, beginning to realize that he had been imposed upon, and wondering what Betsey would think, could she see his best suit in its present unsightly condition. Jerry extracted a brush from the valise and spent a long time in endeavoring to make his garments presentable again, failing, however, to restore the gloss, which had survived twenty years of occasional use only to lose its finish by unsentimental contact with split wood. There were now no more attentions on the part of the pompous conductor; Jerry was not even recognized again, and all the way to Boston he was conscious of the most acute unhappiness.

When the train entered the station in that metropolis strange impressions and unwonted fears pressed upon the little traveler, but a feeling of loneliness produced the most poignant distress. There was nothing to do but to follow the leader, and as he stepped to the platform he held tenaciously on to the valise, as if he were apprehensive that it was to be wrested from him. He was now bitterly conscious of the fact that it was one thing to be a shrewd trader in an insignificant shop in a small town, and another thing to ven-

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ture for the first time within the confines of a great city. Washington Irving has depicted in vivid phrase the sensations which attended his first visit to the mother land. The feeling of sadness produced by the reflection that he was a stranger was dispelled by emotions of elation and joy. Jerry's disquiet and misery begot a sole longing — to be once more under Betsey's wing. At the upper end of the lower station was a flight of stairs, beside which were seated a few stolid squaws, the remnant presumably of a once glorious tribe. They were gazing fixedly on the floor in the expectancy of disposing to guileless Caucasians of crudely made cushions and other similar wares bedizened with beads. Jerry shifted his valise to the other side as if he were afraid of these descendants of the aborigines, and, trotting up the stairs with alacrity, found himself in what seemed a spacious auditorium. On reaching the farther end he stepped into the open air and was confronted by a spectacle immeasurably superior to anything his fancy had ever conceived — an extensive area surrounded by imposing buildings except at the opposite side which served as the approach to an enclosure known as Boston Common.

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When Jerry, timorously picking his way along, reached this historic park he found at the entrance a venerable loafer whom he accosted with the deferential air and the courteous tone with which a peasant addresses a prince. The colloquy ended with Jerry putting his hand in his pocket and withdrawing something which he handed to the gentleman; he then entered expectant of the gratification of curiosity and anticipation in beholding vistas brilliant with gorgeous flowers and rare shrubs, bowers of leafy framing and fountains of plentiful resources. Jerry saw nothing but an old graveyard and several acres of greensward dotted with elm trees. As he strolled along, the cynosure of every eye, he bethought him of the hostelry which was to be his home during his brief sojourn in the city. To reach this shelter was the now potent purpose, and fortunately a friendly interrogator came to his assistance.

“Where are you going?”

“To my hotel,” answered Jerry, putting his valise behind him.

“You needn’t be afraid of me. I’m a policeman. From the direction you came I suppose you must belong in Southern Massachusetts,

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and, if so, you must be bound to the Bromfield House on Bromfield Street. Every Southern Massachusetts man goes to that hotel."

This declaration was to Jerry the demonstration of wisdom. The Bromfield House was his destination.

"I come from New Bedford," said Jerry.

"And so does General Henneg."

"Then you know him. Does he get his dinners at the Bromfield House?"

"He does when somebody else pays for them."

The policeman constituted himself a voluntary escort, and it was with a grateful heart that Jerry was ushered into what seemed to him a palatial inn. He made arrangements for bed and board at a princely price — a dollar and a half a day — and he was so overcome by association and surroundings that he deemed it unwise to venture out in pursuit of Bunker Hill Monument until he had rested and partaken of dinner. Everything in the dingy little office seemed grand and wonderful. The officiousness of the clerk behind the desk exceeded the pomposity of General Henneg and Conductor Colmar combined, and the coming and going of guests and messengers accentuated the insignificance of the little

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store in New Bedford and the meagreness of its patronage. The dinner was sumptuous and the serious-looking proprietor, who sat at a side table covered with platters and dishes, above which were suspended nicely scoured covers, seemed to Jerry the most important individual he had ever beheld.

This was the first opportunity that Jerry had ever had to indulge his appetite; so, when he returned to the office and sat down, overcome with inertia and a tendency to somnolence, he had no inclination for nearly an hour to undertake the mission which Betsey had bidden him to execute. At last he solicited directions from the clerk, and, as that individual endeavored to convey them, he had doubts as to Jerry's receptivity. But the little fellow was not so dense as he appeared to be, for after seeking the street he arrived in a few minutes at his objective spot, and entered a bus which bore the label "Charlestown." He felt as if he were riding in his own equipage and he was delighted with the situation and prospects. Those who entered either walked forward and passed their fare up through a little round hole to the driver, or intrusted it to some accommodating passenger who hap-

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pened to be so seated as easily to perform the vicarious service. Presently an eye appeared at the little round hole, and soon after a voice bellowed "One passenger hasn't paid."

Jerry did not heed the admonition and undoubtedly would have made the journey on the basis of a gratuity, had not his neighbor whispered: "Excuse me, but he means you."

"Who means me?"

"The driver. You haven't paid your fare."

"How shall I pay it?"

"Pass up six cents or a ticket through the hole."

Having discharged the obligation by passing up the money, Jerry inquired of his companion: "Please tell me about the tickets. I was never in a bus before."

"Well, don't you see that about half the people pass up tickets instead of money. The tickets you purchase of the driver, twenty for a dollar; so, if you purchase a dollar's worth, you save twenty cents."

Jerry's desire to see the marvels of the city was displaced by the omnipotent incitement of life — to augment his resources. To build-ings and shops and the busy scenes about them,

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to the countless pedestrians and to the carts and vehicles, which filled the streets, he was now indifferent. Evidence of the importunate longing to arrive at his destination and then return in order that he might enter upon his determined commercial venture appeared in beads of perspiration upon the brow and in the anxious expression of the eyes.

When the journey ended in a large square in Charlestown Jerry descended and accosted the driver rather peremptorily, although he was really harboring some solicitude.

"Give me five dollars' worth of tickets."

This sum comprised his entire possessions.

"Ain't goin' to use 'em all to-day, be you?" asked the driver with a grin.

"No, I'm not going to use them all to-day, but others may."

On the return trip Jerry seated himself just below the hole and, obligingly taking from each passenger either a ticket or six cents, he passed up in the first instance the ticket and in the second a ticket of his own, after having deposited the money received in his pocket. This employment went on without intermission, save the brief ones at the termini in Boston and Charles-

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town, and, as the passengers who were without tickets almost invariably passed up coppers, Jerry's trousers' pockets soon proved inadequate as receptacles, and he was forced to bring the pockets of his coat and even of his vest into requisition. Jerry plied this calling with serenity and diligence, but its exercise drew from the driver a vigorous remonstrance. Jerry had descended on returning to Charlestown for the third time, and was contemplating retiring to an alley in order to relieve his pockets by transferring a portion of the monetary burden to his boots, when the driver declared:

"I'll have you arrested for taking that extra cent. That money belongs to the company."

Several of the late passengers gathered, and Jerry was really startled by the imminence of imprisonment, when a champion in the person of an elderly gentleman observed:

"I came over in the bus and watched this man engage in his novel method of making money, and I think I rather commend his ingenuity and industry. If the passengers had objected before he passed up tickets instead of their money, there would be some force in your contention," addressing the driver. "Besides,"



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he continued, "I think this individual must have come from the country, the best place to stimulate perseverance and thrift. Why then should we begrudge him the fruits of his labor? Surely, if he makes money sufficient partially at least to defray his expenses in the city, I think he deserves credit for it, not censure."

The speaker was evidently an important personage, for his views seemed to win the acquiescence of his hearers; and the driver himself refrained from repeating his complaint. Jerry regarded the interposition of his advocate in the light of deliverance, and, after cordially grasping him by the hand, he returned to the bus and renewed his former occupation. It did not take many more trips to exhaust his stock of tickets, and he was glad of it, for he was now very tired. As he set out from the Boston end of the line to seek his domicile, the driver shouted after him: "I'll report this matter to the company, anyhow." Jerry wobbled along, as his weighty treasure made locomotion difficult. On reaching his chamber he emptied his bung-towns into his old valise, which he concealed in the closet, and, after a hasty toilet, went down to supper. There was no impulsion of appetite, such as

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had made the dinner so delightful, and he was pleased after a few mouthfuls to leave the table and go back to his room. Here he sat musing in melancholy isolation until fatigue, fortified by apprehension caused by the driver's last words, stirred him to believe that bed was the best place for him and darkness the most fitting environment. Having secured the door and piled the chairs up against it, he disrobed with celerity, withdrew the valise from its hiding-place and placed it near his clothes so as to have it available in case of emergency, blew out the candle and jumped into bed. His sensations were dismal and distressing; but there was some consolation in thinking of Betsey who seemed to him more beautiful and precious than ever. When slumber at last came, it was accompanied by a dream which presented a showering from the heavens of myriads of bung-towns, but, as he reached out to possess them, he found that they were valueless and illusory. When he awoke, he heard an indistinct sound as if made by the slow opening of a door and this he deemed a herald of the approaching day. True to his practice of early rising, he left the bed, hastily washed (very hastily washed), dressed and,

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seizing the bag, pushed aside the barricade of chairs, opened the door and stalked down the stairs in the dark. On reaching the first floor, which was dimly lighted, he encountered several women engaged in washing the floor and was accosted by a man, who held in his hand a lantern, with the inquiry: "Where are you going?"

"I just got up. It's morning, ain't it?" asked Jerry.

"Morning? It's midnight, and we're just shutting up. You go back to bed."

Jerry returned to the shelter of his couch, and, on the advent of the real morning, rose again and, having concealed the valise, repeated the former pilgrimage. After breakfast he returned for the valise and, descending, counted out one hundred and fifty coppers and laid them on the counter at the office.

"What are those for?" asked the clerk.

"They're the price of my board for one day."

"We don't take coin in bulk. Haven't you the amount in silver?"

"I'm sorry to say I haven't."

The clerk had been instructed to be civil, obliging, deferential and, if he thought advis-

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able, pleasantly inquisitive. Guests were to be cultivated, not repulsed.

“And I’m sorry, too; for you’ll have to pay the regular rate of exchange — five per cent. That’s just seven cents and a half. I’m always liberal. You pay me seven cents and keep the extra half cent yourself.”

Jerry fairly groaned as he counted out the rake-off, yet he found some consolation in the man’s agreeable manners and kindly attentions. Out into the street he went, alone, friendless, melancholy, homesick and suspicious, making his first stop at a grocery store, where he purchased a bit of bread and cheese for his prospective dinner.

Now this was Jerry’s position. He could easily have visited Bunker Hill, when he was in Charlestown, had he been inclined so to do. The thought of the miscarriage of his mission through his own avarice produced perpetual torture, for how could he answer the questions which Betsey would be sure to ask him? Even now the vantage-ground of Bunker Hill was attainable by any one of three methods. He could walk, but he was afraid of losing his way. He could ride in the bus, but he was afraid of

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the driver; and he could go in a hack and return for fifty cents, but he had rather incur the displeasure of Betsey than pay fifty cents for transportation. His miserable meditations were intensified by the prospect of passing a day without the opportunity of earning a penny towards the liquidation of his expenses. He made his way to Park Street and thence proceeded to the State House, but shrank from entering, because he was afraid of a pecuniary prerequisite to admission. He now turned and looked at the Common and was, for the first time, impressed by its covering of green and its reach of elms. He noticed that there were no venerable loafers stationed at the gates and that people passed in and out with the freedom accorded to pedestrians on the street. On the benches in the shade sat scores of weary ones apparently as contented as if they owned the historic park. Jerry slipped through one of the gateways, but not without trepidation, and, having selected an attractive bench, sat down with the valise between his legs.

Jerry was glad that he did not have to pay rent, but he was disturbed over the loss of time. As the hours glided by he remained seated in a

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kind of physical fixedness until noon, when he took out the bread and cheese and proceeded to satisfy hunger. Then he began to move about, strolling from point to point in a languid way and at last seating himself on a bench not far from the gateway through which he had entered on the previous day. To his surprise he noticed that its former guardian was absent, and that people passed in and out without the payment of tribute. The afternoon lapsed drearily, but at last the hour of departure, which to him was the boon of deliverance, came so welcomely! The valise never seemed so light and the thought of home and Betsey never brought such sweet significance and consolation, as he made his way to the station and took his seat in the train which was about to depart for New Bedford.

Jerry's sole dread now was the meeting with Conductor Colmar, and, as the train moved out of the station, and that individual appeared with forbidding face and manner, Jerry trembled as he announced that he could only make payment for his fare in bung-towns.

"I don't propose to take them," shouted Colmar.

One of Jerry's hands was full of coppers and

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the other was in the depository — the valise. It was a forlorn, but interesting picture, and, as the great man passed on, Jerry remained motionless until the person seated by him observed: "Give me ten coppers and I will give you a dime. Then ask the other passengers. They will, doubtless, help you out."

All Jerry's neighbors were obliging, and within a very short period he had effected exchanges sufficient to supply him with the silver he required. But his feelings were greatly hurt and he assured himself that, were he of Colmar's large proportions, he would have shown umbrage of that person's petulance and disdain. He found relief, however, in conversing with his new acquaintance, who was going to New Bedford on business, and he wondered how a man could carry with him such a fund of information and how he could express his views with such clearness and elegance. It was like a conference of preceptor and pupil, only without the friction which so often accompanies that relation. After seeking enlightenment on various subjects, Jerry observed:

"This is the first time that I ever went to Boston, and there is one thing that I don't

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understand. Going up yesterday morning, I noticed that there were a good many people who didn't pay their fares, and I have noticed the same thing this afternoon."

"That is easily explained," replied his companion. "These people who go free are men of prominence in New Bedford. Ever since its construction the railroad has been noted as a dead-head line. When Colmar comes along the man of wealth and position says 'I am Mr. So and So,' and Colmar bows and passes along as if he had just been in pleasant relations with a king."

"What is a dead-head?" asked Jerry.

"He is in reality what they call a dead-beat. He's a man who gets something for nothing."

Jerry began to muse. When the train arrived in New Bedford he thanked his companion for his attentions and then remained on the platform until the passengers had departed and he and Conductor Colmar were alone.

"Mr. Colmar," said Jerry, in a forced tone, "I'm a dead-beat."

"Well, Jerry, you don't look it."

"But, I am. I'm a dead-beat."



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"I thought that you were a successful tradesman and that you paid your bills."

"I am successful and I do pay my bills, but I'm a dead-beat and just as much entitled to ride free on this road as are other dead-beats."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Colmar, in a stern cold tone.

"Matter enough. I paid my fare to Boston yesterday and my fare back this afternoon. Now I find that the reason why certain men ride free on this road is because they are prominent and well-known in New Bedford. People call them dead-heads or dead-beats. Now I'm prominent and well-known in New Bedford; and so I'm a dead-head or dead-beat, and now you please give me back the amount of the fare both ways."

"Look here, Jerry," declared Colmar, assuming a rather threatening attitude and exhibiting in the expression of his countenance both defiance and scorn, "you get out of this station and go home just as soon as you can. I mean it."

Jerry did not wait for a repetition of the injunction. Reviling Boston, Colmar, the New Bedford & Taunton Railroad and the world

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in general, with the exception of his few customers and Betsey, he made both a comical and a pitiable spectacle as he hurried along holding the old valise a little to one side so as to keep it clear of his body. Dread was quite as insistent as disgust, for Betsey was to be encountered and then evaded, if possible; mollified, if evasion should prove unsuccessful.

Jerry slipped into the little shop and, dropping the valise, exclaimed: "Why, Betsey!"

"Why, Jerry!" was the rejoinder.

Then they embraced and shed a few tears, each assuring the other that it seemed an age since they had parted and that they would never, never separate again even for a night.

"Why, what's the matter with your clothes?" asked the good woman. "When you went away they were spick and span, but they seem to be all out of shape, and there are little particles of wood sticking to them."

"Well, it was very dusty on the train."

"But this ain't dust."

"They burn wood in the engine, and the tender is all full of split pieces and that's where the splinters come from."

"Oh, yes," said Betsey, mockingly, "these

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splinters blew right through the train to where you was seated."

She resumed: "It's pretty near time to shut up the store. I've been dodging in back at times during the afternoon to get tea and it's about ready. You go and wash, and pretty soon we'll sit down."

After the shutters were duly secured, the door was closed and they were seated at the little board, Betsey inquired:

"Well, what do you think of Bunker Hill Monument?"

"Oh! it's fine. It's a plain shaft and goes right up in the air."

"I didn't suppose that it went into the ground," was the laconic observation of his spouse.

Though busy with mush and milk, Jerry was greatly disturbed, and silently awaited his wife's interrogatories with fear and trembling.

"Well, did you go up to the top of the Monument?" asked Betsey.

"Of course not. An old fellow like me couldn't do that. Why, the big shaft is two hundred and twenty feet high."

"Did you see where Warren fell?"

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"Not the exact spot, Betsey. There's nothing to mark it. I guess Warren fell all over the field."

There was a twinkle in Betsey's eye which indicated suspicion and distrust.

"Jerry," she said very coldly, "where did you go last night?"

"I didn't go nowhere."

"And you mean that?"

"I do truly. I went to bed just after supper."

The woman sipped her tea mechanically, directing her gaze now and then towards her humble and passive companion.

"Jerry," she asked, after a protracted and painful pause, "did you get cheated while you was in Boston?"

"Yes, I did, Betsey; I don't deny it."

"Pocket picked?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"I'll tell you, Betsey, truly; and it was the only time in my life that I ever got cheated."

"Go on."

"Well, you see, I didn't know what I was going to meet or see, and I came out of the sta-

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tion and walked to the Common, and there was a man at the gate that I thought was the money-taker. And I says to him, 'How much to go in?' And he says 'One dollar'; and I pays it, and it turns out that the Common is free. Now don't get mad with me, Betsey."

Betsey observed very softly: "I don't think I care to go to Boston."

## XI

### THE QUAKERS OUTWITTED

**T**HE intelligence of David Bellow's pecuniary embarrassment was received in the community with surprise. His method of transacting business and his manner of living seemed to diffuse the assurance of the possession of abundant resources; and hence the announcement of his solicitation of the clemency of his creditors shook for the time being the general confidence and begot a feeling of uneasiness and suspicion. The prevalent apprehension of a universal calamity was voiced by the inquiry "Who will come next?" There was no cause for alarm; David's assets were far more than sufficient for the liquidation of all engagements, and his request for accommodation was merely due to a stringency in the money market.

In the days of Quaker supremacy, the trust reposed in statement and promise indicated

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a high order of commercial probity and honor. The driving of close bargains, the striving to gain advantage or superiority by sagacity and diligence, the drawing of the very elements of success from adverse circumstances by the exercise of penetration and acuteness, were traits or practices developed to a remarkable extent in both Quaker and non-Quaker; but when statement was rendered or pledge or promise was given, the person interested or affected could rely on the assurance of faithful fulfilment and had no cause for solicitude or fear. This trust was of far-reaching significance and was, indeed, impossible in a later era, when the obligation of word or writing was only accepted when backed by tangible security. While in those old days the business of whaling necessitated a kind of general partnership, both as to co-owners and to the world, written articles of partnership were almost unknown, and debts were incurred and discharged by managing agents without imperilling the interests committed to their charge. When a man felt the stress of pecuniary embarrassment he was wont to call his creditors together and then present an unvarnished statement of assets and liabilities.

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ties; and in nearly all cases unanimous consent was given to a merited extension.

David announced to his creditors that he would meet them in his counting-room at three o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day of the week, being the sixth day of the eleventh month, 1845; which meant in the world's speech "Wednesday, November 6, 1845." The morning was gray and forbidding and the day advanced without any promise of improvement; indeed the clouds assumed a more dreary aspect, and at three o'clock the gloom, conjoined with the chilly atmosphere, seemed in keeping with a meeting of distrustful creditors. As Reuben Allway stepped into the street on his way to David's counting-room, whom should he fall in with but Obed Hartington, an old friend and brother-merchant. Reuben and Obed had been boys together; penniless and hopeful they had entered New Bedford side by side in early manhood to seek employment, and not far separated, though not in any alliance of interest and effort, they had reached the goal of early ambition and were now enjoying both the power and pleasure bestowed by affluence.



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"Bound to the same place, Reub, I warrant," said Obed.

"Yes, to David's."

"I hear there's going to be trouble."

"Yes, the Quakers are down on him — a rare thing for them to be down on one of their own number. They say he has rather advanced views, and is departing somewhat from the principles of the sect."

"Well, what has that got to do with helping or refusing help to a man who owes you money?"

"Nothing; but don't you know, Obe, that the Quakers are a queer lot? I understand that they are going to bring religion into the controversy, this afternoon."

"Well, you never liked the Quakers, did you?"

"No, never!"

"Did they ever wrong you?"

"No! never! The truth is I never had much to do with them, but in my meagre dealings they have always been honest and truthful. The feeling I have is an indefinable one. From the day you and I put foot in this town till now I have always felt that I would like to get the better of the Quakers. I don't know why,

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unless, perhaps, their dress, deportment, and reticence offend me. Take Benjamin Booler, for example, one of the leaders in their old brick meeting-house on Spring Street. That man's officiousness is very distasteful to me. I don't like his method and manner, — his constant assumption of a kind of guardianship of the community, and the air which leads one to believe that he feels that the world cannot go on without his services and advice. Benjamin, I am told, will be in evidence this afternoon. And then there is Daniel Drayberry, or, as I call him, Benjamin's echo. Ben will do the talking, and Dan will back him up with his silent influence."

There was a pause. Then Reuben continued: "Of course, Obe, I have said more to you about this peculiar people than I have ever said to any one else, and what I have said is confidential."

David Bellow's counting-room was in an old stone building adjacent to one of the wharves. There was one room unequally divided by a rail. In the small space were a couple of chairs, an ancient safe, a little table and a long high desk, from which hung many pen-wipers of cloth, not a trace of whose original whiteness was now

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observable. In the large enclosure were a dozen or more chairs of all shapes and sizes, mostly borrowed for the occasion from neighboring offices, and now quite generally occupied by anxious creditors. The floor was carpetless and the walls were bare; even the dingy old engravings, representing the perils and vicissitudes of whaling, which one was wont to see in most of the merchants' offices, were wanting. Reuben and Obed were the last to enter, and they were quick to observe that of those present, they were the only ones who were not of the Quaker faith. As they took their seats, they removed their hats; the Quakers remained covered.

Obed observed to Reuben in an undertone: "I feel like a cat in a strange garret."

Reuben whispered back: "Make it two cats."

The two Quakers already alluded to by Reuben Allway merit especial notice. Daniel Drayberry was known in the community as "dignified Daniel" — a sobriquet applicable to all of the sect but conferred on him in particular to emphasize a bearing and a sternness of countenance indicative of extreme reticence and reserve. So far as religion and diversion were

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concerned, Daniel entertained for the world only aversion and contempt; so far as the accumulation of wealth was concerned, he made the world subservient to his purpose and mandate. The countenances of most Quakers wore a benign expression. It was said of Daniel, however, that his lineaments were of little interest to his few friends, and were rather displeasing to his many debtors. It was impossible to draw him into an argument. He abhorred verbosity and was partial to epigram.

Benjamin Booler was the other Quaker entitled by position, activity, and influence to distinctive mention. He was of small stature and for one of his cloth was exceptionally demonstrative, agile, and loquacious. He was a leader among the Quakers — assertive, forceful, overbearing and exacting, taking his faith as he had received it from others, hostile to innovation, and vigilant in the repression of worldly tendencies and affiliations on the part of the young. He had an able ally in Daniel Drayberry, who generally gave to Benjamin's propositions and measures a categorical approval; and, as Daniel's influence in the Quaker meeting was potent, his sanction served as a

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signal to the weak and the wavering. One of the young members of the meeting nicknamed Daniel "Statics" and Benjamin "Dynamics."

As a pedestrian Benjamin was the most conspicuous figure ever numbered among New Bedfordites in the whaling days. His carriage was as noticeable for activity as Daniel's was for gentleness and ease; and so famed was his peculiar gait that nearly every stranger who visited the town was wont to ask: "Please point out that noted Quaker who always walks with his chin in advance of his toes." This unwonted inclination of the body gained for Benjamin the additional appellation of "the forewalker" and was said to elicit from his spouse constant complaints on the ground that the friction occasioned by the movement of the neck necessitated frequent laundering of his old-fashioned collars.

The meeting in David Bellow's office was not conducted according to customary formalities. That individual merely announced his financial condition and personal discomfort in the following language:—

"Friends, this is the hour and the place; and let me say that I have called you together on

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account of the tightness of money and not because of any real and far-reaching embarrassment. I have learned from experience, fortified, I trust, by a sense of honor, that creditors deserve more consideration than debtors and that he who is just and honest in his dealings with those to whom he is indebted exemplifies the principles of righteousness and hence the teaching of our sect."

Thereupon David read from a paper a brief statement of assets and liabilities, in which aggregates were presented and hence the names of individual creditors were not given. The announcement of the possession of property, abundant but not just then available, of a "Notes Payable" account of not extraordinary proportions and of an "Accounts Receivable" account of exceptional magnitude, produced a sensation, which was reflected in the faces of Reuben and Obed, but was not observable in the staid countenances of the Quaker creditors.

David continued: "I reiterate the soundness, both of my commercial condition and of the position I have taken in thus early consulting my creditors, whom I feel that I have a right to regard as my friends."

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Obed whispered in Reuben's ear: "A remarkable showing. I notice, however, that not a Quaker eye blinks."

David resumed: "All I ask is a four months' extension. An examination of my books will show that bills receivable are in nearly all cases good, and in the period named I feel confident that my collections will liquidate all indebtedness. I ask the closest scrutiny. Perhaps Benjamin Booler will examine my accounts."

Now Benjamin remained imperturbable, and there settled over the gathering a noiselessness, not sweet and impressive like that of a Quaker meeting, but dull, burdensome, and suggestive of portent. If Benjamin and his allies were disappointed in the excellence of the statement, their motive, malevolent from our point of view, was proper and justifiable from theirs; for it was a time when the church exercised a kind of censorious supervision of worldly conduct and commercial method, and when the possession of riches was all the more admirable and commendable, if gathered in obedience to injunctions which reflected the treasured tenets of the sect. If Benjamin Booler was shrewd, David Bellows was shrewder. David had fore-

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seen the coming of the storm, and had fortified himself with the assurance that however flagrant the Friends' Meeting might regard his alleged deviation from the highway of the creed, his position on all matters of business regularity and honor was unassailable.

The silence was broken by Reuben Allway. "I think I voice the sentiment of those present when I say that the statement of Mr. Bellows is both lucid and creditable. To force him into liquidation would be a crime. Even then upon the sacrifice of valuable assets he would come out with a balance in his favor. What is there to do then but to grant an extension?"

There was another oppressive pause. Then Benjamin Booler rose and stood with his body in the customary attitude and with his right arm extended, the hand gently fanning the air.

"Friends, I do not doubt that the statement presented is clear and in a certain way creditable, but if our debtor had adhered to the rules which should govern life in all its forms and manifestations, he would not now be in the position of a suppliant."

Reuben inquired: "Permit me to ask if the wisest like the weakest are not often incapable



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of foreseeing events. If embarrassments from which there is no recovery are often not dishonorable, why should we make adverse comments upon a man's temporary suspension of business?"

"Reuben Allway, allow me to say that David was duly warned and that he stubbornly persisted in his course."

"Warned of the probable conditions of trade?"

"No; of the waywardness of his walk and of deviations from authority."

Benjamin drew a paper from his pocket and then announced that he would read a copy of a letter which he had sent to David over a year before.

"DAVID BELLWS,

*"Esteemed friend, —*

"For several weeks there has rested heavily upon me a concern that I deem it my duty to communicate. It is the opinion of many within the fold that thy commercial, domestic and religious activities indicate a departure from the rules and practices of our sect. For example the truly devout are wont to enter the meeting-

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house on First days punctually at eleven or even before that hour. For several months it has been the practice of thee and thy family to be tardy in attendance, and thus by the opening and closing of doors and by the scuffling of feet to interrupt the devotional exercises of others and thus destroy the tranquillity of the meeting. Transactions in thy home are reported to be of an unseemly character. Thy children are said to engage in forbidden diversions, and their attire begins to show conformity to worldly standards and thus mark a departure from our cherished principles. Some of thy business transactions merit condemnation. I notice that in our personal relations thy account current is so made up as always to give thee the benefit of a fraction of a cent. Pray take this admonition in the spirit which inspires it, and believe me ever desirous of promoting thy happiness and welfare.

“Thy friend,

“BENJAMIN BOOLER.”

Daniel Drayberry declared: “I approve of Benjamin Booler’s position.”

After another embarrassing intermission, Reu-

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ben inquired in a tone mellowed to placate his hearers and thus to promote his objective purpose:

“ I hardly see how the rules and requirements of the Society of Friends can apply to a meeting not entirely composed of the members of that denomination. \_ Is not the true test the business integrity of our friend, Mr. Bellows? If he has deviated from the practices of his people he has not deviated from those practices which mark the man of honor and rectitude. Should not judgment then be tempered with mercy? ”

“ I am a creditor only to a small amount,” said Obed Hartington, “ but I agree heartily with my friend Reuben Allway.”

There was no more silence. Benjamin inquired, rather imperiously and imperatively for a Quaker:

“ Reuben Allway, do I understand thee to insinuate that the business practices of Friends are not in conformity with integrity and moral principle? ”

“ Not at all. I simply assert that the showing which Mr. Bellows has made is a testimony to his character and honesty. Of his relations with the members of his sect, I am ignorant.”

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Reuben had been standing and now as he was slowly sinking to his seat he said very pleasantly and in a low tone: "I repeat that if this meeting was entirely composed of Quakers, a reprimand would, perhaps, be more fitting."

The truth of this observation was as apparent as the reprimand itself was ineffectual. Benjamin and his confrères had counted on a gathering made up exclusively of representatives of their people, and now the presence of Reuben and Obed had rendered their project abortive. They were quick to see that it was better to abandon the purpose of punishing their brother than to incur the reproach of the world; and, loyal to instruction and inherited proclivity, they proposed to let the other man get them out of the dilemma; and he did it.

Another interval ended in Reuben inquiring: "May I ask the size of your claim, Mr. Booler?"

"It is not large."

"Then those fractions of cents referred to in your letter don't amount to much, do they?"

Obed was the only one who smiled.

"My good friend, Reuben Allway, does not understand my position," declared Benjamin.

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"He has had much to say about principle and integrity. Fairness in little things is as commendable as it is in affairs of importance. If Reuben is contemplating only matters of magnitude, let me say that more than a half of David's indebtedness is to the Harpoon Bank, and that I am here to represent that institution as its president."

It was a common observation in New Bedford that the appellation of "Harpoon" (which was odorous of the whaler) was deservedly conferred upon an establishment whose directors were reported to divide among themselves on discount mornings all they desired of the loanable funds and, if there was a balance remaining, to let outside applicants have it at high rates of interest and on the best security.

Reuben did not like the Harpoon Bank, but he was too shrewd to be betrayed into a declaration of enmity. He inquired: "The officers of that bank are not all Quakers, are they, Mr. Booter?"

"A few of the officers are not Friends," was the sedate reply.

"And how about the stockholders?" asked Reuben. "There is a general impression that

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a large number of them are not members of your religious organization."

"I am not permitted to disclose the secrets of the bank, Reuben Allway," was the dignified response.

The proceedings had reached a stage where discussion was rendered unnecessary. A little tact was the only requisite.

"Come," said Reuben in a pleasant tone, "let us arrive at an understanding. Mr. Bellows has done no wrong. I appreciate the position taken by Mr. Booler; but I respectfully submit that the withholding from our friend the favor of an extension would be an injury to the creditors as well as to him."

The windows of the office looked out on the west. Just then the clouds above the horizon parted and the sun appeared. As the rent widened the lustrous rays of the great disk touched the dull cloud-bank below, and gave its upper edge the similitude of a line of gold, while the fanciful shapes of the clouds above were fairly bathed in that perfection of color which defies the cunning of imitation. The assembly was not one prone to greet one of nature's pictures with raptures or even moderate expressions of

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appreciation. But the spectacle gave Reuben his opportunity, and he took it.

"Behold the beautiful sunset!" he exclaimed. "It transforms everything. It has even dispelled the gloom of this room. Is not this then a fitting time for considerate action? I understand that Quakers are accustomed in their gatherings to arrive at results without the formal machinery of voting. Permit me to ask then if it is not the sense of this meeting to give Mr. Bellows a four months' extension?"

"Under the circumstances, I assent," said Benjamin very slowly.

"I concur also," observed Daniel.

"Satisfactory to me" came from half a score of lips; and even Obed voiced concurrence in the set Quaker phrase. No one noticed that Reuben was the only one who did not pass upon his own proposition. That gentleman advanced to the rail and shook David warmly by the hand; turning, he repeated the familiar function with Benjamin and Daniel, then as he left the room, accompanied by Obed, he addressed those remaining with a pleasant good day and received in exchange a unanimous farewell.

"Reub," said Obed, taking his old friend by

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the arm, "this is the best afternoon's work you ever did. You can be firm and you can be gentle, and gentler you never were. Why you fairly routed the Quakers. It was a stampede and you deserve the credit of every bit of it. But by the way, Reub, how much does David owe you?"

"Obe," replied Reuben, "David doesn't owe me a cent. I haven't had any business dealings with him for the last ten years."





## XII

### A GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE

**D**ANIEL DRAYBERRY and his wife, Thankful, harbored the common sentiment of loyalty to kin. The observance of the fundamental injunction of the founder of the sect to multiply as the sands of the sea was shown in nearly all Quaker households by abundant evidences of fruitfulness. The Drayberrys had hoped that their union might be blessed by progeny, generous in number, of superior ability and firm in the truth. It was a consolation and a delight to picture a home made happy by daughters destined ultimately to unite in marriage with consistent upholders of the faith and by sons "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The Drayberrys' desires were not to be gratified, for their only offspring was a son, on whom was bestowed the appropriate name of Daniel Drayberry, Junior. As a lad he manifested only mediocre

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ability, and at the age of sixteen he was taken into his father's counting-room to receive instruction in business. It was hoped that application fortified by severe discipline would evoke possible dormant faculties and that a few years might find him with a commercial equipment similar to that which had conferred upon the father prosperity and wealth. But there was no profit for their pains; dreaming had more potency than duty, and the consciousness was so insufficiently enlightened that the lad could not comprehend his rather pitiable situation, much less the throes caused his parents by his apathy and dulness. A not infrequent performance in the office was the knocking over, when he turned round, of one of the old-fashioned, upright stools; and it was reported that on each occasion the father was wont to observe: "The next time thee wants to turn round, thee go down on the wharf." Of course, as the period of eligibility arrived, the son of the affluent Daniel Drayberry was not to be ignored. He sought and obtained a companion whom better and brighter men might have shrunk from addressing, for it is often the prerogative of the ordinary to persevere and succeed where

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the meritorious shrink from presenting their claims.

The young couple were provided with a home which the senior declared was rather pretentious for one of limited earning capacity; but he dropped all cavilling and solicitude with the advent of a boy. It was the judgment of both families that the fitting thing was to preserve a name of distinction and esteem; so the little creature was endowed with the patronymic of Daniel Drayberry, Third.

And now came the passing of Daniel Drayberry, Junior, and the consequent problem of the maintenance of the widow and nurture of the child. "Of course," remarked Thankful, "we shall take them to our home, and what a lovely household we shall have with our grandchild and his mother!"

"Thankful Drayberry," said Daniel very slowly, "grandparents and grandchildren should never live under the same roof. No grandchild or daughter-in-law of mine shall live in the same house with me. I like money and anything which tends to diminishing expense tends to the increasing of my satisfaction. Two homes are more costly than one. Nevertheless, I

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propose to have my deceased son's wife and her child live in their present abode, and I intend to pay the bills."

"Why, Daniel," exclaimed the good woman, "I never heard so many words fall from thy lips at any one time before in my life. Is thee really in earnest?"

"Never more so."

Thankful attempted persuasion, but Daniel was inexorable; and the separate households were maintained as Daniel declared that they should be. During infancy and childhood the boy was a constant visitor at the house of his grandparents, and while his early prattle brought them comfort and cheer, the later pranks of boyhood awakened apprehension and alarm. Daniel warned Thankful that forbearance of restraint was fraught with peril; so the good woman tried to check her tendency to indulgence, but the lad, bright, active and buoyant, felt sure of his ascendancy and did not propose to abdicate, although he seemed to be somewhat impressed by his grandfather's grim silence and warning look. From birth the boy was always addressed as Daniel Drayberry, Third. For example, when he was in short clothes it

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was customary to say: "Daniel Drayberry, Third, will thee have some milk?" or in later years whenever he was demonstrative and clamorous, "Daniel Drayberry, Third, will thee please make a little less noise?" Great attention was paid to his mental training, for it was incumbent upon those charged with the rearing of the young to see that they obtained in the comely phrase of the sect a "guarded education." He was first entrusted to the care and oversight of a young Quakeress, who kept what was known as the Preparative Meeting School in a little building which adjoined the meeting-house. And a pretty sight he made with his drab suit and his bashful air. Diffidence however decreased as his vision enlarged, and before long he began to manifest activity and often wilfulness. The preceptress felt it her duty to communicate her solicitude to the mother and grandparents, and numerous conferences were held in which the women voiced their regret and distrust, the grandfather always remaining silent and preserving his rather forbidding look. On reaching his twelfth year, the lad was sent to the Friends' Boarding School in Providence, now known as the Moses Brown School, where

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he manifested some aptness for study as well as an inclination to mischief and boisterousness. "Thy son," wrote the principal to the mother, "is a promising youth. He takes a commendable interest in his studies, but his restlessness and his reaching out for things worldly and forbidden betoken tendencies, which, unless checked, may lead to deviations from truth and morality." The good women were troubled, but Daniel Drayberry, Senior, said nothing and made no effort to soften the severe expression of his countenance.

On reaching the age of sixteen Daniel Drayberry, Third, was notified that the time had arrived for his induction into the preliminaries of a commercial life. He had supposed that he was to be taken into his grandfather's office, and he had contemplated such progress and proficiency in the world of business as to justify an early assumption of authority and hence the direction of the affairs of the counting-room. The mother and Thankful had harbored a similar delusion. Daniel Drayberry, Senior, announced that, having made in his own office a failure of the son, he proposed that the grandson should be placed under a disinterested

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taskmaster and that he had made arrangements to that end with a prosperous and exacting merchant who was a member of the sect. Exuberant in feeling and language beyond the average Quaker lad of his years, assertive when assertion was not really provoked by relation and converse, boisterous at times in deportment greatly to the grief of the women yet quickly concerned to placate them by kindly utterances which savored of apology, loud in his expression of fondness for measures and pleasures forbidden by doctrine and rule, pronounced in the determination to don the raiment of the world and abjure the faith of his fathers at twenty-one, Daniel Drayberry, Third, was a picturesque character, and yet not so thoughtless and reckless as those who loved him believed. It was the last of the sixth month (June) and he had returned from school. In the afternoon of the day before that on which he was to enter upon his novitiate he notified his mother that it was his purpose to drop in at his grandfather's to tea.

At this period a noticeable member of the Society of Friends in New Bedford was Hannah Hook, sixty years of age, unmarried and pos-



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sessed of a bare competence. She lived in a cottage house, employed a domestic, systematically husbanded her limited possessions, gave the domestic a leave of absence on Fifth day (Thursday) afternoons, let the fire go out and then proceeded just before tea-time to enlarge the circle of some well-to-do Quaker family. To parents these voluntary visits were not very pleasant and to others in the family extremely distasteful. Hannah was dubbed in the community the "necessary and customary affliction." Her presence would have been more acceptable had she been less inquisitive and garrulous. Daniel Drayberry, Third, had for one of his years an excellent conception of proportion and had often protested to his grandmother against the frequency of Hannah's visits; and the good woman, while not at heart disagreeing with the grandson, had affected to offer the narrowness of Hannah's means and the demands of sociability and Christian brotherhood as a sufficient palliation. Imposition was not confined to the invasion of homesteads for the purpose of fortifying the stomach; ingenious methods were resorted to for the acquisition of vesture and footwear. When

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needs were urgent it was Hannah's custom to visit stores kept by Quakers and ask to be shown shop-worn articles and effects. On inquiring the price the usual reply was: "Well, these things aren't worth very much, Hannah, so thee may have them for nothing." Withal she was a good woman, read her Bible from Genesis to Revelation twice a year, constantly mis-quoted passages, testified to the comfort she derived from reading the Psalms, which she called the "Paslems," and frequently adverted, as an evidence of the efficacy of faith, to the marvelous resources of the Widow Cruse's oil jug.

Now, as the lad, light-hearted and happy, entered the sitting-room and saw Hannah Hook seated with his grandparents, he felt much annoyed and was at first inclined to resent the intrusion, but he advanced quietly for one usually so demonstrative and extended the pleasant salutations peculiar to his people. The conversation was immediately addressed to the visitant and interest was expressed in his approaching entrance into the sphere of labor and endeavor, Hannah doing most of the talking. Summoned to the dining-room, Han-

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nah taking the lead and Daniel Drayberry, Third, bringing up the rear, Hannah, after partially satisfying the cravings of hunger, proceeded to sound the boy by recourse to artful interrogatories.

"Now, Daniel Drayberry, Third, thee is going to embark on the world of commerce."

"Yes, Aunt Hannah, I am going to embark on the boisterous ocean of trade, just as if I was going to sea in one of my grandfather's vessels."

"Well, then, thee wants a compass and a rudder."

"I don't think so, Aunt Hannah, I believe I had better drift just like seaweed."

Hannah resumed mastication with a puzzled look; but the proneness to speech was irresistible.

"I trust thee'll drift in the right direction. I hope thee'll be a good man, Daniel Drayberry, Third."

"I hope so, too, Aunt Hannah."

"There will be temptations."

"I shall toss them aside, Aunt Hannah, as the wind driveth the chaff before it."

"Is that statement from the Bible, my child?"

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"Now, Aunt Hannah, thee reads the Bible through twice a year. What does thee think?"

"It sounds kind of Bibley."

"What part of Scripture does thee like best, Aunt Hannah?"

"I prefer the 'Paslems.'"

"Well, doesn't thee remember where it says in the 'Paslems,' 'Let them be as chaff before the wind?'"

Hannah indulged in another respite and Thankful and Daniel Drayberry, Senior, patiently awaited the resumption of the dialogue.

Presently Hannah continued: "Daniel Drayberry, Third, I am glad that thee reads the Bible. Does thee read other books?"

"I certainly do. I like to read. I have just been reading an interesting article in a magazine."

"What's a magazine?"

"It's a pamphlet."

The word was too ponderous for Hannah.

"Does thee think it right to read worldly writings?"

"I don't know as the article was a worldly writing. It was written by a woman who had

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once been a Friend, and it purported to deal with the doings in a Friend's family."

"Then it must be all right, I think. Pray tell us about it."

"Well, it was a kind of narrative. Thee sees they had company to tea and there was a son of about my age, only more talkative than I am. The company consisted of some dignified elderly Friends, and this son passed a plate with some fish on it to one of these Friends and said: 'Will thee please take some of the little dam fish?'"

Thankful and Hannah dropped their forks, and, while the last named emitted a prolonged "Oh," the grandmother exclaimed:

"I protest against my grandson using profanity at my table or in any other place."

"Look at me, grandmother! look at me! I never swear and I never tell a lie. The fish were dam fish because they were caught at a dam."

The women were somewhat appeased by the explanation, but Daniel Drayberry, Senior, remained taciturn and immobile. Silence settled over the little gathering, broken only by the clatter caused by the use of knife and fork. Hannah was searching in her mental ward-

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robe for one of the many treasures she had stowed away for reproduction when the time and occasion should be meet.

She resumed: "Daniel Drayberry, Third, gentleness is a fitting companion for one about to enter upon a business career. I believe in the efficacy of the ennobling traits of our faith; so I want to see the young following in the moral footprints of the old."

The youth was aware of Hannah's deficiency in education and creative power. He knew that she was responsible for neither the sentiment nor the diction, and he was about to ask, "Is that a quotation?" when Thankful added: "I think that Daniel Drayberry, Third, has had ample instruction in the very lines which thee indicates, Hannah. It lies with him to be a man."

"Grandmother is right. It lies with me to be a man. The examples among Friends are generally worthy of imitation."

"What does thee mean by generally?" asked Hannah, in a sharp tone.

"Why, I mean, Aunt Hannah, that even Friends are not always perfect."

"Does thee know of a dishonest merchant among them?"

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"No, Aunt Hannah."

"Then explain thyself."

"Well, I'm told that some of them are pretty smooth and sharp."

'Why should they not be, so long as they wrong no man? Does thee know of any domestic infelicities?'

Hannah's conception of right living and right dealing was confined to the counting-room and the fireside.

"I may answer that question, Aunt Hannah, in the language used in answering the queries in the business meetings. The answer often is that the rule commended is observed, except in a few instances."

"I am surprised, Daniel Drayberry, Third, to hear such language fall from thy lips. All Friends' homes are like this home, so far as I know — the abodes of peace, contentment and happiness."

"Pretty good places to visit, Aunt Hannah."

The lad's inclination to be personal was now perplexing the grandmother, and she felt a call to participate in the conversation in order to protect the guest.

"Daniel Drayberry, Third, I agree with

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Hannah Hook. It is a beautiful thing about the Society of Friends that its members live amicably at home, as well as with the world."

"I think so, too, grandmother; but still there is now and then 'an instance;' and one has just come to my notice. I am told that when the ship *Dashwater* arrived yesterday after a four years' voyage, Captain Malachi Bellam did not receive a very cordial reception from his wife, Jerusha. 'Well, Malachi,' she said, 'thee's returned after a long voyage and the sooner thee goes on another one, the sooner thee'll get back home again.'"

The women had overlooked this single Quaker home in which the domestic machinery had been wanting in the oil of affection. Hannah was nettled at the ease with which the lad had carried his point. Thankful suffered from humiliation caused by his assurance and assertions, while Daniel Drayberry, Senior, though not approving of his grandson's conduct, was saying to himself: "The women had better let this boy alone."

Thankful remarked: "The less we say about family differences the better. This case of



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the Bellams is the only one I know of in the Society of Friends."

"It is the only case I know of either, grandmother. I agree with thee that it is best to say little about it. So I relegate it to oblivion."

After this exhibition of pomposity and egotism the young man, who still had an unsatisfied appetite, began to scrutinize the table with the intention of replenishing his plate. From his early boyhood Thankful had administered a warning to the effect that if, when company was present, the supply of any article of food was not equal to the apprehended demand, she would emphasize her concern by saying to her grandson "Will thee have some more" and not, "Won't thee have some more?" and the cautious question was, of course, to be answered in the negative. The youth now fixed his eye on a dish which contained the last portion of a savory edible. Thankful touched the spoon and inquired in an agreeable accent: "Daniel Drayberry, Third, will thee have some more?" To her horror the lad presented his plate, and then, as their eyes met, he withdrew it, observing laconically: "No, I don't believe I will have any

## A GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE

more; I have feasted abundantly." There was a complacent expression to the grandmother's face, as she inquired: "Hannah Hook, won't thee have some more?" and with the emptying of the dish there was a twinkle to the eye of Daniel Drayberry, Third, which his grandfather was the only one to observe.

The tea ended without further event, and, on their repairing to the sitting-room, Hannah communicated all the information she had recently gained relative to the Society of Friends and individual members. This was the topic which most frequently engaged the exercise of her faculties. Thankful ventured occasional expressions of interest, but Daniel Drayberry, Third, was as mute and indifferent as his grandfather. Hannah had a forbidding aspect and hence was afraid to go home alone; so the young man volunteered to go with her, announcing to his grandparents that he would return and remain for a brief period before proceeding to his own home.

When they were alone, Thankful exclaimed: "Daniel Drayberry, what are we going to do with that boy? It's a disgrace for one reared in the Society of Friends to be so confident and

## IN WHALING DAYS

officious. He seems to have little regard for his elders and he talks incessantly and to very little profit. After he comes back and is about to go home, thee follow him to the door and give him some good advice — will thee ? ”

“ Certainly, Thankful.”

The young man returned with a smile and, putting his arms around his grandmother and pressing his lips to hers, said in a tone freighted with contrition:

“ Grandmother, I’m very, very sorry. I know I did much at school that was not very creditable; but I am going to try to atone for it in the life upon which I am about to enter, and I know I did and said much to-night that was displeasing, for which I am really penitent. In being rude to Hannah I was rude to thee, but as I went home with Hannah I was kind to her and feel that I have made full amends. The reason why I was so disagreeable to-night was that I wanted to be alone with thee and grandfather, as I am alone with you both now.”

A soft light came to Thankful’s eyes, Daniel Drayberry, Senior, remaining conventionally complacent.<sup>4</sup>

Presently the lad rose and declared:

## A GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE

"Good night! grandmother. Good night! grandfather!"

"Farewell," said Thankful.

Daniel Drayberry, Senior, followed his grandson to the door, and as they were about to part observed:

"Daniel Drayberry, Third, just a moment before thy departure. To-morrow thy life in the world begins, and I now want to give thee a word of advice. In all thy business transactions, thee always let the other man do the talking. Farewell."

On the old gentleman's return, Thankful asked eagerly: "Did thee give him some advice?"

"Yes."

"Does thee think he will heed it?"

"I don't know, Thankful; young men are so peculiar. But, if he does heed it, he will prove a true disciple of his old grandfather."



## XIII

### JURY DUTY

**I**N the old days, when large estates were amassed and diligence and frugality were esteemed commendable virtues, the demands of State and the exactions of law were sometimes regarded with indifference. The merchant was frequently prone to regard himself as superior to the generality of his fellows, and hence ready to ignore responsibilities, which were regarded by those less advantageously situated as rightly imposed obligations. It is said that in the prosperous period of Nantucket this belief in one's own preeminence so dominated the successful merchant of that little island that he really regarded it an act of condescension to shake hands with a man from the main-land, however ample that man's possessions and exalted his station. An occasional awakening to an appreciation of one's true relations to the community and the State by the direction or

## IN WHALING DAYS

decision of some one invested with authority exercised a salutary influence, not only by vindicating true democracy, but also by admonishing the tyrant, dictator, magnate, czar, or whatever he may be called, of his amenability to law.

Long ago on a lovely October morning the court-house bell rang out the announcement that the Court of Common Pleas was about to convene. Those drafted on the jury as well as litigants, lawyers and the curious and the indolent presented, as they approached the building in answer to the summons, little of attraction or interest. Two men, however, might be singled out quite as much on account of their diverse appearance as of anything striking in apparel or manner. They were Joel Klanker and Eliphalet Doffington.

The interior of the court-house has changed little in the lapse of years. Perhaps it may be said, and that, too, with tender truthfulness, that the only real change is in those who took part in the trials in the olden time, but these worthies are not entirely absent, for their faces now look down from the suspended canvas — silent reminders of their clever qualities, attain-

## · JURY DUTY

ments, and power. The most noticeable figure on this October morning was the old crier, who, with his black suit and white cravat, looked more like a clergyman than a court officer. Pleasant, important, and active, he performed his services year after year in a way and with a volume of voice and an emphasis of word and phrase calculated to impress those present that he believed it to be his duty to advertise his own importance as well as announce the routine of the occasion. If he apparently did regard himself as indispensable as the judge, he did no harm, and in a few years he quitted his labors, followed by the kind tributes of those who had so long listened to his vociferations.

On the appearance of Judge Chaff, who had come from the classic city of Boston to hold court in the little town, the spectators rose and the crier shouted his announcement in tones suggestive of admiration and welcome. Then George Stripp of the neighboring town of Fall River, the Clerk of Courts, directed the preliminary formalities with the readiness and ease of one familiar with method and procedure, at last observing that those drawn as jurors, who had excuses to offer, were privileged to present



## IN WHALING DAYS

them. Solemnly and deliberately Joel Klanker rose and declared: "I have an excuse to offer, sir."

"State it," said his honor.

Klanker had a long, gaunt figure, clad in ill-fitting clothes, a face of those hard, cold, thin features, so characteristic of the typical Yankee of the old school; and there was something in the expression of those features and in the attitude of the frame, which seemed to betoken contempt for his associates and surroundings. Incessant industry, oppression of his fellows and disregard of moral obligation and restraint were the instrumentalities by which he had reached the vantage-ground of prosperity and power. His vessels were now on every sea, his possessions were accumulating with amazing rapidity, his mandate was everywhere heeded with acquiescence and his contempt for methods and measures, foreign to the scope and range of his own mental activities, was generally expressed in language neither rhetorical nor elegant. He had no doubt that his excuse would be accepted. His eyes rested on the floor and he was so slow in responding that the judge repeated: "State your excuse, sir."

## JURY DUTY

"My daily duties will not admit of absence from my office and the wharf."

"And what are your daily duties?" inquired the judge.

"I am a merchant."

The declaration was uttered emphatically and was accompanied by a quick straightening of the figure.

Judge Chaff smiled and then went on:

"You say that your daily duties will not admit of your absence. The law regards it as a matter of 'presence.' Summoned by law, you are to show reasons sufficient to justify your 'absence' from *this* tribunal. That is the only question."

There was now defiance in Klanker's air and a bright light in his eye. The lip curled as if to show contempt for his environment; the arrogance was that of the capitalist; the petulance would have been unbecoming in a school-boy. He declared:

"I do not like to advertise my affairs, but this restraint necessitates a full statement. I have been in business in New Bedford for more than forty years and never were cares and responsibilities more pressing than now. My

## IN WHALING DAYS

ships are at times in all parts of the world. Two of them have just arrived and two more are expected in a few days. I am engaged in whaling in the Arctic Ocean and on the arrival of my vessels at Honolulu, the recruiting-port, I must be prepared to honor drafts to a large amount. I have three ships now at the wharf, which are being fitted for sea. I have over two thousand barrels of sperm, and three thousand barrels of whale, oil rolled out for sale, and over one hundred thousand pounds of whalebone in my loft. All these interests require constant attention, and hence service on the jury means, so far as I am concerned, embarrassment and loss."

Klanker reached for his hat in apparent expectation of immediate release.

"Wait a moment," said the judge, who was anxious to voice his pleasure in emphasizing the inexorable requirements of the law. "You say 'so far as I am concerned.' You say nothing about the demands of the law and the interests of the people. You have stated your personal case well, but you forget that individual interests are of minor importance. You have given the very best reasons why you should not be excused from service. It is rarely that we

## JURY DUTY

get good business men on the jury. You will take your place in the panel."

Klanker walked to his appointed seat just like a schoolboy returning to his desk after a merited castigation. There was a renewed curl to the lip and an angry expression of the eye.

The next applicant for leniency was Eliphalet Doffington, of whom mention has been made. Between him and Joel there was a longstanding difference. They had been co-owners of a vessel, and, on the termination of the voyage, had quarrelled over the account. Eliphalet, who was agent or ship's husband, had been compelled to abandon his contention, and he had been further embittered by the refusal of Joel to pay for the fitting of his share of the vessel for another voyage. Eliphalet applied to the United States District Court only to meet with further disappointment in a decision to the effect that he could not compel Joel to fit his share, and that, if he concluded to fit that share himself and send the vessel to sea, he must give Joel a stipulation to return her in good condition at the end of the voyage; and, if he failed so to do, to respond with an equivalent. Eliphalet gave Joel a bond, fitted the entire vessel himself, and at

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the end of four years was rewarded with one of the most profitable voyages in the annals of whaling. And now the avaricious Joel was furious, and asserted the right to share in the results of Eliphalet's venture, and even applied to the tribunal in which he had formerly triumphed, only to be rebuked by a rejection of his claim. Cupidity ceased to dominate. The question now was how to gratify resentment.

A large dock filled the space between the contiguous wharves of the two merchants. Joel had once intimated that title to land at the entrance was in him, that it was only by his considerate favor that Eliphalet was allowed to enter the slip with his vessels and moor them at his own wharf; and that he, Joel, might close the entrance with a barrier at any time he saw fit. Eliphalet had bitterly denied the right. One morning when Eliphalet was at the breakfast table not long after Joel's unsuccessful appeal to the court, Eliphalet's faithful ship-keeper, who had been in his employ for many years, appeared at the house and, disregarding formalities, rushed into the dining-room, exclaiming, "Mr. Doffington, Joel Klanker's men are driving piles at the entrance

## JURY DUTY

to the slip, and, if you don't get the ship out that's discharging, she'll surely be shut in." Eliphalet dropped his coffee-cup, and started for the scene of activity. He summoned all his men, and, finding that they were inadequate, called on the loafers who had gathered, as spectators, for assistance, but it was only on the promise of double wages that he was able to secure their services. At this period steam was little known as a physical agency, and so the driving of the piles and the removal of the vessel from its threatened captivity depended alone upon the efficacy of muscle. Ropes were attached to the ship and the throng took hold and pulled with a will. The opening was diminishing and it was a question whether it would admit of the passage of the vessel. Eliphalet vociferously encouraged his employes, and Joel, on the opposite wharf, shouted to his men to hasten to make the obstruction effectual. It seemed to Eliphalet as if the vessel hardly stirred, but in reality she made substantial progress considering the method of propulsion. On reaching the open space she just made her escape, and Eliphalet, removing his hat, made a graceless obeisance to his enemy on the

## IN WHALING DAYS

opposite wharf. Friends of the two men soon after offered to act as mediators; and an accommodation seemed probable, when it was reported that Joel had circulated a story that Eliphalet had refused to settle with his assistants on the basis of double pay. All efforts at reconciliation were abandoned.

Eliphalet was not a sightly soul. He was small, fat, ill-formed, round-shouldered and slightly lame. There had long been a story in the community that his hearing was so acute that, if a penny were dropped on the sidewalk a hundred feet from the spot where he was standing, the jingle was sure to reach his ears. There was nothing in posture or manner to indicate defiance or arrogance. He stood like a suppliant at a throne or, indeed, as if he were a criminal awaiting sentence.

"Have you an excuse, sir?"

"Eh?" inquired Eliphalet, advancing a few steps with his hand to his ear.

"Have you an excuse, sir?" asked the judge, in a louder tone.

Again Eliphalet advanced, with the hand still at the ear, and, with a stupid and half-frightened look, repeated: "Eh?"

## JURY DUTY

"Have you an excuse to offer?" thundered his honor.

"I just heard that," articulated Eliphalet, in a deferential tone. "Yes. I have an excuse to offer. I am very hard of hearing."

The judge scanned the little petitioner with imperturbable satisfaction, and now, full of pity, observed pleasantly:

"That is a sufficient excuse. You may go."

Eliphalet did not move. This was a certain demonstration of his honesty. The judge shouted: "You may go."

As Eliphalet took his hat and started for the door, he gave the prisoner in the box a look of mingled scorn and triumph.

The session lasted for about three weeks and, with one exception, the cases tried involved inconsiderable interests. The exception was a dispute over the sale of a large quantity of oil. This was a subject with which Klanker was, of course, familiar, and of which his eleven associates happened to know nothing. Klanker, it is said, used all the persuasion and argument of which he was capable to convince his brethren that they were not competent to render a decision upon a matter that was outside the



## IN WHALING DAYS

range of their experience and training; but all in vain. He was the one obstinate juror; and to his credit, be it said, that after a disagreement had been returned and the jury had been discharged, he went to the plaintiff, for whom the eleven had so strenuously battled, and so effectually demonstrated to him the weakness of his cause, that he came to an immediate accommodation with the defendant. A New Bedford wag observed that Klanker had done two good things — he had promoted the ends of justice, and he had demonstrated the weakness of the jury system.

Several years elapsed and Klanker was again summoned to sit upon the jury. The former scene was in two particulars reproduced. Again Judge Chaff presided; again Klanker had an excuse to offer.

“I remember you well, Mr. Klanker,” said Judge Chaff. “During your former service you brought to the consideration of causes the broad experience and the acute comprehension of a successful business man. I hope that we are again to profit by your wisdom and experience. You may state your excuse, sir.”

## JURY DUTY

"I regret to say that my wife is very low and is not expected to live."

There was an appeal for sympathy in the moist eye.

"I am sorry for you," was the reply. "The prospective severing of domestic ties by death justifies a man's withdrawal from the avenues of active life. You may go."

The genial George Stripp was wont to observe that his long service as clerk was attended with a wealth of incidents illustrating the folly and wisdom, the shrewdness and simplicity, the ingenuity and ingenuousness of lawyer, suitor and witness; but for colossal effrontery, fortified by a serious air and a tender tone, Klanker's plea for liberation was unexampled. Let us conclude this story, which savors so strongly of verity, by repeating Stripp's account of how he was enlightened soon after the episode recounted. He observed:

"I shall never forget Klanker's dejected mien and faltering voice; and an equally pronounced impression was made upon Judge Chaff, for the judge said to me in a whisper as I turned round just then during a lull in the proceedings: 'Mr. Klanker's excuse awakens a sympathetic

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response in my heart. Prosperity and wealth are more often mere symbols than the bearers of happiness and contentment. I commiserate Mr. Klanker on the probable loss of his life companion, and I applaud the sorrow exhibited so touchingly in his deportment.' Klanker was then leaving the court-room. The judge continued: 'See how bent his form is, how slow and unsteady his step. He is a different man from him who a few years ago so arrogantly offered his business obligations as a sufficient excuse for release from jury duty.' My eye lingered on the retreating figure and I resumed my duties, regretting that I could not follow him and proffer my personal concern. All the morning I kept thinking of the stricken man and of the impotence of his great possessions, for all his money could not drive away the shadow which comes with death.

"The court adjourned at half-past twelve for dinner, and, as was my custom, I sought the hotel in the lower part of the town. Many of the merchants were then on their way home and three of them, with whom I was acquainted, successively stopped me, each making the same inquiry. The face of the first rippled with a

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kind of incredulous smile; and, as he leisurely leaned on one of the old elm-trees, which adorn the streets of New Bedford, he asked:

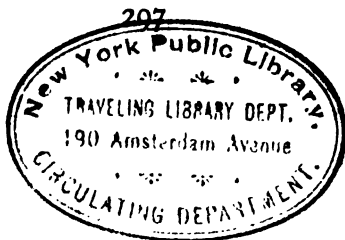
“ ‘What excuse did Klanker give for getting released from the duties of juror?’ ”

“ ‘He said that his wife was very low and was not expected to live.’ ”

“The incredulous smile enlarged into a broad grin, and he turned away with a boisterous laugh. My experience with the second was identical with the first; and after his departure and while I was determining upon obtaining enlightenment from the next inquisitor, I saw Eliphalet Doffington coming up the steet. He had changed but little in the few years which had elapsed since his release from the engagements of a juror, and that little pertained to his hearing, for his deafness had entirely disappeared.

“After a rather abrupt greeting he said: ‘I understand that Klanker was excused from jury duty this morning. I wonder what pretext he gave.’ ”

“ ‘You say “pretext.” Do I understand that you assume that the reason assigned was only an ostensible one?’ ”



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“ ‘Well, I don’t know. There’s a rumor floating around the street.’

“ ‘Why,’ I rejoined, ‘Klanker declared that his wife was very low, and was not expected to live.’

“ ‘Oh! the rascal!’ exclaimed Eliphalet, in a derisive tone.

“ ‘Why, isn’t it true?’ I asked.

“ ‘Oh! yes, it’s true. She is very low and isn’t expected to last long, but it’s also true that he hasn’t lived with her for the last three years.’ ”

## XIV

### ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

**I**T was Saturday afternoon and Walter was very anxious to put on his new white suit, while Nancy, his mother, felt that he had better defer investiture until the morrow. It was difficult to resist his pleading, for he was not offensively importunate; and it was a delight to gratify his harmless requests, for he was the last of five children, and was undersized and not particularly vigorous. Nancy accorded consent on condition that he should engage in no play, pastime or exercise of any kind that might jeopardize the cleanliness of his garments, that he should proceed directly to his father's office and return with him in the late afternoon.

The suit was comely and immaculate and the more attractive because of the absence of trimmings and other decorations; the cap was of the same material and equally becoming; and, at the meeting of the ends of the broad white

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collar, a cravat of the prevailing color was gathered in a knot.

Proud of his new garments and promising obedience to his mother's injunctions, Walter set out for an old brick building at the head of one of the wharves, on the ground floor of which his father's office was located. Just above was the counting-room of twin brothers, who were distinguished for large accumulations, acquired by stinginess, cunning and cupidity, and who, at an advanced age, were enabled to pursue their calling of money-making unremittingly, as their systems seemed impervious to the incursions of physical disease. The front of the building was adorned with two signs — "Job and Jacob Hulder" and "Shadrach Trott."

The old citizens of New Bedford now living, who were boys or young men in the last days of the Huldersons, describe their appearance and relate stories of their overreaching and duplicity with an air and in a tone designed to convey the impression of repugnance and contempt. The Huldersons were born in the latter part of the eighteenth century in the populous part of a township adjoining New Bedford, and this

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fact is to be noted as bearing in some measure upon the trustworthiness of a tale often told of the artlessness of their mother. As boys they were afforded the limited schooling of an age when slight attention was paid to education; and their use of it was very little to their mental profit and very much to the discomfort of the teacher. Complaint having been made of their inattention and obstinacy and of numerous misdemeanors, the simple woman said it was difficult to believe the charges against her sons, seeing that they were born in sight of three meeting-houses.

At sixteen years of age the Hulders were employed in a furniture store in New Bedford. They slept in the loft, ate the poorest food and made the barest outlay for clothes. They saved money the first year, and at twenty-five, on the death of their employer, assumed the business and carried it on with notable success. In form and feature they were almost identical, and it was their purpose to cause people perplexity by promoting this identity in the matter of dress. Their garments, made from the same cloth, would generally last a decade, and changes, caused by time or by mishap in any article of



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the one, were simulated in the corresponding article of the other. If Job's hat became indented, Jacob's was altered in imitation; if Jacob's coat was marked by a grease spot, Job's was immediately disfigured by a similar blemish; and if the boot of one was reenforced with a patch, the boot of the other, though perfectly sound, immediately received an identical accession. It was so easy for Job to say, if he wanted to repudiate an obligation: "I never entered into it; you must have talked with my brother Jake." And it was equally easy for Jake to declare: "I don't remember having any conversation with you. You must have dealt with my brother Job." The townsfolk were wont to speculate as to which of the two was the more deficient in ethical stamina. The brothers likewise entertained a difference of opinion on the subject, Job conceding the palm to Jacob, and Jacob to Job. But if an opportunity was afforded for the mutual exhibition of avarice and meanness, there was no occasion to differentiate the volume of assertion and misrepresentation.

For example, the would-be purchaser of a sofa declared that the price was so low that it

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

must be stuffed with inferior material. "I'll warrant it's stuffed with the best. Ain't it, Jake?"

"To be sure, I warrant it, too," declared Jake.

"If you don't believe it, cut it open," said Job, handing the man a knife. This proposal had been made to scores of customers and always declined. One visitor did as requested, and a lot of worthless odds and ends were revealed. On his hasty departure, the brothers, unabashed, looked at each other in disgust.

"Who would have thought that that fellow would have done such a thing!" exclaimed Job.

"He's a fool," said Jacob. In the community the brothers were never referred to as Job and Jacob, but as Joby and Jake, and in their last years they were facetiously named by an admirer of Dickens as the "Cheeryble Brothers."

Mercantile houses in the whaling days generally sprang from humble undertakings, or from enterprises which were brought in touch with the "fitting" of ships and the preparations for voyages. Those who dealt in ship stores or supplies or in the materials which went into the

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construction and repairs of vessels were naturally drawn to the allurements of ventures; in not a few cases thorough training in the counting-room bestowed an invaluable equipment; occasionally the beginnings were odorous of the traffic in distilled molasses, and in rare instances men engaged in the industry after devotion to an entirely distinct pursuit. The Huldersons came within the last description. With their savings they entered upon whaling in a moderate way as an experiment, and, rewarded with success, they enlarged and expanded, until their vessels were found in all waters; and then the furniture business was disposed of. But the old practices were still dominant; ethical considerations were as impotent in whaling as in dealings in furnishings and fittings; and these men were likewise still indifferent to the opinions entertained by the public of their subtlety, greed and penuriousness.

For example, a good-natured burly negro, who was accustomed to lead the men on the wharf both at the head of the column and by the encouragement of musical phrases, would frequently, when the brothers were only a few paces away, stimulate and enliven his asso-

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ciates, as they joined him in taking hold of a rope attached to a burden, with a sentence like this, uttered in a singsong tone: "Both of the Huldersons are mighty mean fellows; pull, boys, pull!" And these gentlemen were not offended.

Shadrach Trott began his business career as the proprietor of a little grocery store, from which he furnished edibles to families and supplies to ships. He was irreproachable in business affairs, energetic and industrious, and, while accumulation was slow, he was able in his thirty-fifth year to send his first ship to sea. As he was honored for his uprightness and commended for his prudence, he did not experience much difficulty in obtaining most of the capital required from his brother merchants. The largest contributors were the Huldersons; so, while to the observer, Shadrach was the owner of a vessel, in truth he was merely the "ship's husband" and the owner of only an insignificant part. And now the Huldersons encouraged him to extend his business, taking a large interest in every venture; for they knew that he was honest, and they were considering their own emolument. But many a business man said

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with a shake of the head: "The Huldersons only use Shadrach Trott for their own purposes, and they would wind him up any time, if they thought it for their advantage to do so."

When Walter reached the building in which the offices were situated, he was accosted by a man who had cold, hard lineaments, whose clothes were of dark color and very shabby, and whose head was protected by a dilapidated felt hat. It was one of the Huldersons, and this was the first time that Walter had ever been noticed by either of them, save in the way of surly recognition.

"Is your name Willie?"

"No; Walter."

"You ain't very big, be you?"

The boy blushed, for he thought that the old monster intended to taunt him.

"They do say, however, that you are pretty smart at school, sonny."

This was reassuring.

"Do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Certainly," answered Walter, to whom a dollar was a fortune.

"Well, now, boy, I could do the work myself; but I'm in a great hurry to-day, and I'll

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

pay you a dollar, if you'll do the work right. You see them casks on the wharf; they ain't many and I want the correct gaugin'. If you'll go down there and take off the marks and give me the right result, I'll pay you a dollar. It won't take long, and it's good money easily earned."

"But I'm afraid I'll spoil my clothes, and then what will my mother say?"

"You won't spoil your clothes, if you take care; and what do you have such fine clothes for? You ought to be dressed as I be."

There was a respite, during which Walter looked wistfully at the rows of greasy barrels. Then he said: "But I've no paper."

"I have," observed his companion, producing several old envelopes already split open for the purpose of figuring.

"But I've no pencil."

"I have," the old man rejoined, as he took from his pocket a stump, which he handed to Walter.

"I guess I'll sharpen it," remarked the boy.

"Don't do it!" was the injunction. "You'll injure it. I've had that pencil for more than

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five years, and, if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for you."

When Walter was a man, he once remarked, in telling the story, that he had hitherto been doubtful as to the identity of the brothers; and that, yielding to an inexplicable impulse, he inquired: "Aren't you Mr. Job Hulder?"

"Yes," was the answer, "Did you think I was Jake? Now go on and do my business, if you expect to be paid for it."

The boy began cautiously and did very well for a while without endangering his garments, but, as his interest deepened, his vigilance relaxed, and, when the work was completed, his clothes were besmeared and the little cap was totally ruined. He was so jubilant over his supposed success and so anxious for the compensation promised him that he was unaware of his sorry plight. To Job, who was waiting for him at the head of the wharf, he handed the papers with a confident air. The old rascal scanned them quietly and then remarked in a frigid tone: "It's all wrong."

"Then give the papers back, please," said the boy. "They belong to me."

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

"The papers are mine. I save all such things and sell them for old junk," was the reply.

Job put the envelopes in his pocket and, surveying the lad with a piercing look, hissed out: "Look at your clothes, you little rascal; they're all spoiled. Didn't I tell you to be careful? If you were my son, I'd give you a good lickin'."

The boy looked at his garments and at his hat, which he removed, with a pitiable expression, and, bursting into tears, walked forward into his father's office.

Of course, Shadrach was aroused; but it was not policy to give vent to his resentment; for he could not afford to quarrel with the Hulders. Taking his son by the hand, he led him along the unfrequented streets to their home and presented him to his mother.

Nancy Trott listened to the boy's story without a word of reproof and only asked: "How do you know the man was Mr. Job Hulder?"

"Because he told me so, mother."

"Go up-stairs and change your clothes," she said, without any show of emotion.

And when the little fellow was gone, and the husband and wife were alone, she declared:



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"Of course you are going to resent this, Shadrach, and at the same time you are going to demand and obtain payment of the dollar."

Her eye was fixed on his; he averted his gaze.

"Did you understand me?" she inquired.

"Yes, I did."

"Are you going down to Job Hulder's house to-night to get that money?"

His face was suffused with crimson and he breathed heavily.

"Come, answer me," she urged, but not importunately.

He placed his hand on the back of a chair for support and declared in a hoarse whisper: "I comprehend the outrage thoroughly, but my business relations with the Huldersons are such that it won't do. No, Nancy, it won't do."

What were her feelings toward this man, to whom she had borne five children, one only of whom was living? If disgust or repugnance or even hatred had the mastery, there was nothing in the cast of the features or the attitude of the body to indicate it.

She gazed pensively at the wall, and the silence was broken when Walter returned in other habiliments.

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

"One word, Walter, before we go to the table. What became of the papers?"

"Mr. Hulder kept them."

"Did you ask him to allow you to keep them?"

"Yes, I told him they were mine; but he said they weren't good for anything except for old junk, and that they belonged to him."

Supper had little relish for the distressed boy, and, when he went early to bed, his mother absolved him from culpability, and later, visiting him as he lay in his little couch, endeavored to assuage his grief, by bidding him forget the bitter experience and compose himself to sleep. Descending, she sat down with Shadrach, each exhibiting that serenity of manner which had for so many years characterized their evenings of communion and converse, yet each well-nigh overwhelmed by the turbulence of feeling and emotion.

"Shadrach, I own this house, don't I?" she asked pleasantly.

"Of course you do. You bought it with the money left you by your father."

"And I have ten thousand dollars besides?"

"Of course you have. Why do you ask such questions?"

## IN WHALING DAYS

"And suppose you should settle up your affairs, how much property would you have left?" she inquired, without answering the question he had asked.

"What is disturbing you?" he said seriously.

"I'm only looking out for the future. I'm not so much considering possible or probable reverses as I am the advisability of your going out of business."

"Why, Nancy!"

"From your tone of surprise and doubt you seem to be the one disturbed. I was only thinking that, perhaps, a competence is all that is needed, for large estates bring very little good to those who accumulate and to those who inherit them."

"You don't think I need a guardian, do you?" he inquired, trying to be facetious.

This was the only occasion in their married life when Nancy had been inclined to open a battery upon him. She resisted the temptation; and with an emphasis that startled him demanded: "Will you or will you not answer my question?"

He replied meekly:

"If I should wind up my business, I think

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

as a conservative estimate I should have upwards of forty thousand dollars."

In the residential part of the city in which the Trotts resided there were large gardens and numerous elm-trees. Through the open window there floated the sounds peculiar to a summer evening, noticeably the chirp of insects, voiceless during the day. The sky was cloudless and the stars and moon were at their best.

"I think I'll make a call. I shan't be long."

There was nothing strange in this, for it was Nancy's custom to drop in of an evening on the neighbors, with whom she was intimate, as it was their custom to visit her. As she left the house and proceeded in the direction of the wharves, she wondered if she were quite sure of herself, for she was bound on a mission unlike any she had ever undertaken and one unwonted and particularly disagreeable for a woman. It was not necessary to summon courage; she had plenty of that; but she felt that she must not violate the restraints imposed upon womanhood or so lose the control of volition or temper as to make the stand she was to take appear ridiculous or prove ineffectual. Though the

## IN WHALING DAYS

night was not oppressive, her dark, lustrous eyes and her scarlet cheeks reflected deep unrest and the vehement determination to exact satisfaction from the oppressor of her boy. Nancy Trott at this period was a woman who still preserved a comeliness and an elegance of manner which could be traced to a youth of beauty. She was known for frankness of statement, excellence of judgment and genuine nobility of character; and the friends of her husband sometimes declared that it was a pity that he was not endowed with her superlative firmness and resolution.

The house in which Job Hulder and his wife resided was located on one of the lower streets and was not of attractive appearance and proportions. It was small, oblong, two stories in height, and had not received a coat of paint for many years. Attached to the front door was a huge knocker, the polish of its installation having long since been succeeded by rust and corrosion; but its usefulness was not impaired, as was shown by youthful visitors, who were accustomed to bang it to promote the annoyance of the unpopular inmate. In winter the one living room was heated and lighted by an

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

open fire made of abandoned ship-timbers. Job would prepare the pieces for ignition by first removing with the aid of an old chisel the iron and copper nails, which he would drop into a tin pail and afterwards dispose of at a modicum per pound. In summer a lamp was rarely lighted, as oil was a luxury in the Hulder home. Job and his wife would sit in the dark until the hour for retiring and then indulge in what he regarded as an extravagance only during the brief period of disrobing. It is authentic that, a lamp having been lighted one evening upon the visit of some acquaintances upon an errand of business, Job declared in the midst of an animated conversation, "If all you gentlemen are going to do is to talk, I'll put out the light and save oil;" and he thereupon extinguished the flame.

The old structure appeared gloomy and forbidding; the windows were unlighted, and to Nancy's fancy the moon showered its soft beams in a kind of mocking triumph. There was no abatement of Nancy's courage, as she announced her presence by a vigorous rapping. The door opened with astonishing celerity, and, before she could utter a word of inquiry, she was

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seized by strong arms, while a voice accompanied by breath redolent of the foulest tobacco, declared: "Now, I've got ye."

Her strenuous effort to free herself was not so effectual as her assailant's realization of the mistake he had made.

"Why, it's a woman!" he ejaculated, releasing his grasp.

"Of course I'm a woman and why did you seize me?"

"I thought ye was one of them boys who pounds the knocker just to trouble me. Here, Maria," he shouted, "bring a light."

Soon a gaunt, ghastly old woman with sad, deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks, and of angular movements appeared with one of the old-fashioned whale-oil lamps so common at that period. The body and stand were of glass; there were two small circular wicks, the upper parts of which protruded through metal holders, and there was a chimney which looked as if it had never been washed.

"Come in, won't ye?" was the invitation with which Nancy was greeted.

"Thank you," she replied coldly.

She was ushered into a room with a rudely

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

made mat on the floor and otherwise furnished with an old table, a rocker and three common chairs. Having placed the lamp on the table, the old woman withdrew, and, having deposited his body in the rocker, Job invited his visitor to seat herself in one of the other chairs. His barbarous manners were not calculated to allay her fervid emotions or weaken her determination to exact satisfaction from the vulgar old boor.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked peevishly.

"I want a dollar which you owe my boy, Walter," she replied with alacrity.

"I don't owe him nothin'!"

"Yes, you do. You owe him a dollar for work he did for you this afternoon."

"He didn't do the work right. It was all full of mistakes. The boy ain't smart and don't understand nothin'."

"I venture to assert that he is smart enough and has understanding and manhood enough to apologize to a woman whom he has unwittingly seized."

"I can ruin your husband any day. He can't put a ship to sea unless me and Jake help



## IN WHALING DAYS

him," announced the old man, without deigning to notice Nancy's happy thrust.

"No, you can't ruin him, either. I have considerable property myself, and, if my husband liquidates, he will have a handsome balance left. I don't care the snap of a finger for you, Mr. Hulder. Do your worst."

Job had so long regarded himself as oracle, and had so often supposed that from his assertion there could be no dissent or appeal, that he was surprised at the woman's temerity; and the slight conception of decency remaining in his torpid soul was aroused by the truth and appositeness of her remarks. But he was still bent on evasion.

"Do I understand that you are not going to give me that dollar?" she inquired earnestly, after an awkward pause.

"Yes, you do so understand."

"Then, Mr. Hulder, you return to me immediately the papers which bear the evidence of the boy's work, and which you took from him against his protest."

"What do you want 'em for?"

"I want to show them to my husband and several other business men in New Bedford, so

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

that they may have proof both that the work was done correctly, and that you were infamously mean in the treatment of the lad."

Nancy was afraid that her indignation might find expression in a torrent of invective. Summoning all her resolution she entered into a compromise with her outraged feelings, which she voiced in this sententious statement: "Mr. Hulder, I consider you the meanest man in the city of New Bedford."

He indulged in a guffaw and simply remarked: "I guess you don't know my brother Jake."

"No," she said, "I am fortunate in not having his acquaintance."

Job was now willing to part with the dollar, if he could only get Nancy out of the house. After a long silence he took out a bill and laid it on the table.

"I suppose you are going to give me a receipt," he said.

"Of course," she rejoined. "Please give me paper, pen and ink."

He handed her a split envelope, a quill and an old wooden inkstand. The light was extremely dim, but she seemed to be fired

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rather than deterred by the inferior paraphernalia. Her hand dexterously created the following voucher, which she presented to him with a dignified gesture.

“NEW BEDFORD, June 6, 1853.

“Received of Job Hulder, who is, by his own admission, the meanest man in the city of New Bedford with the exception of his brother Jacob, the sum of one dollar, in full payment for services of my son, Walter Trott, this day rendered in taking off the gauge-marks on oil casks, in the performance of which services his clothes were completely ruined.

“NANCY TROTT.”

“This is kind of a queer receipt,” he observed. “I don’t know what to do with it, as I don’t file such things among my papers.”

“Then if it is original and consequently valuable,” said Nancy, “frame it and hang it on the wall.”

The woman had met him at every point, but, as she rose, he determined to give her a parting shot, now that the obligation was apparently discharged.

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

“The women folks have the say in your house, don’t they?” he inquired.

“I am the only woman there, and I suppose you mean me. I share with my husband, perhaps, the administration of household affairs. But I know a house in which the wife has no authority and on the other hand suffers perpetually from the tyranny of a selfish and brutal husband. It was less than a year ago that she managed to prevail upon him to accompany her to an evening meeting, although he had never been seen there with her before. As the meeting was about to close the good minister said: ‘There is resting with me a firm conviction that there is some one here who is grieving the Holy Spirit.’ The poorly-clad and poorly-fed wife rose and said sadly, ‘The individual referred to is my husband, the man who sits here by my side. He denies me the luxuries and most of the necessities of life. I never have tea, coffee and sugar and am more than half starved.’”

Job winced under the verbal punishment.

Nancy continued:

“Then up rose the gallant husband and declared: ‘It is true that I deny my wife tea,

## IN WHALING DAYS

coffee and sugar, but not because I want to save money, but because she has a very nervous organization.' Good night, Mr. Hulder."

The hall was very dark, but she was guided by an attendant, who took her gently by the arm and who whispered as they reached the door:

"I've been listenin'. I couldn't help it; and I thank you for what you said. I had a cup of tea last week at one of the neighbors; the first I've had for over two months."

Nancy lingered to say a few kind words to the forlorn creature. When she entered her own house Shadrach was startled by her strange look.

"Where have you been?" he inquired.

"To Job Hulder's."

"What did you go there for?"

"To get the dollar."

"Oh! Nancy! you've ruined me!"

"No, I haven't."

With apparent calmness, and with a method of recital which did credit to her descriptive faculties, she unfolded her novel adventure, narrating almost verbatim the entire dialogue, and meeting Shadrach's renewed protest and

## ONE OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

prediction of disaster with her emphatic belief in the security of the future. She took from the top of a bookcase a boy's little bank, and, tossing the bill towards Shadrach, said: "Give me four quarters for the dollar, please."

What rapture to hear the clink, clink, clink, clink, as the coins dropped into the receptacle! Nancy was conscious of the reaction, which she announced in these words: "I'm awfully tired, Shadrach; I'm going to bed."

He took up the bill and earnestly scanned it.

"Stay, Nancy, I —"

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nancy! Nancy! Why, why, the bill is worthless. The bank which issued it failed long ago."

The woman uttered a prolonged groan; the glow of the cheek was succeeded by a deathly pallor; a pang shot through her heart; sight deserted her eyes, and a cord seemed tightening around her brow. Relief came with oblivion. Shadrach leaped from his chair and took the motionless figure in his arms. She had only swooned.

. . . . .  
The woman was not subdued; Joby was

## IN WHALING DAYS

forced to make the dollar good; Shadrach was not ruined; Walter became a successful and honored merchant and Nancy left behind her a fragrant memory.

## XV

### THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

**I**N the good old Quaker days persiflage was never the medium of contempt, and censure and abuse were rarely bestowed upon delinquents and offenders. The Quaker was wont to show his approval or even disgust, not by caustic language or the curling of the lip or a sullen look or the gesture which is so often more impressive than words, but by a passionless declaration intended to indicate the suspension of business relations or the termination of service. The brevity and directness of the statement admitted no misunderstanding and permitted no discussion. The cessation of commercial dealings was not always permanent, and the discharged employee not infrequently returned to the service of his former master. How pleasant on the resumption of the old relations to remember that the breach and parting were not marked by reproachful discussion!



## IN WHALING DAYS

Many years ago it was customary in New Bedford for those who wanted to laud probity in business transactions and unselfishness in all other dealings with his fellows to invoke the name of Isaac Grenway. At the period to which this story relates he was in the meridian of life, and at the very plenitude of his achievements as a merchant. It was said of him that he was so gentle and placid that his ships partook of his very nature and always sought tranquil seas — as witness the fact that they encountered few storms; hence there were no losses, and, as he was his own underwriter, the premiums saved were constant accessions. His interests were promoted by a combination of talents — he was a masterly accountant, was a close buyer and was so familiar with the mechanical parts and arrangements of a vessel that the boss carpenters and riggers and other directors of labor found him an equal in all matters pertaining to repairs and supplies. And then it was said that he was ubiquitous. When the men on the wharf thought that he was in the office, lo! on looking up they beheld him in the midst of them; and, when the clerks in the office thought that he was on the wharf, they had but to raise their

## THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

eyes to be aware of his presence. He was like Quilp, appearing as if by magic among his wife's callers, who were voicing their estimate of him in uncomplimentary language. But with this difference. However sudden and unlooked for the appearance of Isaac, he never heard his name mentioned by his wage-folk save in kindly reference to his manly traits.

But though Isaac led the common Quaker life with little variety and less inspiration, he occasionally departed from the practice of reticence by indulging in pertinent and forcible observations. In speaking of a discredited merchant he once remarked: "His morality is bottled and he only takes out the stopple when he thinks that it is policy to let people get a smell of it." To a man of questionable veracity, who exclaimed with some passion "Do you doubt my word?" he replied: "I don't doubt it, but I think I would like confirmation." To one of poor credit who had cheated him he said: "I think it is about time to find out what thee has been doing with other people's money." And to a carpenter from whose impositions he had suffered, he declared, when asked if he thought that a building needed jacking-up:

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"Yes, it needs jacking-up as badly as thee does." Of a disagreeable boy, he observed: "He is incorrigible and so offensive that he has only one friend." "And who is that?" was the inquiry. "His mother," was the reply. "I want to buy a horse, Mr. Grenway," once observed a brother merchant. "Then thee had better buy William Call's. He ran away yesterday. I think thee can buy him cheap." Isaac was not averse to a good joke on himself. Of a venture which proved disastrous, he once said: "I made a permanent investment. I bought the shares at eighty and they are now twenty-five."

Isaac was fortunate in "fixtures" and deservedly so as a reward for the encouragement of ability and faithfulness by considerate treatment and adequate requital. There was a servant in the house who came to remain a month and at the period of which we are writing had been there nearly twenty years. There was a head bookkeeper in the office who was of the same age as his employer, and who served that employer with zeal and diligence, anticipating every little want and frequently affording assistance on matters hardly coming within the scope of his responsibilities. And there was a teamer

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on the wharf named Roger Kyte, who had long enjoyed Isaac's exclusive business in transportation and delivery. One cannot resort to the canvas for portraiture, but a few feeble words may, perhaps, present a picture of this honest and sturdy toiler. He was below the average stature, yet of powerful physical proportions, of graceless demeanor and of unattractive visage. His hair was as white as snow and as abundant as that of a boy, and, in directing the work on the wharf, he was a noticeable figure, frequently hatless, and always exuberant with earnestness and energy. Roger was never garrulous, save in extolling his Quaker patron; and then the tribute was always indirect, in that he lauded Isaac's virtues as a man, and his rare ability and discriminating judgment as a merchant. But every one was aware of the motive which prompted the encomiums; and unfeeling listeners were accustomed to allude to Isaac as "Roger's lawyer." The old man was a saint in his stubborn self-reliance and in his noble endurance of the oppression and suffering, which had been his perpetual portion; and his lips never parted to voice complaint.

At this period of prosperity Isaac was employ-

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ing a part of his surplus resources in the erection of a house. Entertaining no liking for the "hill," he had purchased a tract in the country and was exhibiting rare, and, from the standpoint of the Quaker authorities, questionable taste in the creation of the structure and the embellishment of the grounds. Indeed a protest was communicated by one of the elderly Friends in these plain words: "Isaac, there is a general feeling that thy remarks in meeting last First day on humility are not in accord with thy life and works. A Friend who is engaged in building an elegant and costly residence is not the one to commend the practice of a Christian virtue."

"Joseph," was the ready response, "humility is the very subject upon which I *should* preach, for nothing since the beginning of my business career has so humbled me as the building of that house."

The massive granite posts at either side of the gateway were beautiful and imposing, and hence particularly calculated to excite comment and criticism. They were selected after careful investigation and scrutiny, and were brought to a shapely finish under Isaac's direct instructions.

## THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

And now the services of Roger were more than ever brought into requisition. The gears or trucks, as they were called in New Bedford, with the large, clumsy wheels and low ponderous bodies, were used to transport huge, heavy materials, and the old jobbing wagons, with their high capacious inclosures, the small and light articles. And all this activity and employment were to Roger's emolument and greatly conduced to his satisfaction and comfort, for he was getting to be an old man and his accumulations were meagre, when his burdens and responsibilities were taken into account. His gratitude did not diminish. His feeling toward Isaac really began to partake of the nature of veneration.

One Seventh day (Saturday) afternoon Isaac drove out to the house, which would soon be ready for occupancy, to scrutinize the last arrangements and take a look at the lawn and garden. He was in a condition of exceptional serenity, for intelligence had just been received from a large number of the absent vessels, and his own were reported as having made the very best "catches." As he rode along in solitary contentment, his thoughts reverted to the struggles and privations which had promoted his suc-

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cesses, and particularly to thoroughness in task and undertaking as the effective means of accomplishing profitable results. Then the teaching of his sect as to doing well anything that is worth doing at all dominated his thoughts, and he said aloud: "If the example of Friends were only followed, what misery would be avoided and what happiness bestowed!" He was in no mood for a spectacle which might prove by a departure from the principle he was commending its very truth and efficacy. He thought with pride that the estate he was about to visit was a monument to achievements won not only by caution, prudence and diligence, but by attention to the minutest details. When he reached the gateway he found several boys standing by one of the stately shafts, the largest of whom exclaimed: "See here, Mr. Grenway, what's just been done!"

Isaac drew the rein and saw in amazement that a piece of granite weighing at least a couple of pounds had been broken from the post and was lying on the ground. The massiveness, the elegance of proportion and the delicacy of finish were no longer noticeable. Every part and angle of the column seemed to share in this

## THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

single disfigurement. The expression of Isaac's face gave no evidence of the inward turmoil. It was a favorite assertion of his that he had given no exhibition of temper for more than a quarter of a century, but it was equally true that during that period he had frequently summoned all the resources of his will to subdue the feelings of anger and resentment that clamored for expression.

"And how did this piece of the post get broken off?" he inquired with apparent unconcern.

"Please, sir," answered a boy, "one of Roger Kyte's men drove up a truck a little while ago, and, as he was going in, we shouted to him that the hub of the rear wheel would surely strike the stone; but he called out to us to mind our own business and went right ahead, and the hub broke off the piece in a moment."

It was a case of gross carelessness. The offence was inexcusable. Isaac acknowledged the reception of the information with a few pleasant words, and drove in to view his property as if the disagreeable incident were forgotten. He gave the offender, when his back was turned, a searching look, but neither up-



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braided nor even accosted him. He went into the house and made inquiries and gave directions with the usual imperturbability and then walked through the garden and down the lawn with the dignified bearing of a nobleman surveying his ancestral estates. And as he drove back to town no look or glance or act or gesture betrayed the agitation of his mind; nor was it betrayed by word or act that night in his relations with his family.

It would have been a "quiet meeting" on the Sabbath, if Isaac had not broken the silence with his ministrations. Friends were almost ready for the hand-shaking, when Isaac arose and announced that there was a "concern" resting with him that he felt it his duty to communicate. The Bible, he declared, from Genesis to Revelation emphasizes the blessings conferred by industry and frugality, and the punishment which is sure to follow the infraction of Divine injunction. It is the duty of the master to be just but firm, and of the servant to toil and obey. The intention was to present a lesson from the experience of the previous day, just as if the whole meeting was aware of his bitter discomfiture. But the envious and the critical

## THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

saw only the purpose of self-glorification and interpreted the exercise as follows: "I have made a good deal of money all myself by good judgment, hard toil and the practice of unremitting economy. I am a master and designed by nature to rule, and those I employ are servants and bound to submit and obey." This translation was a malicious calumny and unworthy of those who were confronted by the daily demonstration of Isaac's upright dealing and blameless life.

On Second day (Monday) morning, Isaac was early at his post, — pleasant, patient, courteous and industrious. As noon approached he despatched a messenger to the wharf to notify Roger to stop at the office as he went home to dinner. The old man came in without removing his hat in deference to Isaac, who, true to the Quaker custom, rarely uncovered. Isaac stood behind the rail and Roger in front of it. Isaac was very calm, but firm and emphatic. He referred to the driver's act not only as indefensible but as particularly annoying in that he had defaced a prized and costly object.

"And now, Roger," he declared, "we two part forever. I have had pleasant relations

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with thee for many years, but I now take away from thee all my business."

"Mr. Grenway," said the old man with a tremulous voice, "you don't take away one bit of your business from me."

"Why, Roger, what does thee mean?" came the earnest inquiry.

"I mean this. I began to do work for you many years ago, and I've done it ever since, and you have never failed to pay me on Saturday night, so that I could be just as prompt in the payment of my men. I've asked favors of you more than once and you've always granted them. More than half my business comes from you. I'm seventy-one years old to-morrow and I was just three score and ten before I got out of debt. And now I own my house and my teams and horses; but I have had dreadful burdens to bear. People are always telling how poorly rich men's sons turn out and how miserably rich men's daughters marry. But poor men's sons and daughters often don't do much better. I have had four boys and four girls. Nicer daughters no man ever had, but it seems to be a kind of practice for smart girls to marry lazy and worthless men. One of my girls is dead and

## THEE KEEPS ALL MY BUSINESS

three of 'em made wretched marriages, and I support them all and their children. One of my sons has wandered away, and two of 'em are married and can't even support themselves; and they and their families live at home with me. I had one smart boy and he sailed away in one of your ships. I had great hopes of him, because word came back that the captain and officers gave him a fine name and said he would be master of a vessel some day. It was two years ago when the ship was sighted and I stood down there on your own wharf, when she came up, anxious after three years to see my boy (the only one I'm sorry to say that ever amounted to anything), but he wa'n't there. He fell from aloft while shortening sail only two days before, and was never seen again."

The old man paused; the clerks ceased to employ their pens; there was no sound but the ticking of the clock. Presently he resumed: "There are eighteen who eat their food at my table, and it may not be very good food, but it keeps them from starving. I would like to give them meat once a day if I could afford it, but I can't. We had meat yesterday the first time in three weeks, and there wasn't enough

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quite to go round and my old wife and me (we wanted some dreadfully) pretended that we didn't care for none, but we just watched the young folks eat theirs, and I don't know but what we got as much fun out of it as they did."

The old man suspended again. Soon in a tone that was hardly above a whisper, he said:

"Perhaps you don't know it, Mr. Grenway, for you are much younger than I am, but my father died in the almshouse. I was eight years of age at the time and out at service. He never would have died there, if I had been old enough to work and keep him out. If I lose your business, I can't get any new at my time of life. If I go to the almshouse, there's no son of mine to get me out, and Heaven pity my poor family! I'm sorry for what my man did, and, if you say so, I'll discharge him at once. I know that the post he injured is an expensive one, but I'll make it good. I'll mortgage my horses and teams to you and my house, too, if you say so. I spoke kind of sharp a moment ago, but I'm sure you're not going to take your business from me."

The head bookkeeper, who was supposed to show his loyalty to the house of Grenway by

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never divulging the secrets of the office, broke the rule in this instance, and, in narrating the incident to his friends, declared that there was moisture in his employer's eyes.

Isaac advanced a step and, grasping the old man's hand, gave it a resolute grip and said tenderly: "Roger, thee keeps all my business."



## XVI

### HENRY VALLIS AND MARGARET DANE

**T**HE association of Henry Vallis and Margaret Dane began in infancy and continued until the obligations of maturity rendered a separation imperative. He was the son of a farmer, whose acres had been cultivated by half a dozen generations, and whose gambrel roof house, in which as many generations were born, may still be seen, affording in its abandonment a sad reminder of the pathetic story of Henry's life.

She was the daughter of a man who was also dependent on the soil, but who preferred in winter his book by the fireside to the care of kine, and in summer, the delights of meditation as he loitered on the porch, to the demands of field and garden. His old dwelling, too, is untenanted, weatherbeaten and windowless; and the yard and garden, in which Margaret passed so many happy hours, now filled with rank weeds



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and bushes, likewise awaken remembrances of her toilsful and unhappy life.

The father of Henry brought up a large family, and put the male members of it to work long before they were out of their teens. The father of Margaret had only two children — Margaret, a sweet-faced, winsome creature, and Mildred, a weak, fragile deformity, who knew few hours devoid of pain.

Propinquity was responsible for the association of the children and the intimacy was, of course, strengthened by attendance at the district school. His fondness for her sprang from love; her liking for him was begotten by childish interest and sympathy. It was the old story of the mental readiness of the girl, and the slow development of the boy. At sixteen she had learned everything her instructor could teach; while Henry was at a kind of mental standstill. She had helped, coached and encouraged him, but her efforts had been well-nigh profitless. The real benefit to him had been bestowed by companionship; while pity had deepened her sympathy; and in time perhaps under favorable circumstances affinity might have brought love. The old schoolhouse still stands in forlorn isola-

## HENRY AND MARGARET

tion, the counterpart of that immortalized by the New England poet.

And now events interfered to shape their destinies — both the young people left school. Henry's father called him to continuous work on the farm, and a new school-teacher appeared. Soon stories were told that this teacher, who in attainments and in the ability to impart information was superior to any of his predecessors, had found in Margaret a congenial companion; and the gossipers did not fail to accentuate the opportunity for fellowship in the fact that instead of "boarding round," he had established a permanent residence in the Dane home.

Margaret was ambitious to become a teacher and she deemed herself fortunate in finding in the boarder a helpful preceptor. He encouraged her labors, directed and supervised her reading, corrected exercises, and pointed out the requisites of success in her anticipated vocation.

Henry was a frequent caller at the Danes. In the early evening he would approach the house with a troubled heart; and, after suffering from the alternations of hope and despair, would announce his presence with a doubtful

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rap on the knocker. He was always treated cordially, but Margaret gravitated toward the intellectual boarder, whose name was Nymphus Butternot; and Henry's province seemed to be to entertain the luckless little Mildred. The men afforded a noticeable contrast — Henry graceless in carriage and dull in converse, and Nymphus easy in deportment and facile in expression. Indeed, Nymphus inwardly rejoiced in his easy triumph over the bumpkin. Nevertheless Henry mustered all his courage one day when he happened to meet Margaret unattended and told her his love.

"Don't, Henry," she said. "I won't hear it; we were always friends, and we can never know a nearer relation."

"But I loved you before this man appeared."

"I won't listen to any insinuation as to Mr. Butternot. He is nothing, and never can be anything to me."

Henry's insistence was met by a protest voiced in a firm, emphatic tone; he did not endeavor to conceal his discomfiture; but, as they separated, he fancied that she would permit some day a renewal of the proffer of his love, and he was consoled by the hope of ultimate success.

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In a few weeks he again pressed his suit, only to be apprised that the repetition of the entreaty might be followed by the termination of friendship. Then with less severity she showed him how much she honored him, but now distasteful his attentions were to her, and she left with him the impression, although she disavowed betrothal or even interest in any one, that Nymphus was the favored suitor.

Now Henry, as has been stated, was not a student of written things; but he did have some knowledge of the things of the world. As the sterile soil of the old farm did not yield a generous subsistence and as the opportunities for development were limited, he turned his attention to the sea. His motive was the improvement of his circumstances and a chance to forget his disappointment and sorrow; and something more real than tradition assured him that the new vocation was to require severe labor and confer no comforts. But had not many of the most prosperous citizens of New Bedford begun life in the forecastle, and was there not hope for him? So one day he went over to New Bedford and signed his name to a formal paper and then came back with a despondent

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heart. During the two weeks which elapsed before the day set for departure, he kept his purpose from the Danes, and on the morning of that day he visited their house to part with Margaret only to learn that she was not at home. He found Mildred in the garden busying herself with her flowers. He kissed her reverently and said: "Tell Margaret to think kindly of me; and you, I know, will always think kindly of me. I am going to sea."

So he went on a three years' voyage. Margaret cried a little, but Henry was soon forgotten, as Nymphus was all in all; and so, as the school year ended, the story was current that Nymphus and Margaret had plighted their troth and soon came the verification in a ring which Margaret wore, and in which was set an object supposed to be a costly gem. Butternot went away, and it was said that in the autumn he was coming back to claim Margaret as his bride. The autumn came but he did not return. An ugly rumor instead went round that Butternot had married a maiden to whom he was betrothed before he invaded the home of the Danes. Margaret, of course, was loath to believe the story, but pretty soon there came positive as-

## HENRY AND MARGARET

surance; and heartsick and ashamed she laid her head on Mildred's shoulder and sought and gained the only commiseration there was for her in the world.

The father died as the mother had died years before, and Margaret had the world to face with Mildred as a dependent. It is needless to say that there was no inheritance. Indeed, the young women had no pecuniary resources at all. Even the ring which Margaret had received from Nymphus was in fact burdened with a worthless stone, but valuable or valueless it was nothing to her — so she threw it into the pigsty.

Margaret went over to New Bedford, and found employment as a teacher in a primary school. She hired a couple of rooms in a house on Second Street, and there she and Mildred lived in sorrowful seclusion. Three years passed and word went round that a whaler was sighted. There was the usual bustle and interest, the hurrying to and fro, speculation as to the vessel's identity and the surmises as to failure or success. While Henry Vallis was the first to leap from the long prison-house, he went up the wharf with a slow step and a heavy heart, for

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he felt that on reaching home he would receive the certain intelligence of Margaret's transference to another sphere. He didn't hear it, but he heard instead the sad story of neglect and repudiation; so next day he went back to New Bedford and waited near the schoolhouse until Margaret came out in the late afternoon. Of course, she was startled when he spoke to her and in some measure pleased because he was safe home again; but when, with inconsiderate impetuosity, he forced his love on her, she protested: "Please don't, Henry. I respect, I honor you; but I do not love you. I cannot marry you."

In a few days he laid before her again the advantage of marriage with him, and his determination was supported by a passionate promise to proffer all he could earn for the support of Mildred as well as herself. The voyage just ended had been a successful one, and, while his share was not large, it was sufficient to form a substantial nucleus. The future must have much of happiness in store for them, and all would be well. Again she was inexorable, and again his restless spirit sought some new field for activity and expansion. He determined to seek the land which everybody was talking

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about and with which he was partially acquainted, as more than once during the voyage the vessel had recruited at the little settlement within the Golden Gate. It seemed to him probable that on his return in a few years with ample possessions Margaret would yield to his solicitations.

When the gold fever broke out, New Bedford furnished a goodly number of argonauts. Many a captain for a couple of decades before '49 had secured his supplies from the adobe-built settlement, which was now to expand into a stately emporium. So a company, composed of restless and adventurous seafarers, together with a few of the luckless and the discredited, pooled their meagre resources for the purchase of a little vessel, which was to take them to the land of promise. There were fifteen ex-captains in all, and it was stipulated that the voyage was to be prosecuted under their general direction; and Henry Vallis was selected as mate. These ex-captains were accompanied by their wives and children. The only other passengers were a man, who had no knowledge of the sea and who was bound like the others to the Eldorado to improve his fortune, and his wife,



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who was a woman of gentle bearing and good sound sense.

A great crowd gathered when the vessel sailed. It seemed like going away on a mission of uncertainty, and many a doleful prediction was made by those who remained that even if their friends escaped the perils of the sea, they had other and, perhaps, more terrible perils to encounter in the far-away land. The leave-takings were accompanied with tears and with forebodings, unuttered yet visible in dismal looks; and the warm sun and beautiful day were the only auguries of a pleasant voyage.

Four months elapsed before the little vessel passed through the Golden Gate, and four months thereafter a letter from the woman referred to reached a friend in New Bedford. From this sear and fragile epistle, still preserved, we are permitted to quote. After depicting the appearance of the country and the hardships they had undertaken in the new life, the writer said:

“ I will close with a brief recital of the trials of the voyage. My husband and I would never have embarked, if we had had even the

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faintest intimation of the discomforts we were to encounter. Hardly had the vessel got well out into Buzzard's Bay when the fifteen captains began to assert themselves. They walked the deck with great pomposity and began to give orders in surly language to the young mate, Henry Vallis. Turmoil and disorder were of daily occurrence, and my husband said that if these learned skippers had not quarrelled among themselves, the life of young Vallis would have been in danger. As the bickerings increased, wives, seconded by boisterous children, took sides with their husbands. It was one continuous bedlam and I became almost distracted. Efforts were made to draw my husband and myself into the controversies, and we incurred some enmity by remaining neutral. My husband observed that the captains who had made unsuccessful voyages were the ones who gave the most trouble. The young mate endured the tyranny with manly composure until we dropped anchor at Rio, where we were to obtain water. Calling the captains together, he informed them that he should there leave the vessel, unless he received the promise that he might proceed during the remainder of the voyage without interference.

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This was granted, as his firmness brought to them a realization of his value. But it was a reluctant assent; and henceforward he was made (but without his knowledge) the butt of ridicule, the gossipers constantly circulating the story that he was seeking a home in California because he had been jilted by a woman. It was a delight to pass through the Golden Gate, and my husband and I had only one regret on leaving the vessel. It was the parting with Henry Vallis. He is one of the finest and noblest men I have ever met."

When the vessel sailed Henry's passion had melted into a subdued and tender feeling; but to his credit be it said that he never lost faith in disinterested love, and never even came to believe in marriage as a pleasing but uncertain captivity. He was still loyal to Margaret, and all the way down to the Horn, and all the way up to his destination, which he was sure was to prove the land of fruitful destiny, all his hope was of gaining a competence and then of returning to the scene of youthful disappointment to claim Margaret and bring her and Mildred to the home he was to make for them. When he

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stepped ashore Henry was wisely averse to the hazards and uncertainties of mining. He secured employment as a stevedore, earning fabulous wages, and in a couple of years he went up the bay, and located at a spot still admired for its reaches of rolling upland. Here he raised and dealt in sheep and cattle, making his business so profitable that he was the envy of all his neighboring competitors, who in derision dubbed him "the silent Yankee;" and lucky he was in not taking up the lowland; for when a wily old Mexican came along and tried to oust him of his possessions, contending that he had a right so to do under the treaty between the United States and Mexico, it turned out that the claimant's title was only to the valley bounded by the foothills, and so Henry escaped molestation and eviction.

At the expiration of five years Henry owned all his stock and had ten thousand dollars besides in bank in San Francisco. One day he announced his intention of going to his old home for a visit; so leaving a trusted companion in charge of the ranch, he set out on his journey to the Isthmus, full of hope and cheer and cour-

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age. After long weeks he was once again in New Bedford, and now in the afternoon he stood by the schoolhouse just as the children were streaming out at the hour of dismissal.

Of the last little shaver he inquired:

“ Does Miss Dane still teach here ? ”

“ Oh, no, sir. She died last week.”

Henry repressed the emotions which struggled for expression and turned away as if he were to pursue some ordinary occupation. All his hopes were shattered and all his desire was to leave forever scenes productive of only misery and pain. He walked away — he hardly knew where — until the shadows began to grow longer and he felt the evening’s grateful cool. Back he came, and, leaning on the fence in front of the little home on Second Street, he raised his eyes to the light that was beaming from the window of an upper room. The heart ceased its tumultuous beating, and love triumphed in its inspiration of a purpose as pure and disinterested as any he had ever known. Calmly and quietly he entered the house.

Two old gossipers were drinking tea at their usual tiffin.

## HENRY AND MARGARET

"What do you catch?" asked one.

"Catch" was a local word used in relation to rumor and gossip.

"The most interesting thing I catch is the story about that little Dane woman."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know she's crippled and was dependent on her sister, the school-teacher, for support. When the school-teacher died the other day leaving nothing, people said that the little creature would have to go to the poor-farm. And now what do you think? All of a sudden appears a man from California named Vallis, who used to live out here years ago in the country, and settles ten thousand dollars on her, she to have the income for life, and on her death the principal to revert to his estate. Then he goes right back to California. Ain't that queer?"

"I should say so," answered the other, as she reached for the sugar bowl. "I don't see what claim she had on him."



## XVII

### A WILD GOOSE STORY

**T**HERE are few wild birds more interesting than the geese which make their pilgrimage from Labrador to the seacoast of the Southern States in the autumn, and then return in the spring. New Bedford and the adjoining territory are located on the line followed by these aerial travellers, and just before the advent and just after the breaking of winter the inhabitants are accustomed to frequent greetings from the sky. The sound emitted is a honk, honk, honk, and the upturned gaze is rewarded by the spectacle of fifty to a hundred birds, their size apparently diminished by distance and their figures "darkly painted" on the heavens, swiftly moving and soon lost to view. To the observer there is a fascination about the shape and passage of these flocks, for there is always a leader, who serves as director and guide for many miles of the journey, when, from fatigue



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or the desire to shift the responsibility, he falls back and is succeeded by another member of the company, which nearly always resembles in form the letter A or V.

In his lines addressed to a water-fowl, Bryant says:

“ All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.”

These words are hardly applicable to wild geese, for it is said that every few hundred miles they descend for rest to some quiet place in salt water near the shore, or to some lonely inland lake or pond. Many years ago a secluded cove on the shore of Westport, a town not far from New Bedford, was a favorite resting place; and near by in a natural shooting-box, formed by a depression in the soil shielded by intertwining branches and dense bushes, a farmer's boy was wont to wait their coming. One day in the springtime he levelled his gun just as a flock alighted and so crippled one of them that he was unable to join his fellows in their flight. The capture of the bird was quite difficult,

## A WILD GOOSE STORY

for, while the lad took to a boat, the goose had sufficient sagacity and strength remaining to elude his pursuer for a considerable time and give him a strenuous chase. At last by a dexterous use of the oars, just as the bird was about to escape as he had so often done, the lad brought himself into a position which enabled him to grasp the creature and throw him into the bottom of the boat. The first impulse was to wring his neck, but, on second thought, the lad concluded to carry him home, for the capture of a live wild goose was an exceptional incident.

Richard, for that was the boy's name, brought his treasure with an air of triumph into the kitchen of the farmhouse and to a little sister exclaimed: "Mollie, if you can save that bird's life, I'll give him to you."

An examination revealing no serious wound, liniment and bandages were applied, a capacious box was procured, and the goose was installed in his new home. He was, like all his kind, a handsome creature, more gracefully fashioned than the domestic goose, but with the long, lithe neck. The feathers of the lower portion of the body were of a dull white, farther up of a pronounced gray, and in the broad back of a darker

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hue; and the neck was encircled by a black band broken in only one place by a white seam.

There was such an improvement in the bird's condition that in a fortnight it was deemed best to give him a limited freedom; so, his wings having been clipped, he was put in the barn-yard with the fowl. He was ill at ease, somewhat ill-natured and troublesome, and inclined to avoid the society of his new associates, but soon he began to accommodate himself to his surroundings and become more companionable. And withal he seemed to win the good-will of his companions. Mollie beset him with the attentions which a child is wont to shower on pets, and, while he was at first indifferent to her, he soon showed the disposition of a grateful recipient. As the feathers grew and the wings expanded, he began to take short flights, making the air resound with his continuous honk, and either returning to the barn-yard or alighting near the house to receive the caresses of his little friend and protector.

Summer came and went, and there was nothing to indicate an intention to depart. It was the general opinion in the farmhouse that the goose was a "fixture." One morning, however,

## A WILD GOOSE STORY

in the late autumn there came from the sky a faint sound, which soon ripened into the honk, honk, honk, of migrating birds. The goose assumed an attitude betokening interest and expectancy. At first doubt seemed to alternate with uncertainty; but the prolonged notes brought absolute assurance. The old instinct returned; the captivity was ended; the goose sailed into the heavens and joined the flock in their journey South.

"We shall never see him again," said Richard, with genuine sorrow.

"Don't say so! please don't say so!" responded Mollie with a sob. "I'm sure he'll come back in the spring."

The older ones, however, smiled at the little girl's confidence and credulity, for opinion and experience militated against the barest possibility of the bird ever returning by instinct, to say nothing of preference.

With the earliest note of the bluebird and the bursting of the pussy-willow the wild geese were in evidence again, although there was nothing unusual to note in the passage of the first of them. One day, however, a solitary bird seemed to detach himself from a flock and make for

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the earth. His flight was straight for the farmhouse. Down he came with noisy demonstration into the barn-yard, terrifying the fowl, who appeared to believe that he was bent on their destruction. But it was only the old goose, who, after a six months' vacation, had returned to the home of his adoption. Old ties were renewed and the goose seemed as happy and contented as he had been during the former sojourn. The belief was entertained that he had come to stay and that he would never again tempt the uncertainties of life in a distant region. But when the familiar honk, honk, honk, came with the autumnal chill, the goose spread his wings and joined his friends in the sky.

"He will come to us again in the spring?" said Mollie. And sure enough on an April morning the goose dropped down into the barn-yard and took up his old life as a mere matter of course. And so for several years he went and came, like the wealthy American of to-day, spending his summers in a northern home and his winters in a southern clime. At last a spring came and went without the appearance of the goose. The cause of his absence was only a surmise; and Mollie, who was no longer hope-

## A WILD GOOSE STORY

ful, preferred to accredit it, not to voluntary abandonment of his old home, but to the fowler's gun.

Early in December of the same year, the attention of Richard while in New Bedford was called to the clamor of a large flock of geese.

"They are pretty low down, aren't they?" observed a passer.

"Yes," replied Richard, "they seem to be gallied; and I think the reason is that they've lost their leader. Unless one of them comes to the front they will soon separate in all directions. See," he continued in a moment, "one of them has taken the lead, and they will go along all right now."

"That's a curious instinct," said the stranger. "And that reminds me of a remarkable case, which happened last spring. Just out of here in the country a flock of these wild geese appeared, making a terrible noise. It was thought that their leader must have been shot, but at any rate they were flying very low and soon began to go, as you have just said, in all directions. One of them, hollering like a loon, dropped right down into a farm-yard, where the hens were, and, although he scared them awfully, he ap-

## IN WHALING DAYS

peared to be at home and just as tame as any of them. The man came out with his gun, but he didn't have to shoot him, the goose was so tame. So he took him in his arms and carried him to the block and cut off his head; and they had him for dinner the next day."

As Richard turned away he murmured with a sigh:

"If Mollie ever hears of the fate of her old pet it will not be from my lips."

## XVIII

### A FEW POEMS OF THE AUTHOR

**I**T has been thought best that a few of the poems of the author should not escape oblivion. Howland Tripp early displayed a taste for versification and, as several of the following selections indicate, was partial to Quaker themes.

#### THE DIFFERENCE

I observed to a ploughman, untidy and brown,  
That a dotard was he who would barter the rest  
Of a rural retreat for the turmoil of town,  
And he said, with a sigh, that his life was unblessed.

I remarked to a townsman, dejected and weak,  
That a cure for it all was in forest and lea,  
And a smile drove the shadow away from his cheek,  
His task he abandoned and shouted with glee.

#### EVENTIDE THOUGHTS

You may say, if you will, that the morning bird's call,  
Giving warning of day, is the sweetest of all;  
But dearer to me are the feelings which throng  
With the very first note of the eventide song.



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I have heard that the morning of life is the time  
To cultivate fancy and revel in rhyme;  
But the tale that delights and the lyric that cheers  
Are oftentimes born of the chastening of years.

## ABANDONED LONGING OF A QUAKER LAD

My life a winter seems,  
Bereft of joy and fruitful of complaint;  
And this the burden of my boyhood's dreams —  
Release from long restraint.

I hear the glad birds sing,  
As gladsome nature sounds the winter's doom,  
And winds of March and rains of April bring  
The breath of spring's first bloom.

And shall I slip the chain  
And revel, dear one, in a world of glee?  
The princely pageant calls to me in vain;  
I cannot part with thee.

## THE YOUNG QUAKER'S LAMENT

I trust I am not prone to strife;  
But oh! my heart refuses  
The teaching of our sect that life  
Is meant for naught but uses.  
The child is better for his play,  
The father for his holiday.

And so the warbler of the grove  
Is better for his singing;

## A FEW POEMS

A winsome maiden's song of love  
Still in my ear is ringing.  
Dear Friends, I do not think it wrong  
To say I'm better for that song.

To make a true, consistent Friend,  
Just fitted for his station,  
Our elder people all commend  
A "guarded education."  
Expansion of the mind and heart  
Equips to play a manly part.

A Quaker never turns away  
From glories of the Giver —  
The rosy morn, the beauteous day,  
The field, the brook, the river —  
And yet he says 'tis wrong to try  
To catch the hue of sea and sky.

Our people little have to say  
On matters of selection,  
Though parents often joy display  
When wealth joins with affection.  
Of course it is a grievous sin  
A worldly girl to woo and win.

Event and circumstance decree  
My every plan's miscarriage;  
I fear I ne'er may live to see  
A real worldly marriage.  
Sweet is the minstrel's line that tells  
Of folk and flowers and marriage bells.

## IN WHALING DAYS

### A QUAKER MARRIAGE

You social queens, who never fail or falter  
When marching down the blossom-garnished fane  
To promise love and fealty at the altar  
To those rejoicing in ancestral gain,

List to the story of the maid, who entered  
The homely temple never decked with flowers,  
And signified that in her bosom centered  
Emotions foreign to these hearts of ours.

She little cared for human ministration;  
She greatly cared her Maker to obey,  
Just on the women's side she took her station,  
Her love avowed and gave herself away.

### A SAILOR'S SONNET

When blasts unwonted cause the sails to part,  
While toil-tried mortals painfully ascend  
To topmast yard's unsteady weather end,  
And bulwarks yield and masts and timbers start,  
(For nature seeks to mock man's boasted art),  
No yearnings for his wife and home attend  
The sailor's valorous fight for life, or lend  
New shadows to the chambers of his heart.  
The tar is saddest on a starry night,  
When winds are laid and tranquil is the sea.  
This faultless eve my duties are so light,  
My bosom's yearning, loved one, is for thee.  
Unbounded be the measure of thy joy,  
And soon the coming of thy banished boy.

## A FEW POEMS

Many years before Howland Tripp was born, a youth, who was not a member of the Society of Friends, had implored his parents to permit him to devote his life to the pursuit of literature. That he had some merit no one could doubt, but there was no profitable field for literary activity. He yielded to dissuasion and engaged in trade. On his fiftieth birthday he balanced his books, happy in a competence, and gave the residue of his life to study and composition. While many of his verses were not without excellence, their reward was more often condemnation than praise. Death alone revealed his worth. People began to recall his commendable obedience to his parents' behest, his faithful keeping to a path not always pleasure to pursue, his change of vocation only after the acquisition of means sufficient for his livelihood, his happiness in carrying out in his last days the treasured purpose of his early ones, and above all his lovable nature and his kind words and acts. A collection of his verses was placed in his coffin, and Howland Tripp, who enjoyed in boyhood the friendship and confidence of the old bard, commemorated his life and labors in the following stanzas.

## IN WHALING DAYS

### A TRIBUTE

In his glad youth the fervid thoughts came thronging  
Like gleesome birds that keep apace with spring;  
And sound and sight awoke the poet's longing  
And bade him sing.

He might have lived and died a versifier,  
Unknown of men, neglected of his time,  
Cursed by the thralldom of a sole desire —  
To merely rhyme.

He might have marshalled in unrivalled phrases  
Thoughts only worthy of a master's song;  
And in his rapturous parting caught the praises  
Of all the throng.

Hard was the struggle to forego ambition  
And in trade's kingdom to contend with men,  
And yet, obedient to the stern monition,  
He dropped the pen.

For thirty years he battled in attendance  
At fortune's court till fortune's favors flowed —  
His only joy that those who owed dependence  
Their love bestowed.

At the mid-hour the same old thoughts came thronging,  
The same old mandate sounded in his ears.  
Brave man! he yielded to the old, old longing  
At fifty years.

## A FEW POEMS

Of the remembrance of his youth's bereavement  
No vain recital do his lines unfold;  
He was too true to laud his life's achievement  
In gaining gold.

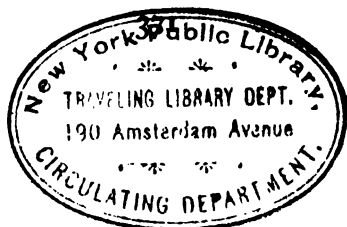
He sang not as the rhymster who rehearses  
In lagging lines the tale of wrong or greed;  
The rhythm of his thought and of his verses  
Was one indeed.

He sang like birds that soar on tireless pinion  
And still seem zealous of a goal above;  
He urged in forceful phrase the broad dominion  
Of hope and love.

His every yearning was truth's exaltation;  
His every effort folly's reign defied;  
He spurned the vulgar idols of the nation  
And singing died.

Our tribute-service was the part of laying  
His verse and ashes in a common bed;  
And we pronounced his epitaph in saying  
"A poet's dead!"

THE END.

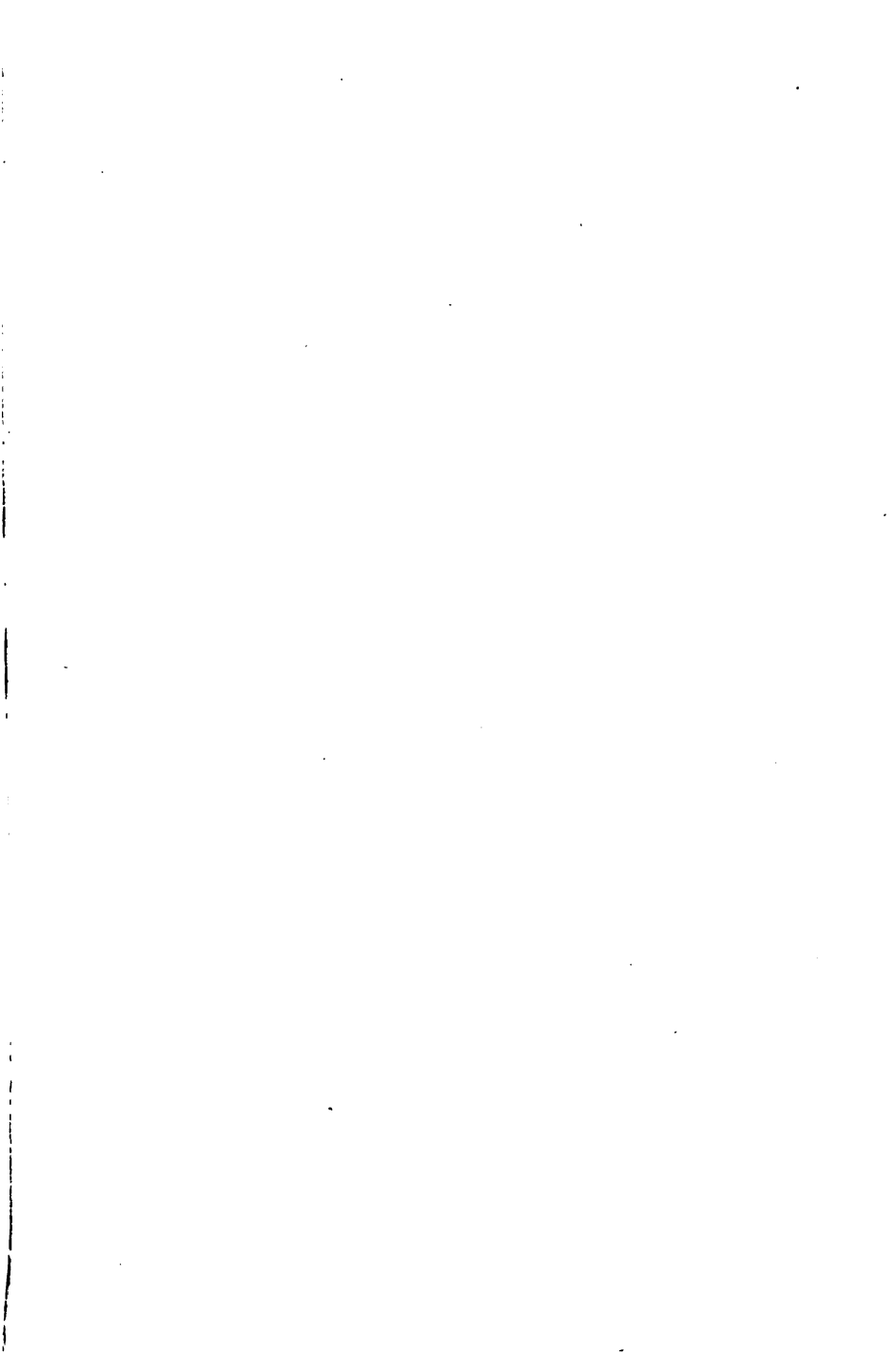












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